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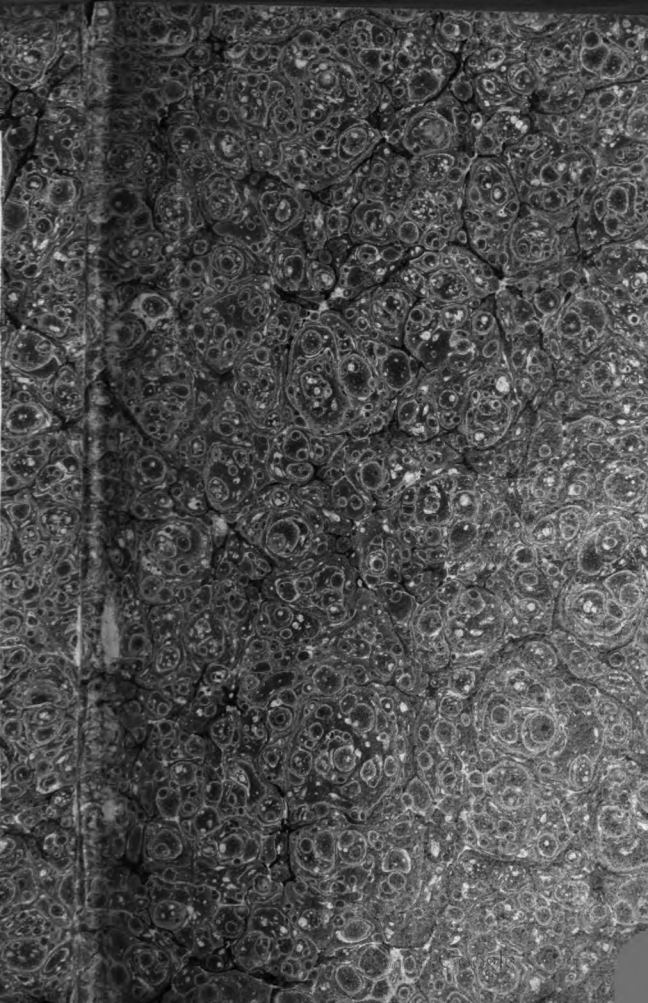
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the
PERCY ANECDOTES.

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

(sp)

Sholto AND Reuben Percy,
Brothers of the Benedictine Monastery,
MONT BENGER.

TWENTY VOLUMES.

(Vol. X.)

HUMOUR; — ECCENTRICITY.

LONDON;

PRINTED FOR J. CUMBERLAND, 19, LUDGATE HILL,
1826.

GEO

81

TO
GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER, ESQ.

ETC. ETC. ETC.

THESE

Anecdotes of Humour

ARE

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY

HIS SINCERE ADMIRERS

AND

DEVOTED HUMBLE SERVANTS,

RECAP) *John Percy*
Robert Percy.

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THE
Percy Anecdotes.

ANÉCDOTES OF HUMOUR.

————— “ ’Tis nought but mirth
That keeps the body from the earth.”

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

ATHENIAN NEWSMONGER.

ON the defeat of the Athenians in Sicily, a slave who had fled from the field of battle, was the first who reached Athens with the tidings. He entered by the suburb called Pyræum, and ran into the first barber's shop he came to (for even in those days, barbers' shops were the grand marts for news), to communicate the disastrous intelligence. Such a bit of news had not come in the barber's way for a long time; it was too good not to be made the most of; he instantly dropped his razor, left a customer half shaven, and rushing out, ran as fast as he could into the city---

“ For fear some other might the honour win,
And he too late, but second should come in.”

The intelligence caused naturally a great stir in the

city ; the people assembled in the market place, and enquiry was made after the author of the rumour. The barber not a little elated with his importance, stepped forwards, and said, that he was the man. He was asked, "How he came by the news?" He said, "A man who came into his shop had told him." "Who was this man?" "He could not tell ; he had never seen him before, and in his hurry had forgotten to ask even his name." "Oh !" cried one and all, "it is nothing but a wicked story of his own devising ; away with the impostor to the rack." The wheel was brought, and poor Strap actually stretched upon it. Meanwhile certain news of the defeat arrived, and the assembly broke up abruptly, without remembering to release the unlucky barber, who was left stretched on the rack till a late hour in the evening. After so excruciating a lesson, one would have thought that Strap's first vow would have been, never to talk news again, while he lived ; but, alas ! it was a master passion in the barber, which nothing could cure. No sooner was he set at liberty, than his first enquiries of the executioner were, "What news of the battle ? Who slew General Nicaias ?"

THE MAN WHO NEVER LAUGHED BUT ONCE.

The ass, though the dullest of all unlaughing animals, is reported to have once accomplished a great feat in the way of exciting laughter. Marcus Crassus, the grandfather of the hero of that name, who fell in the Parthian war, was a person of such immoveable gravity of countenance, that in the whole course of

his life, he was never known to laugh but once, and hence was surnamed Agelastus. Not all that the wittiest men of his time could say, nor aught that comedy or farce could produce on the stage, was ever known to call up more than a smile on his iron-bound countenance. Happening one day, however, to stray into the fields, he espied an ass browsing on thistles; and in this there appears to have been something so eminently ridiculous in those days, that the man who never laughed before, could not help laughing at it outright. It was but the burst of a moment; Agelastus immediately recovered himself, and never laughed again.

DYING OF LAUGHTER.

The last work which came from the pencil of the celebrated Zeuxis, was a picture of an old woman. All the infirmities and defects which make age deplorable; the lean, shrivelled form; the bleared eyes; the hanging cheeks; the toothless gums; the far protruding chin, were represented in a style of such ludicrous combination, that when Zeuxis, as is usual with artists, drew back to contemplate the offspring of his fancy, he was excited to such an immoderate fit of laughter, that he is said to have died on the spot.

The comic poet, Philemon, when at an advanced age, happened to see an ass eat up some figs which a boy had left on the ground. When the boy returned, and stood wondering what had become of his figs, "The ass has eat them," said the wit, "go now and fetch it some water to drink." The old man was so tickled with the fancy of his own jest, that if we

may believe history, he also died of laughing. The cream of this jest we should think consisted in the animal being *his own*.

A story nearly similar is reported of Chrysippus.

FOLLY OF SPORTING.

Burton, in his *Melancholy*, quoting from Poggius, the Florentine, tells us of a physician in Milan, who kept a house for the reception of lunatics, and by way of cure, used to make his patients stand for a length of time in a pit of water, some up to the knees, some to the girdle, and others as high as the chin, *pro modo insanix*, according as they were more or less affected. An inmate of this establishment, who happened, "by chance," to be pretty well recovered, was standing at the door of the house, and seeing a gallant cavalier ride past with a hawk on his fist, and his spaniels after him, he must needs ask, "What all these preparations meant?" The cavalier answered, "To kill game." "What may the game be worth which you kill in the course of a year?" rejoined the patient. "About five or ten crowns." "And what may your horse, dogs, and hawks stand you in?" "Four hundred crowns more." On hearing this, the patient with great earnestness of manner, bade the cavalier instantly begone, as he valued his life and welfare; "for," said he, "if our master come and find you here, he will put you into his-pit up to the very chin."

PAINTING TO THE LIFE.

When the "Rambler" first came out in separate numbers, it happened particularly to attract the

notice of a society, who met every Saturday evening during the summer at Rumford in Essex, and were known by the name of the Bowling-green Club. These men seeing one day the character of Leviculus the fortune-hunter, another day some account of a person who spent his life in hoping for a legacy, or of him who is always prying into other folks affairs, began sure enough to think they were betrayed, and that some of the *coterie* sat down to divert himself by giving to the public the portrait of all the rest. Filled with wrath against the traitor of Rumford, one of them resolved to write to the printer, and enquire the author's name. Samuel Johnson, was the reply. No more was necessary; Samuel Johnson was the name of the curate, and soon did each begin to load him with reproaches, for turning his friends into ridicule in a manner so cruel and unprovoked. In vain did the guiltless curate protest his innocence; one was sure that Aliger meant Mr. Twigg, and that Cupidus was but another name for neighbour Baggs. The poor parson, unable to contend against their ire any longer, rode to London, and brought them full satisfaction concerning the writer, who from his own knowledge of general manners, had happily delineated, though unknown to himself; the members of the Bowling-green Club; and might have said, as Foote did on a similar occasion, and with more truth---

“I am the father of each child, 'tis true,
But ev'ry babe its christ'ning owes to you.”

ENGLISH AND SPANISH PLENIPO- TENTIARIES.

During the war between England and Spain, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, commissioners were appointed on both sides to treat of peace. The Spanish commissioners proposed that the negotiation should be carried on in the French tongue, observing sarcastically, that the "gentlemen of England could not be ignorant of the language of their fellow subjects, their queen being Queen of France, as well as England. "Nay, in faith, gentlemen," replied Dr. Dale, one of the English commissioners, "the French is too vulgar for a business of this importance ; we will, therefore, if you please, rather treat in Hebrew, the language of Jerusalem, of which your master is king, and in which you must of course be as well skilled as we are in the French."

THEATRICAL QUEEN.

Previous to the restoration of Charles II. no woman was admitted on the stage, but the female characters were performed by young men in female costume. The following anecdote, related by Colley Cibber, will give a tolerable idea of the ridiculous distress which occasionally arose from the absence of the now most attractive ornaments of the theatre. The king coming to the house rather before his usual time, found the *dramatis personæ* not ready to appear ; when his majesty not choosing to have as much patience as

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his good subjects, sent one of his attendants to learn the cause of the delay. The manager (then termed master), knowing that the best excuse he could make to the merry monarch would be the truth, went to the royal box, and plainly told his majesty, that "the *queen* was not yet *shaved*!" Charles good-humouredly accepted the apology, and laughed heartily, until the male *queen* was *effeminated*, and the curtain drew up.

A POPE INNOCENT.

When King James I. visited Sir Thomas Pope, Knt. in Oxfordshire, his lady had lately brought him a daughter, and the babe was presented to the king with a paper of verses in her hand; "which," quoth Fuller, "as they pleased the king, I hope they will please the reader."

See this little mistress here
Did never sit in Peter's chair,
Or a triple crown did wear,
And yet she is a Pope.

No benefice she ever sold,
Nor did dispense with sins for gold,
She hardly is a se'nnight old,
And yet she is a Pope.

No king her feet did ever kiss,
Or had from her worse look than this;
Nor did she ever hope
To saint one with a rope,
And yet she is a Pope.

A female Pope you'll say, a second Joan!
No, sure she is Pope *Innocent*, or none!

HE GREAT CONDÉ.

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at
The Great Condé passing through the city of Sens, which belonged to Burgundy, and of which he was the governor, took great pleasure in disconcerting the different companies who came to compliment him. The Abbé Boileau, brother of the poet, was commissioned to make a speech to the prince at the head of the chapter. Condé wishing to disconcert the orator, advanced his head and large nose towards the Abbé, as if with the intention of hearing him more distinctly, but in reality to make him blunder if possible. The Abbé, who perceived his design, pretended to be greatly embarrassed, and thus began his speech :---“ My lord, your highness ought not to be surprised to see me tremble, when I appear before you at the head of a company of ecclesiastics ; were I at the head of an army of thirty thousand men, I should tremble much more.” The prince was so charmed with this sally, that he embraced the orator without suffering him to proceed. He asked his name ; and when he found that he was brother to M. Despreaux, he redoubled his attentions, and invited him to dinner.

The prince on another occasion thought himself offended by the Abbé de Voisenon ; Voisenon hearing of this, went to court to exculpate himself. As soon as the prince saw him, he turned away from him. “ Thank God !” said Voisenon, “ I have been misinformed, sir ; your highness does not treat me as if I were an enemy.” “ How do you see that, M. Abbé ?” said his highness coldly over his shoulder. “ Because, sir,” answered the Abbé, “ your highness never turns

your back upon an enemy." "My dear Abbé," exclaimed the prince and field marshal, turning round and taking him by the hand, "it is quite impossible for any man to be angry with you."

The son of the prince having promised a prize of a thousand crowns, to the person who should furnish the finest quatrain, to be engraved on the base of the statue of his illustrious father in the chateau of Chantilly, a Tuscan sent the following :

Pour célébrer tant de vertus,
Tant de haut faits, et tant de gloire :
Mille ecus ! morbleu ! mille ecus,
Ce n'est pas un sou par victoire.

ARCHBISHOP MOUNTAIN.

In the reign of George II. the see of York falling vacant, his majesty being at a loss for a fit person to appoint to the exalted situation, asked the opinion of the Rev. Dr. Mountain, who had raised himself by his remarkably facetious temper from being the son of a beggar, to the see of Durham. The Doctor wittily replied, "Hadst thou faith as a grain of mustard seed, thou wouldst say to this Mountain (at the same time laying his hand on his breast), be removed, and be cast into the sea (see)." His majesty laughed heartily, and forthwith conferred the preferment on the facetious doctor.

IRISH PRIEST.

An Irish peasant complained to the catholic priest of his parish, that some person had stolen his best

pig, and supplicated his reverence to help him to the discovery of the thief. The priest promised his best endeavours ; and his enquiries soon leading him to a correct enough guess as to the offender, he took the following amusing method of bringing the matter home to him. Next Sunday, after the service of the day, he called out with a loud voice, fixing his eyes on the suspected individual, " Who stole Pat Doolan's pig ?" There was a long pause, and no answer ; he did not expect that there would be any ; and descended from the pulpit without saying a word more. A second Sunday arriving without the pig being restored in the interval, his reverence again looking stedfastly at the stubborn purloiner, and throwing a deep note of anger into the tone of his voice, repeated the question, " Who stole Pat Doolan's pig ? I say, who stole *poor* Pat Doolan's pig ?" Still there was no answer, and the question was left as before, to work its effect in secret on the conscience of the guilty individual. The hardihood of the offender however exceeded all the honest priest's calculations. A third Sunday arrived, and Pat Doolan was still without his pig. Some stronger measure now became necessary. After service was performed, his reverence dropping the question of " Who stole Pat Doolan's pig ?" but still without directly accusing any one of the theft, reproachfully exclaimed, " Jimmie Doran ! Jimmie Doran ! you trate me with contimpt." Jimmie Doran hung down his head, and next morning the pig was found at the door of Pat Doolan's cabin.

PETER THE GREAT.

In the course of the Czar's second journey to Holland, in 1716, he arrived at Dantzic on a Sunday, at the very moment the gates of the city were going to be shut, according to custom, during divine service. Informed of this circumstance, the emperor did not wish to lose the opportunity of seeing the forms of worship in this city, and ordered himself to be conducted to the Cathedral. The reigning Burgomaster was there, and had, in all probability, already been apprized of the arrival of so illustrious a guest; for the moment the Czar entered the church, rising to meet him, he conducted him to his own seat, which was a little more elevated than the rest. Peter sat down bare-headed, and ordered the Burgomaster to sit beside him. He listened to the preacher with the greatest attention, keeping his eyes constantly turned towards the pulpit, while those of the whole congregation were fixed upon himself. A few moments after, feeling his head grow cold, he took, without ceremony or uttering a syllable, the ample perriwig which covered the head of the Burgomaster, and put it on his own; still paying the same profound attention to the discourse from the pulpit. The bald-headed Burgomaster, and the Czar in the grand gala wig, continuing to attend to the sermon, without apparent emotion, put the gravity of the congregation to a severe trial. When the service was over, Peter replaced the wig, with a slight inclination of his head. This little incident seemed to be a thing quite of course with the Russian monarch; and one of his attendants

assured the deputation of the city, that the emperor never paid any attention to such matters ; and that as he was scarce of hair, it was the custom, as often as he felt cold, to take the wig of Prince Menzicoff, or that of any other nobleman who happened to be within his reach.

CROSS-PURPOSES.

It was customary with Frederic the Great of Prussia, whenever a new soldier appeared in his guards, to ask him three questions, viz. "How old are you? How long have you been in my service? Are you satisfied with your pay and treatment?" It happened that a young soldier born in France, and who had served in his own country, desired to enlist into the Prussian service, and his figure was such as to cause him immediately to be accepted. He was totally ignorant of the German language, but his captain gave him notice that the king would question him in that language the first time he saw him, and therefore cautioned him to learn by heart the three answers that he was to make the king. The soldier learned them by the next day ; and as soon as he appeared in the ranks, Frederic came up to interrogate him. His majesty however happened to begin with the second question first, and asked him, "How long have you been in my service?" "Twenty-one years," answered the soldier. The king, struck with his youth, that plainly indicated he had not borne a musket near so long as that, said to him much astonished, "How old are you?" "One year, an't please your majesty." Frederic still more asto-

nished, cried, "You or I must certainly be bereft of our senses." The soldier, who took this for the third question, replied firmly, "Both, an't please your majesty." "This is the first time I ever was treated as a madman at the head of my army," rejoined Frederic. The soldier, who had exhausted his stock of German, stood silent; and when the king again addressed him, in order to penetrate the mystery, the soldier told him in French, that he did not understand a word of German. The king laughed heartily, and after exhorting him to perform his duty, left him.

ROYAL QUARREL.

The personal enmity which subsisted between King George the Second, and Frederic, King of Prussia, reached at one time to such a height, that, as Baron Byfield was informed on good authority, the monarchs actually conceived the very singular design of gratifying it in a duel. King George made choice of Brigadier Sutton for his second; and the King of Prussia, of Colonel Derschau. The territory of Hildersheim was pitched on for the meeting: his Britannic Majesty was then at Hanover, and his Prussian Majesty had come as far as Saltzdahl, near Brunswick. Baron Borck, his minister at London, and lately dismissed from that court in a very abrupt manner, having repaired to the king, his master, at Saltzdahl, found him in such a violent passion, that he did not think it advisable directly to oppose his design; but, to gain time, feigned to approve of the extraordinary combat which his majesty meditated, and he even offered to carry the challenge. But coming into the king's apartment an

hour after, he took the liberty of speaking to him in the following manner: "Sire, I allow that your majesty's quarrel is not to be terminated any other way than by a duel; but your majesty being but just raised from a dangerous sickness, and your health being still precarious, should you be taken with a relapse the day before the affair, or perhaps at the very time, what would the world say, and how would the King of England make his boasts? How many scandalous constructions would be put on this accident! What an odious suspicion might it not bring on your majesty's courage! These things considered, do not you think, sir, it would be better to stay a fortnight?"

The king is said to have come into these reasons, though with some difficulty: the challenge was not sent; the ministers on both sides gained time; the choler of both parties evaporated, and the following year the quarrel was made up.

WOULD-BE AUTHOR.

A young man presented to the manager of the Vaudeville of Paris a piece, which, to make up for an utter want of plot, action, and incident, overflowed with typographical errors. The manager, with the humane design of curing the youth of his metromania, described to him all the hazards of that dramatic sea on which he seemed desirous to embark, and earnestly recommended him to turn his attention to some more sober employment. "Ah, sir," replied the incorrigible, "I must follow my destiny; were I alone in the world, I must be an author!!!"

QUIETING A PIG.

Charles the Fifth going to see the cloister of the Dominicans at Vienna, fell in with a peasant upon the road who was carrying a pig; the noise being disagreeable to the emperor, he asked the peasant if he had not learned the method of making a pig be quiet? The rustic confessed ingenuously that he had not, and added, that he should be very glad to be acquainted with it. "Take the pig by the tail," said the emperor, "and you will see that it will soon be silent." The peasant finding that the emperor was in the right, said, "You must have learned the trade much longer than I, sir, for you understand it a great deal better."

SPENSER'S FAIRY QUEEN.

When Spenser had finished his famous poem of the *Fairy Queen*, he carried it to the Earl of Southampton, the great patron of the poets of that day. The manuscript being sent up to the earl, he read a few pages, and then ordered his servant to give the writer twenty pounds. Reading on, he cried in a rapture, "Carry that man another twenty pounds." Proceeding farther, he exclaimed, "Give him twenty pounds more." But at length he lost all patience, and said, "Go turn that fellow out of the house, for if I read farther, I shall be ruined."

STERNE.

The author of *Tristram Shandy* used to relate the following anecdote of himself. "I happened," said

he, "to be acquainted with a young man from Yorkshire, who rented a window in one of the paved alleys near Cornhill, for the sale of stationery. I hired one of the panes of glass from my friend, and stuck up the following advertisement with wafers :

' Epigrams, anagrams, paragrams, chronagrams, monagrams, epitaphs, epithalamiums, prologues, epilogues, madrigals, interludes, advertisements, letters, petitions, memorials on every occasion, essays on all subjects, pamphlets for and against ministers, with sermons upon any text, or for any sect, to be written here on reasonable terms, by

A. B. PHILOLOGER.'

"The uncommonness of the titles occasioned numerous applications, and at night I used privately to glide into the office, to digest the notes or heads of the day, and receive the earnest, which was directed always to be left with the memorandums, the writing to be paid for on delivery, according to the subject."

Sterne soon became disgusted with this employment, and the moment he had realized a small sum of money, closed the scene.

A GOOD PARAPHRASE.

On the eve of a battle, an officer came to ask permission of the Marechal de Toiras to go and see his father, who was on his death bed. "Go," said the general, "you honour your father and your mother, that your days may be long in the land."

GENERAL BURGOYNE.

General Burgoyne formed one of a numerous circle, who were once assembled to hear a tragedy read which it was proposed to bring out on the stage. At the end of the first act, in which no less than thirty characters were introduced, the author, anxious to have the opinion of so able a dramatic critic as the general, asked him what he thought of it? "Sir," replied Burgoyne, "what rank have you in the army?" The poet looked amazed. "Because," continued Burgoyne, "if you are not a lieutenant-general at least, you will never be able to conduct so numerous an army to the end of the piece."

CHOICE OF DOCTORS.

Moliere, when once travelling through Auvergne, was taken very ill at a distance from any place where he could procure respectable medical aid. It was proposed to him to send for a celebrated physician at Clermont. "No, no," said the wit, "he is too great a man for me; go and bring me the village surgeon; he will not perhaps have the hardihood to kill me."

FONTENELLE.

The Abbé Reignier, secretary of the French Academy, one day made a collection in his hat of one pistole from every member to defray the current expences. The abbé did not observe that the president, who was a very avaricious man, had put his

pistole into the hat, and presented it to him a second time. "I have given already," said he. "I believe it," said the abbé, "but I did not see it." "And I," rejoined Fontenelle, who was at his side, "saw it, but did not believe it."

THE PLAGIARIST.

A young author obtained permission from the celebrated satirist Piron, to read to him a tragedy which was on the eve of being brought out. At every verse that was pillaged, Piron took off his hat, and bowed; and so frequently had he occasion to do this, that the author surprised, asked what he meant? "Oh," replied Piron, "it is only a habit I have got of saluting my acquaintance."

GARTH AND ROWE.

Doctor Garth, who used frequently to go to the Wit's Coffee House, the Cocoa Tree, in St. James's Street, was sitting there one morning conversing with two persons of rank, when Rowe, the poet, who was seldom very attentive to his dress and appearance, but still insufferably vain of being noticed by persons of consequence, entered. Placing himself in a box nearly opposite to that in which the doctor sat, he looked constantly round with a view of catching his eye; but not succeeding, he desired the waiter to ask him for his snuff-box, which he knew to be a valuable one, set with diamonds, and the present of some foreign prince. After taking a pinch, he returned the box, but asked for it again so repeatedly,

that Garth, who knew him well, perceived the drift and taking from his pocket a pencil, wrote on the lid the two Greek characters, $\phi\rho$ (phi, rho) Fie! Rowe! The poet was so mortified, that he quitted the room immediately.

CITY GLUTTON.

The celebrated John Wilkes attended a city dinner, not long after his promotion to city honours. Among the guests was a noisy vulgar deputy, a great glutton, who on his entering the dinner-room, always with great deliberation took off his wig, suspended it on a pin, and with due solemnity put on a white cotton night-cap. Wilkes, who certainly was a high-bred man, and never accustomed to similar exhibitions, could not take his eyes from so strange and novel a picture. At length the deputy, with unblushing familiarity, walked up to Wilkes, and asked him whether he did not think that his night-cap became him? "O yes, sir," replied Wilkes, "but it would look much better if it was pulled quite over your face."

EXTRAORDINARY MARKSMAN.

The following notice appeared in the daily papers for the 15th of July, 1791. The best marksman in the City Trainbands, laid a wager yesterday evening, that he would hit St. Paul's Cathedral with a single ball, from the door of Newberry's shop! What is more remarkable, he won his wager!!!

PLEASURES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

The following letter from the late Sir John Dalrymple to his relative, Admiral Dalrymple, gives an entertaining, but not overcharged, picture of the sort of felicity which too commonly attends the retirement to the country, of men whose lot has been cast amid the busier scenes of city life.

" Cranston, January 1, 1792.

" MY DEAR SIR,---You ask me what I have been doing? To the best of my memory, what has passed since I came home is as follows :---

" Finding the roof bad, I sent slaters, at the peril of their necks, to repair it. They mended three holes, and made thirty themselves.

" I pulled down as many walls round the house as would have fortified a town. This was in summer; but now that winter is come, I would give all the money to put them up again, that it cost me to take them down.

" I thought it would give a magnificent air to the hall, to throw the passage into it. After it was done, I went out of town to see how it looked. It was night when I went into it; the wind blew out the candle, from the over-size of the room; upon which I ordered the partition to be built up again, that I might not die of cold in the midst of summer.

" I ordered the old timber to be thinned; to which, perhaps, the love of lucre a little contributed. The workmen, for every tree they cut down, destroyed three, by letting them fall on each other. I received a momentary satisfaction from hearing that

the carpenter I employed had cut off his thumb in felling a tree. But this pleasure was soon allayed, when, upon examining his measure, I found that he had measured false, and cheated me of 20 per cent.

"Remembering with a pleasing complacency the Watcombe pigs, I paid thirty shillings for a sow with pigs, and my wife starved them. They ran over to a madman, Lord —, who distrained them for damage; and the mother, with ten helpless infants, died of bad usage.

"Loving butter much, and cream more, I bought two Dutch cows, and had plenty of both. I made my wife a present of two more: she learned the way to market for their produce, and I have never got a bowl of cream since.

"I made a fine hay-stack; but quarrelled with my wife as to the manner of drying the hay and building the stack. The hay-stack took fire, by which I had the double mortification of losing my hay, and finding my wife had more sense than myself.

"I kept no plough, for which I thank my Maker; because then I must have wrote this letter from a jail.

"I paid £20. for a dung-hill, because I was told it was a good thing; and now I would give any body 20s. to tell me what to do with it.

"I built and stocked a pigeon-house; but the cats watched below, and the hawks hovered above; and pigeon-soup, roasted pigeon, or cold pigeon-pye, I have never seen since.

"I fell to drain a piece of low ground behind the house; but I hit upon the tail of the rock, and drained the well of the house, by which I can get no water for my victuals.

"I entered into a great project for selling lime, upon a promise from one of my own farmers to give me land off his farm; but when I went to take off my ground, he laughed, said he had choused the lawyer, and exposed me to a dozen law-suits for breach of bargains which I could not perform.

"I fattened black cattle and sheep; but could not agree with the butchers about the price. From mere economy, we ate them ourselves, and almost killed all the family with surfeits.

"I brewed much beer; but the small turned sour, and the servants drank all the strong.

"I found a ghost in the house, whose name was M'Alister, a pedlar, that had been killed in one of the rooms at the top of the house two centuries ago. No servant would go an errand after the sun was set, for fear of M'Alister, which obliged me to send off one set of my servants. Soon after the housekeeper, your old friend Mrs. Brown, died, aged ninety; and then the belief ran, that another ghost was in the house, upon which many of the new set of servants begged leave to quit the house, and got it.

"In one thing only I have succeeded: I have quarrelled with all my neighbours; so that, with a dozen gentlemen's seats in my view, I stalk along like a lion in a desert.

"I thought I should have been happy with my tenants, because I could be insolent to them without their being insolent to me; but they paid me no rent; and in a few days I shall have above one half of the very few friends I have in the country in a prison.

"Such being the pleasures of a country life, I in-

tend to quit them all in about a month, to submit to the mortification of spending the spring in London, where I am happy to hear that Mrs. Dalrymple is doing well. May God preserve her long to you, for she is a fine creature.

"Just when I was going to you last spring, I received a letter from Bess, that she was dying. I put off my journey to Watcombe, and almost killed myself with posting to Scotland, where I found madam in perfect good health.---Yours always, my dear Jack,

JOHN DALRYMPLE."

A STRANGE ACQUAINTANCE.

Lord Kaimes used to relate a story of a man who claimed the honour of his acquaintance on rather singular grounds. His lordship, when one of the justiciary judges, returning from the north circuit to Perth, happened one night to sleep at Dunkeld. The next morning, walking towards the ferry, but apprehending he had missed his way, he asked a man whom he met to conduct him. The other answered, with much cordiality, "That I will do with all my heart, my lord. Does not your lordship remember me? My name's John —, I have had the *honour* to be before your lordship for stealing sheep!" "Oh, John! I remember you well; and how is your wife? She had the honour to be before me too, for receiving them, knowing them to be stolen." "At your lordship's service. We were very lucky; we got off for want of evidence; and I am still going on in the butcher trade." "Then," replied his lordship, "we may have the *honour* of meeting again."

D

A DIGRESSION.

The celebrated Henderson, the actor, was seldom known to be in a passion. When at Oxford he was one day debating with a fellow student, who not keeping his temper, threw a glass of wine in his face. Mr. Henderson took out his handkerchief, wiped his face, and coolly said, "That, sir, was a digression; now for the argument."

WHIMS OF AGE.

Some years ago, six old men and six old women were subpoenaed out of the town of Stockport to appear on a trial in the court of Westminster. The *eldest* of the men was *one hundred and five*, and the *youngest*, *sixty-seven*; the *eldest* of the women was *one hundred and three*, and the *youngest*, *sixty-five*. Two coaches were provided to take these twelve persons to London; but the old lady, aged one hundred and three, refused to ride in the same coach with the old gentleman of one hundred and five, saying, "I do not think it prudent to ride with one of his sex; I have supported a good character so far, and I am determined to support it as long as I live in this world!" They all arrived safe at a gentleman's house upon Newington Green, near London. The gentleman wished our old men to be shaved twice a week, but they refused, saying, "the London barbers were a set of knaves for charging them twopence a piece, for in Stockport they never paid more than one half-penny a head." It happened that one of the old

men, as he was walking in Bishopsgate Street, read on a board, "*Shaving for one penny*;" he returned and informed his friends of this lucky discovery, and they all set out next morning to get shaved. The old man who found out the penny barber was allowed the honour of sitting first; when the barber had shorn one side of his face, he pulled the cloth away; the old man shouted, "halloa, measter, you forgetton to shave this side." The barber replied, that "if he shaved the other side, he must have *another penny*!" The old man got up in a rage, called the barber a "cheating scoundrel, and declared he would return to Stockport half shaved as he was, before he would give him another penny." He took his handkerchief and wiped the lather off his face, put on his hat, bade adieu to the barber's shop, and with his venerable companions (*knight of the beard*) adjourned to the sign of the "*Fox and Anchor*," Charter-house Lane, where they stopped till they all got intoxicated; and it was the third day after, before the gentleman (on whose suit they attended) could prevail on them to get shaved by a *twopenny barber*.

INGENIOUS APOLOGY.

A French prince once sent an aide-de-camp to a painter, remarkable for his love of jokes and his idleness, commanding his presence. The officer went and brought the artist with him. A picture was given him to copy, and he took it away with him. It was a painting of a house. In a few days the officer went to the painter to see what progress he had made; and having returned, acquainted the

prince that all was done but one chimney, on which the painter was then employed. Some days passed, and the picture was not returned. The prince resolved to go himself. He did so, and found the painter still at the unfinished chimney. "Why, how is this," said he, "all this time employed at one chimney?" "I have been obliged to do and undo it several times!" "For what reason?" said the prince. "I found," rejoined the artist, "that it smoked." The prince laughed heartily, and took his leave.

ELECTIONEERING SERMON.

At an election for the town of Bedford, Mr. Whitbread, and Howard the philanthropist, were opposed by Sir Wm. Wake and a Mr. Sparrow. A clergyman of the established church, a warm supporter of the patriotic candidates, one Sunday morning, during the heat of the election, took for his text that passage of St. Matthew's Gospel, in which the question is proposed by our Lord to his disciples, "Are not two *sparrows* sold for a farthing?" Whence this encouragement to their perseverance and their faith is deduced; "fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many *sparrows*."

KING-MAKING.

A lady of the name of King, who had increased her family annually for several years, was at a party where the circumstance was told to a very facetious gentleman. He soon found out the lady's husband,

and though unknown to him, thus accosted him :
“ Why, sir, you are like Bonaparte !” The other
rather surprised, hastily exclaimed, “ How so, sir ?”
“ Because,” replied the wit, “ you make a new king
every year.”

VENETIAN GONDOLEER.

A gondoleer was ordered by a foreigner to row to the church of Saint Ermagora e Fortunato, which is known by the name of San Marquola, amongst the Venetian populace. The gondoleer not understanding him, rowed him in vain from saint to saint, till out of all patience, he carried him to the church of *All Saints*, and bade him “ find him out amongst them ; since, for his part, he did not know where else to look for him.”

HOW TO VALUE AN ABBÉ.

A certain Abbé, who was an accomplished, but tiresome man, called upon a Venetian gentleman, who was just going out, and detained him by complaints of the world. He said, he was learned and clever ; but that “ *nissun saveva stimarlo*,” that nobody knew his value, or literally, “ that nobody knew how to value him.” The friend heard him out, put his arm under that of the Abbé, and carried him away with him. They had not walked far, when the gentleman entered the shop of a broker and appraiser, and exclaimed “ *Caro vu, stiméme sto Sior Abate, che nissun altro sà stimar*.” My good friend, value me this Abbé, whom nobody else knows how to value.

SMART RETORT.

A lady of the name of Madame Bobu, had given some offence to M. de Verpillier, the Mayor of Lyons. At a masquerade, the mayor discovered this lady in her disguise, and accosted her in a sarcastic tone, with a quotation from the syllables of the Primer, "Comment vous portez vous, Madame Babebi-bobu?" She immediately answered, "Tres bien, Monsieur Ca-ce-ci-co-cu." A sarcasm which, it was said, was not ill applied at hazard.

STOCK-JOBING DOCTOR.

As Chirac, a celebrated physician, was going to the house of a lady, who had sent for him in a great hurry, he received intelligence that the stocks had fallen. Having a considerable property embarked in the Mississippi scheme, the news made so strong an impression on his mind, that while he was feeling his patient's pulse, he exclaimed, "Mercy upon me, how they fall! lower, lower, lower!" The lady in alarm flew to the bell, crying out, "I am dying; M. de Chirac says that my pulse gets lower and lower; so that it is impossible I should live!" "You are dreaming, madam!" replied the physician, rousing himself from his reverie; "your pulse is very good, and nothing ails you; it was the stocks I was talking of."

RIGHT OF FLOGGING.

A noted political character of the present day was once passing through his native village, when he saw a fellow beating an ass most unmercifully. "What will you take for that beast?" said he. "If it belongs to you I'll buy it." "Ye may have him for ten shillings," replied the boor. The bargain was struck, and the money paid. "Now," said the young farmer, "that the beast is mine, what do you mean, you rascal, by beating my ass so brutally?" and following up his words, he gave the fellow a sound drubbing. It is said, but we suspect with less truth than wit, that the countryman on getting home, observed that he should never in all his life see an ass after, without thinking of Mr. H.

LITERARY RESURRECTION.

The French Academy, prior to a late election to a vacant place in their body, adopted a singular rule with respect to the candidates. It was ordered that they should respectively produce copies of all the works to which they had given birth. To issue an edict of this sort, was in fact to call for a number of publications that had long sunk into obscurity, and many of which indeed were totally destroyed; for it is but too true, as Montaigne observes, that the confounded grocers and trunk-makers have no compassion. One day, one of the most forgotten of the living French poets was, in consequence of this rule, walking on the quay of the Louvre, and narrowly

spying into every second-hand bookseller's shop. Suddenly, mortifying spectacle! he observes on the pavement, huddled among other things, one of his fugitive pieces; and anxious to relieve it from its state of degradation, he asks the price of it. "That, sir," replies the bookseller, "that is sixpence." "What do you mean by sixpence?" exclaims the author, piqued to find the productions of his genius estimated at so low a rate; "you do not know what you are selling, friend." "Pardon me, sir, I know very well that it is not over and above clever, but then the paper is worth fourpence." "Hold, block-head!" replied the indignant poet, "here are fifteen pence for it." Pocketing the work, he added, "You deserve to know, in order to teach you your trade, that I should have given you thirty for it."

SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.

The following singular circumstance occurred on a Sunday in the month of November, 1816, in the church of Seaford. The clergyman, whilst publishing the bands, on coming to the names of a pair of neighbouring rustics, was suddenly surprised by an interruption from one of the congregation, who loudly bawled out, "I forbid the wedding." On being desired to retire to the vestry, he was asked if he was a relation of either of the parties? "No, no," replied Hodge, "I'm the bridegroom himself; but having learned that Ciss has a tongue that, after marriage, will run faster than the clack of her master's mill, I am resolved to be off, so your reverence may marry her yourself, if you please."

LOW LIFE.

During the progress of Mr. Jonas Hanway's exertions in favour of chimney-sweepers, he addressed a little urchin of the sooty tribe, after he had swept a chimney in his own house, "Suppose now I give you a shilling?" "God Almighty bless your honour, and thank you." "And what if I give you a fine tie wig to wear on May day, which is just at hand?" "Ah! bless your honour! my master won't let me go out on May day." "No! why not?" "Because he says it is low life."

SMART REPROOF.

In the year 1795, on the anniversary of the murder of Louis XVI. some of the principal French refugees gave a grand entertainment, to which all the persons of distinction in London were invited. The entertainment consisted of a ball, a supper, and a play! The English journals took a very piquant way of excusing their sense of this indecorous exhibition. When the next anniversary of the death of Charles I. arrived, they announced it in the following manner. "Tomorrow is the anniversary of the martyrdom of Charles the First. The French are acquainted *that there will be no ball.*"

LORD BRIDPORT.

Talking of the threatened invasion by the French in 1798, Admiral Lord Bridport dryly observed, "that

they might come as they could ; for his own part he could only say, that they should not *come by water*."

IRISH NEGRO.

A negro from Montezerrat, or Marigalante, where the Hiberno Celtic is spoken by all classes, happened to be on the wharf at Philadelphia when a number of Irish emigrants were landed ; and seeing one of them with a wife and four children, he stepped forward to assist the family on shore. The Irishman, in his native tongue, expressed his surprise at the civility of the negro ; who, understanding what had been said, replied in Irish, that he need not be astonished, for that he was *a bit of an Irishman himself*. The Irishman, surprised to hear a black man speak his *Milesian* dialect, it entered his mind with the usual rapidity of Irish fancy, that he really was an Irishman, but that the climate had changed his fair complexion. "*If I may be so bold, sir,*" said he, "*may I ask how long you have been in this country?*" The negro man, who had only come hither on a voyage, said he had been in Philadelphia only about four months.

Poor Patrick turned round to his wife and children, and looking as if for the last time on their rosy cheeks, concluding that in four months they must also change their complexion, exclaimed, "O merciful powers! Biddy, did you hear that? he is not more than four months in this country, and he is already almost as black as jet."

THE MILLING ADMIRAL.

Several years since, the bargemen of his majesty's ship Berwick, then at Spithead, quarrelled with the bargemen of the ship which Admiral Milbank then commanded as captain, and the latter were heartily drubbed, to the no small mortification of the admiral, who was in his younger days exceedingly athletic, and somewhat addicted to boxing. A few days after, the admiral called the boat's crew together, upbraided them for a set of cowards, dressed himself in a common jacket and trowsers, and observing the Berwick's barge rowing ashore to Portsmouth beach, ordered his own to be immediately manned; and thus disguised, took an oar as one of the crew. The coxswain, as particularly directed, run the head of his barge against the Berwick's barge quarter; in consequence of which a broadside of oaths were given and returned, which produced a challenge to fight with more substantial weapons. The admiral, as champion of his crew, beat the whole of the other barge's crew, one after the other (eleven in number), to the great joy and admiration of his sailors, and then making himself known, went and visited his friends in Portsmouth, as if nothing had happened.

PHILIP, EARL OF STANHOPE.

Philip, Earl of Stanhope, whose dress always corresponded with the simplicity of his manners, was once prevented from going into the House of Peers, by a door-keeper who was unacquainted with his person. Lord Stanhope was resolved to get into the house,

without explaining who he was : and the door-keeper equally determined on his part, said to him, "Honest man, you have no business here. *Honest man, you can have no business in this place.*" "I believe," rejoined his lordship, "you are right, *honest men* can have no business here."

DIFFERENCE OF DIALECT.

A Quaker of Scarborough appointed a Scotchman to command a West Indiaman, and heard with indignation that Captain C. insisted to have her fitted out with guns. They mutually expostulated on the subject. The respectable, conscientious owner would not permit so flagrant a deviation from his pacific tenets. The brave seaman would not go a voyage in time of war without means to repel an enemy. At length the Caledonian said, "There is but one way to end this debate. Suit (pronounced shoot) yourself, and I shall suit myself in half an hour." The Quaker shocked by such a measure, hastened to the counting-house of Mr. D. who had recommended Captain C. "Friend!" said he, "the person thou hast spoken of so highly, is a savage, & madman. Because I would not consent to equip the Neptune with guns, he bade me shoot myself, and he would shoot himself in half an hour." When Mr. D. could suppress his laughing, he explained the pronunciation in frequent use north of the Tweed ; and assured Mr. —, that Captain C. had the interest of his employers in view, by making a point of being enabled to defend their property. The difference was thus amicably settled.

CHESTER IN AN UPROAR.

About the time of Bonaparte's departure for St. Helena, a respectably dressed man caused a number of hand bills to be distributed through Chester, in which he informed the public, that a great number of genteel families had embarked at Plymouth, and would certainly proceed with the British regiment appointed to accompany the ex-emperor to St. Helena: he added farther, that the island being dreadfully infested with rats, his majesty's ministers had determined that it should be forthwith effectually cleared of those noxious animals. To facilitate this important purpose, he had been deputed to purchase as many cats and thriving kittens as could possibly be procured for money in a short space of time; and, therefore, he publicly offered in his hand bills, 16s. for every athletic full-grown Tom cat, 10s. for every adult female puss, and half-a-crown for every thriving vigorous kitten, that could swill milk, pursue a ball of thread, or fasten its young fangs in a dying mouse. On the evening of the third day after this advertisement had been distributed, the people of Chester were astonished with an irruption of a multitude of old women, boys, and girls, into their streets, all of whom carried on their shoulders either a bag or a sack, which appeared to contain some restless animal.

Every road, every lane, was thronged with this comical procession; and the wondering spectators of the scene were involuntarily compelled to remember the old riddle about St. Ives:

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met fifty old wives.

E

Every wife had fifty sacks,
Every sack had fifty cats,
Every cat had fifty kittens ;
Kittens, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were going to St. Ives?

Before night, a congregation of nearly 3000 cats was collected in Chester. The happy bearers of these sweet-voiced creatures, proceeded all (as directed by the advertisement) towards one street with their delectable burdens. Here they became closely wedged together. A vocal concert soon ensued. The women screamed ; the cats squalled ; the boys and girls shrieked treble, and the dogs of the street howled bass, so that it soon became difficult to the nicest ear to ascertain whether the canine, the feline, or the human tones were predominant. Some of the cat-bearing ladies, whose dispositions were not of the most placid nature, finding themselves annoyed by their neighbours, soon cast down their burdens, and began to box. A battle royal ensued. The cats sounded the war-whoop with might and main. Meanwhile the boys of the town, who seemed mightily to relish the sport, were actively employed in opening the mouths of the deserted sacks, and liberating the cats from their forlorn situation. The enraged animals bounded immediately on the shoulders and heads of the combatants, and ran spitting, squalling, and clawing along the undulating sea of skulls, towards the walls of the houses of the good people of Chester. The citizens attracted by the noise, had opened the windows to gaze at the fun. The cats, rushing with the rapidity of lightning up the pillars, and then across the balustrades and galleries,

for which the town is so famous, leaped slap-dash through the open windows into the apartments. Never since the days of the celebrated Hugh Lupus, were the drawing rooms of Chester filled with such a crowd of unwelcome guests. Now were heard the crashes of broken china; the howling of affrighted dogs; the cries of distressed damsels, and the groans of well-fed citizens. All Chester was soon in arms; and dire were the deeds of vengeance executed on the feline race. Next morning above five hundred dead bodies were seen floating on the river Dee, where they had been ignominiously thrown by the two-legged victors. The rest of the invading host having evacuated the town, dispersed in the utmost confusion to their respective homes.

PERSONALITIES.

When Quin and Garrick performed at the same theatre, and in the same play, the night being very stormy, each ordered a chair. To the mortification of Quin, Mr. Garrick's chair came up first. "Let me get into the chair," cried the surly veteran, "let me get into the chair, and put little Davy into the lantern." "By all means," said Garrick; "I shall ever be happy to give Mr. Quin light in any thing."

TRADER IN WIVES.

The following extraordinary advertisement appeared in the Kentucky Reporter of the 5th of September, 1817. Take notice, and beware of the swindler Jesse

Dougherty, who married me in November last, and some time after marriage informed me that he had another wife alive, and before I recovered, the villain left me, and took one of my best horses; one of my neighbours was so good as to follow him, and take the horse from him, and bring him back. The said Dougherty is about forty years of age, five feet ten inches high, round shouldered, thick lips, complexion and hair dark, grey eyes, remarkably ugly and ill-natured, and very fond of ardent spirits, and by profession a notorious liar. This is therefore to warn all widows to beware of the swindler, as all he wants is their property, and he cares not where they go after he gets that. The said Dougherty has a number of wives living, perhaps eight or ten (the number not positively known), and will, no doubt, if he can get them, have eight or ten more. I believe that is the way he makes his living.—Mary Dodd, Livingston County, Ky.

EPITAPH.

The heir of the Duke de Peuthievre died in 1764, a victim to his irregularities, and particularly to his attachment to Mademoiselle Miré, a lady eminent for her musical talents. The Parisian wits, who laugh at every thing, made the following very ingenious epitaph, composed of five musical notes, which are supposed to be engraven on his tomb :

MI RE LA MI LA.

Miré has placed him there.

SIR JOHN FIELDING.

Sir John Fielding, the brother of the celebrated novelist, appears to have inherited no small portion of the family humour, although he has left no record in a lettered form of his comic propensity. On one occasion, after paying a visit to a country gentleman of eminent hospitality, Sir John mounted his horse, in company with several brother convivialists. The knight, though "a thick drop serene" had quenched the lustre of his orbs, was a fearless horseman. In fact, his steed was trained to obedience, and was familiar with the rider's haunts. Sir John rode forwards; but when he arrived at Hartley Row, under the impulse of the gay purpose of the hour, he checked his horse, and the animal entered the paved yard of an inn. Our traveller was in the habit of wearing a shade over his sightless eyes, which the apprehensiveness and surprise of the innkeeper and his wife converted into a mask. It was during the time of a general panic throughout the country, in consequence of a threatened invasion from France. Sir John found, by the tremulous accents of the people at the inn, that his appearance had produced a striking effect on their imagination, and he accordingly humoured their apprehensions. He with many significant shrugs, and divers protestations of extreme haste, informed his auditors that the French were landed in great numbers, and were far advanced on their march to the metropolis; that he himself had been captured by the foe, and only released on condition of wearing a mask,

or bandage, till six hours were expired. After communicating this intelligence, he quitted the inn.

It happened that the innkeeper's wife was one of the most credulous among the weak. Terrified beyond measure, she hastened and buried all the money she could collect, and threw the household plate into the well for safety. The whole house was in commotion, from the stable-yard to the topmost garret. The joke was, of course, soon detected, and the identity of the knight shortly ascertained. So high was the indignation of the silly host, when he discovered the extent of the hoax, that he commenced an action against the waggish alarmist. The cause was tried at Winchester, when the plaintiff was nonsuited.

CONNUBIAL CARTE AND TIERCE.

The good people of Horncastle were one evening amused by the following announcement of the bellman: "J. J. wishes to inform the public, he will not be answerable for any debt or debts his wife Marianne J. may contract after this public notice." As soon as possible afterwards, the bellman was again sent round with the following: "M. J. begs to inform the public, she never has, nor does she ever intend, to contract any debts on her husband's credit, well knowing it stands on too slender a foundation."

BEING THE POPE.

Immediately after the peace of 1815, there was a great number of Austrian officers at Rome, so that scarcely a day passed on which several strangers were

not introduced to the Pope. Among the rest, a Bohemian lieutenant, who did not understand a word of any language except his own native dialect, wished to have an audience of his holiness. The Pope, whose condescension does not allow any person to be refused admittance to him, was previously informed how difficult it would be to have any conversation with the Bohemian. When the audience commenced, therefore, his holiness, with some embarrassment, merely said to the lieutenant, at the same time clapping him on the shoulder, "*Bravo, guerrière! bravo, guerrière!*" The true-hearted Bohemian hastily seized the hand of the successor of St. Peter, shook it heartily, and said, "*Bravo, papa! bravo, papa!*"

MAKING THE MOST OF A GOOD THING.

When the baggage of Lady Hamilton was landed at Palermo, Lord Nelson's coxswain was very active in conveying it to the ambassador's hotel. Lady Hamilton observed this, and presenting the man with a moidore, said, "Now, my friend, what will you have to drink?" "Why, *please your honour*," said the cockswain, "I am not thirsty." "But," said her ladyship, "Nelson's steersman must drink with me, so what will you take, a dram, a glass of grog, or a glass of punch?" "Why," said Jack, "as I am to drink with your ladyship's honour, it wouldn't be good manners to be backward, so I'll take the dram now, and will be drinking the glass of grog, while your ladyship is mixing the tumbler of punch for me."

LUDICROUS MISTAKE.

The death of M. Perrier, of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, in 1819, occasioned a strange mistake. The Secretary of the Royal Society of Sciences, happened also to be named Perrier. At a meeting of the latter body, a chevalier entered, and with a countenance woe-begone, took his place among his brethren, then solemnly arose, and drew from his pocket a manuscript, and with a faltering voice and a look of the deepest sorrow, began a funeral oration "upon his deceased friend." What was his surprise, when his "deceased friend" stood up from the president's chair, which he filled, (the panegyrist being so blinded with tears as not to observe him sooner,) declined the honour about to be conferred on him, thanked his friend in the warmest terms, and proposed, amidst roars of laughter, to adjourn the reading of the oration *sine die!*

HUNCHBACK.

About 1725, one of the most remarkable characters in the public haunts of Paris, was a hunch-backed gentleman of the name of Renardot. He was a man of a droll turn of mind; cared nothing for his own deformity of person, and delighted to tease those who, equally unfortunate in this respect, were not possessed of the same philosophic indifference. In walking the streets, or on the boulevards, it was his constant practice, when he perceived another hunch-back, to step up and whisper in his ear, pointing at the same time to

his own protuberance, "If you are content, sir, so, may I." The frequent repetition of this salutation soon made him as universally known, as hated, by all the other hunch-backs of Paris; he was their common pest; and there was not one of them who would not at any time have gone a mile out of his way, to avoid the ingenious tormentor.

HANDEL.

The celebrated composer, Handel, had such a remarkable irritation of nerves, that he could not bear to hear the tuning of instruments, and therefore this was always done before he arrived at the theatre. A musical wag, who knew how to extract some mirth from Handel's irascibility of temper, stole into the orchestra, on a night when the Prince of Wales was to be present, and untuned all the instruments. As soon as the prince arrived, Handel gave the signal of beginning, *con spirito*; but such was the horrible discord, that the enraged musician started up from his seat, and having overturned a double bass, which stood in his way, he seized a kettle-drum, which he threw with such violence at the leader of the band, that he lost his full-bottomed wig in the effort. Without waiting to replace it, he advanced bare-headed to the front of the orchestra, breathing vengeance, but so much choaked with passion, that utterance was denied him. In this ridiculous attitude he stood staring and stamping for some moments, amidst a convulsion of laughter: nor could he be prevailed upon to resume his seat, until the prince went in person, and with much difficulty appeased his wrath.

HEIDEGGER.

The late facetious Duke of Montagu gave an entertainment at the Devil Tavern, Temple Bar, to several noblemen and gentlemen; selecting the most convivial, and a few hard drinkers. Heidegger the Swiss, who was so long the *Arbiter Elegantiarum* of the metropolis, was invited; and in a few hours after dinner, was so much inebriated, that he was carried out of the room, and laid insensible upon a bed. A profound sleep ensued; when an artist was introduced, who took a mould from his face in plaster of Paris. From this a mask was made; and a few days before the next masquerade at the King's Theatre, a species of entertainment which had risen into great repute under the superintendance of Heidegger, the Duke of Montagu made application to Heidegger's valet de chambre, to know what suit of clothes he was likely to wear; and then procuring a similar dress, and a person of the same stature, he gave him his instructions how to act. The masquerade was honoured by the presence of the king. As soon as his majesty was seated, being always known to the conductor of the entertainment, though concealed by his dress from the company, Heidegger ordered the music to play "God Save the King;" but his back was no sooner turned, than the false Heidegger ordered them to strike up "*O'er the Water to Charlie.*" The whole company were instantly thunderstruck; and all the courtiers not in the plot were in the most stupid consternation. Heidegger flew to the musical gallery in a violent rage, and accused the musicians

of drunkenness, or of being set on by some secret enemy to ruin him. The king and his immediate attendants laughed immoderately. While Heidegger stood in the gallery, "*God Save the King*" was the tune; but when after setting matters to rights, he retired to one of the dancing rooms, to observe if decorum was kept by the company, the counterfeit stepping forward, and placing himself upon the floor of the theatre, just in front of the music gallery, called out in a most audible voice, imitating Heidegger, "Blockheads! did not I tell you this moment to play, *O'er the Water to Charlie?*" A pause ensued: the musicians, who knew his character, thought him in their turn either drunk or mad; but as he continued his vociferation, "*Charlie*" was played again. At this repetition of the supposed affront, some of the officers of the guards were for ascending the gallery, and kicking the musicians out; but the late Duke of Cumberland, who relished the mal-apropos amazingly, interposed. The company were thrown into great confusion. "Shame! shame!" resounded from all parts; and Heidegger once more flew in a violent rage to that part of the theatre facing the gallery. Here the Duke of Montagu artfully addressing him, told him that the king was in a violent passion; that his best way was to go instantly and make an apology; and afterwards to discharge the musicians, who were to a certainty mad. Almost at the same instant the duke ordered the false Heidegger to do the same. The scene became now truly comic in the circle before the king. Heidegger had no sooner made a genteel apology for the insolence of his musicians, than the false Heidegger advanced, and in a plaintive

tone cried out, "Indeed, sire, it was not my fault, but that devil's in my likeness." Poor Heidegger turned round, stared, staggered, grew pale, and could not utter a word. The duke then whispered into his ear the sum of his plot; the counterfeit was ordered to take off his mask, and here the frolic ended.

Heidegger's countenance was particularly unpleasing, from an unusual harshness of features. Hogarth has introduced it into more than one of his prints. Heidegger was however the first to joke upon his own ugliness; and he once laid a wager with the Earl of Chesterfield, that within a certain given time, his lordship would not be able to produce so hideous a face in all London. After a laborious search, a woman was found whose features were at first sight thought stranger than Heidegger's; but upon clapping her head-dress upon Heidegger, he was unanimously allowed to have won the wager.

HOAXERS HOAXED.

Two adventurers of the lower class, seeing the favour which the Franks enjoyed with the Sultan, Selim III. who died in 1807, and how very easy he was of access, resolved, if possible, to profit by the liberality of this munificent prince; and success appeared to them easy, if they could but present him with some novelty, no matter how strange or ridiculous their invention might be, provided they could make it pass for European. After devising and rejecting various plans to make the sultan draw his purse-strings, they at last hit upon the following scheme :---They caused a report to be spread,

that a stranger had recently arrived in the city, bringing with him a wonderful bear, which could play extremely well upon the piano-forte. Gossip fame soon spread the news; and the sultan gave orders that the bear should be brought to exhibit its wonderful talents in his sublime presence. Accordingly, at the appointed hour, the bear and his leader, rejoicing in what they considered the certain success of their scheme, took the road to the seraglio. Being introduced into the interior apartments, they were conducted into one, where concealed behind Venetian blinds, all the ladies of the haram were waiting the arrival of the sultan, that the wonderful spectacle might begin. Their impatience was soon gratified; his highness arrived, and the moment he entered, he was observed to regard Bruin very attentively. Animated with the hope of pleasing the royal spectator, our bear performed wonders; he danced, caressed his master, and played a variety of tricks; to which the sultan paid great attention. At last came the great trial of Bruin's powers; he was ordered by his master to play. Rising himself on his hind-legs, he performed, with his fore-paws, a piece of music in the best style; and captivated the sultan so completely, that he eagerly asked the owner of this wonderful animal to set a price upon him. This unexpected proposal threw Bruin into great confusion; and it increased when he found that his master, fearful lest an abrupt refusal should discover the trick, appeared inclined to come to terms: "Pray," whispered the bear, while he appeared to caress his leader, "do not leave me here!" but the caresses which he gave his master made the sultan more eager to purchase him. At last, the pretended owner thought to put an

end to a scene, which he plainly perceived Bruin could not sustain much longer, by demanding an exorbitant price for him. "Count the sum required," cried the magnificent Selim, "and take this animal to my menagerie." The first part of the order was instantly obeyed by the khasnader; and the other officers approached the bear, to fulfil the second part of it.

Till now, our animal had behaved with wonderful gentleness; but the moment was arrived when he found it necessary to shew that he possessed all the fierceness of his species. Entrenching himself in the angle of the apartment which was opposite to the door, he waited impatiently till he saw it open; when suddenly raising himself upon his hind-legs, he rushed out, followed by his leader. No one offered to stop him, because they thought his master pursued in order to bring him back. One might suppose, that the Sultan Selim would have been sufficiently exasperated to have set a price upon the heads of the two impudent knaves: but having from the moment he saw the bear, penetrated the trick, the only revenge which he determined to take, was to give them a hearty fright in return for the insult they had offered.

CALEDONIANA.

While the negotiation for peace between Lord Malmesbury on the part of Britain, and the French Directory, was pending, an Englishman and a Scotchman who happened to meet at a country inn were conversing together on the subject. With all Englishmen, nothing was at the time more earnestly desired

than peace ; taxes pressed heavily, and took away a relish for the bubble reputation which is gained at the cannon's mouth. With Scotchmen, on the contrary, nothing was more popular than the continuance of war ; it had been to them peculiarly a harvest of glory ; and as a nation, they paid less in taxes than they received back in grants and bounties. The conversation between the two travellers was a perfect exemplification of the feelings of their respective countries. The Englishman was of opinion, that there was almost no sacrifice which ought not to be made for the sake of peace. The Scotchman insisted that it would be an eternal disgrace to yield a single inch, and added sarcastically, that in the high humour in which the French Directory were, he would not be surprised if they made it a *sine qua non*, that Scotland should be ceded to France ; following up his remark with a hearty laugh at the extravagance of the idea. " O ho ! " rejoined the Englishman, " is that all you know about it ? Don't you know that Lord Malmesbury carried out instructions with him to cede Scotland, but that on offering it to the Directory, they spurned the offer, unless Cumberland (worth something) was added to it ? " The natural pride of the Scotchman could not receive a severer wound : casting an indignant look at the witty Southern, he rose and left the room.

A Scotch pedestrian attacked by three highwaymen defended himself with great courage and obstinacy, but was at last overpowered and his pockets rifled. The robbers expected from the extraordinary resist-

ance they had experienced, to lay their hands on some rich booty ; but were not a little surprised to discover, that the whole treasure which the sturdy Caledonian had been defending at the hazard of his life, consisted of no more than a crooked sixpence ! “ The deuce is in him,” said one of the rogues ; “ if he had had eighteen pence, I suppose he would have killed the whole of us.”

As two military officers, of the sister countries of Ireland and Scotland, were passing along Piccadilly, their attention was arrested by a pretty girl at work with her needle, behind the counter of a *Magazin des Modes*. The Hibernian instantly proposed to go into the shop, and purchase some trifle by way of excuse for obtaining a nearer inspection of the fair damsel. “ Hoot awa', man,” said the equally curious but more economical Scot, “ there's na occasion to throw awa' siller, let's gang in, and ask change o' twa saxpences for a shilling !”

ELECTIONEERING BILL.

Mr. Edgeworth, in his memoirs, relates a whimsical anecdote respecting Sir Francis Deleval's electioneering at Andover. The attorney's bill was not discharged. It had been running on for many years, and though large sums had been paid on {account, a prodigious balance still remained to be adjusted. The affair came before the Court of King's Bench, when among a variety of exorbitant and monstrous charges, there appeared the following article :

" To being thrown out of the George Inn,
 Andover ; to my legs being thereby
 broken ; to surgeon's bill, and loss of
 time and business, all in the service
 of Sir F. B. Deleval £500.

When this curious *item* came to be explained, it appeared that the attorney had, by way of promoting Sir Francis's interest in the borough, sent cards of invitation to the officers of a regiment in the town, in the name of the Mayor and Corporation, inviting them to dine and drink his majesty's health on his birthday. He at the same time wrote a similar invitation to the Mayor and Corporation, in the name of the officers of the regiment. The two parties met, complimented each other, ate a good dinner, drank a hearty bottle of wine to his majesty's health, and prepared to break up. The commanding officer of the regiment, being the politest man in company, made a handsome speech to Mr. Mayor, thanking him for his hospitable invitation and entertainment. " No, colonel," replied the mayor, " it is to you that thanks are due, by me and my brother aldermen, for your generous treat to us." The colonel replied with as much warmth as good breeding would allow ; the mayor retorted in downright anger, vowing that he would not be choused by the bravest colonel in his majesty's service. " Mr. Mayor," said the colonel, " there is no necessity for displaying any vulgar passion on this occasion ; permit me to shew you, that I have here your obliging card of invitation." " Nay, Mr. Colonel, here is no opportunity for bantering ; there is your card." Upon examining the cards,

it was observed that notwithstanding an attempt to disguise it, both cards were written in the same hand, by some person who had designed to hoax them all. Every eye of the corporation turned spontaneously upon the attorney, who of course attended the meeting. His impudence suddenly gave way, he faltered, and betrayed himself so fully by his confusion, that the colonel in a fit of summary justice, threw him out of the window. For this Sir Francis Deleval was five hundred pounds.

DREAMING MATCH.

Sir William Johnson, who was superintendant of Indian affairs in America previous to the revolution, received some suits of clothes from England richly laced, when Hendrick, king of the five nations of Mohawks, was present. The chief admired them much, but did not say any thing at the time. In a few days Hendrick called on Sir William, and acquainted him that he had had a particular dream. On Sir William enquiring what it was, he told him he had dreamed that he gave him one of those fine suits which he had received from over the great water. Sir William took the hint, and immediately presented him with one of the richest suits. Hendrick highly pleased with this generosity, retired. A short time after this, Sir William happening to be in company with Hendrick, told him that he also had had a dream. Hendrick being very solicitous to know what it was, Sir William informed him that he had dreamed that he (Hendrick) had made him a present of a particular tract of land (the most valuable on the Mohawk

river) of about 5000 acres. Hendrick presented him with the land immediately, with this shrewd remark : " Now, Sir William, I will never dream with you again, you dream too hard for me." The tract thus obtained is called to the present day, *Sir William's Dreaming Land*.

POPE'S LAST ILLNESS.

During Pope's last illness, a squabble happened in his chamber between his two physicians, Dr. Burton and Dr. Thompson, they mutually charging each other with hastening the death of the patient by improper prescriptions. Pope at length silenced them, saying, " Gentlemen, I only learn by your discourse that I am in a dangerous way ; therefore all I now ask is, that the following epigram may be added after my death to the next edition of the *Dunciad*, by way of postscript :

Dunces rejoice, forgive all censures past,
The greatest dunce has kill'd your foe at last.

FUNERAL INVITATION.

Sir Boyle Roach had a servant, who was as great an original as his master. Two days after the death of the baronet, this man waited upon a gentleman, who had been a most intimate friend of Sir Boyle, for the purpose of telling him that the time at which the funeral was to have taken place had been changed. " Sir," says he, " my master sends his compliments to you, and he won't be buried till to-morrow evening."

A SEVERE LESSON.

M. de la Place relates the following amusing anecdote of the late Count d'Egmont, as delivered to him by the count himself. "I had not been," said he, "more than six months in the Mousquetaires, before enchanted at being released from the trammels of the school, which had for a long time annoyed me exceedingly, I plunged blindly into the vortex of pleasures, in which I saw my young companions enjoying themselves.

"One night, after having dined sumptuously and joyfully with several of my friends, we proceeded to the opera, which we found exceedingly crowded, and where, after having pushed and squeezed ourselves in as well as we could, we obtained standing room in the centre of the pit. There forced to stop, I should, as my companions did, have waited with great patience, if I had not unluckily found directly before me an old gentleman in a brigadier's wig, whose amplitude formed before my eyes a species of screen, which totally concealed from me any thing that was going forward on the stage, and especially prevented me from seeing a young dancing girl, in whom I felt a great interest.

"After having begged and prayed the gentleman, whom I was already incommoding exceedingly, to allow me a glimpse of the stage, by a certain change of position, which he dryly answered, was impossible; irritated by his coolness and my own awkward situation, at which, to crown my misery, my neighbours, and especially my young companions, were heartily

laughing, I took from my pocket a pair of scissors, with which I set to work, not only to prune away the superfluous branches and foliage, if I may use the expression, which annoyed me, but also the thick clubs which served to ornament its tail.

“The bursts of laughter which my vengeance excited, having awakened my gentleman from the species of apathy in which he had till then seemed buried, he perceived the state to which I had reduced his perriwig, ‘My young friend,’ said he, turning round as well as he could, ‘I expect you will not leave the house without me.’ This little civility, continued the Count d’Egmont, and especially a certain glance of the eye by which it was accompanied, by making me sensible of the whole extent of my folly, moderated, I confess, considerably the pleasure I had felt in committing it; however, the wine was poured out, and I felt that I was compelled to drink it. At the conclusion of the opera, my gentleman, without speaking, gave me a sign to follow him.

“After having crossed, not without difficulty, the square of the Palais Royale, and passed through the Rue St. Thomas du Louvre, we came under the arcade, where stopping suddenly, ‘M. Le Comte d’Egmont,’ said he, ‘for I have the honour of being acquainted with you, you are young; and I owe you a lesson, for which your late father, whom I knew better than I do you, would perhaps have thanked me: when a man gives a public insult, and especially to an old soldier, he ought at least to know how to fight. Let us see,’ continued he, drawing his sword, ‘how you will acquit yourself.’ Enraged and humiliated by a proposition which seemed to me to border on contempt,

I rushed on him with all the impetuosity of which my youth and my indignation rendered me capable ; but my gentleman, without being in the least discomposed, as steady as a rock, contented himself with parrying my thrusts by the most insolent parades in the world, and at last made no other return to my attacks than by a quip, which made my sword fly out of my hand to the distance of five or six paces. 'Pick up your sword, Monsieur le Comte,' said he, with the same coolness, 'it is not like an opera-dancer, but like a brave cavalier, with a firm foot and a steady eye, that a man of your name ought to fight ; and this is what I now invite you to do.'

" 'You are most cruelly in the right,' answered I, endeavouring to stifle the feelings which were agitating me, 'and I hope soon to prove myself worthy of your esteem.' Fixedly determined rather to perish, than expose myself to fresh sarcasms from this singular enemy, I placed myself opposite to him, and attacked him with a coolness equal to that which he displayed in defending himself. 'Very well, very well, indeed,' exclaimed, from time to time, this devil in human form, until the moment when, having run me through the sword arm, he said, 'There ; that's enough for the present.' So saying, placing me against the wall, and telling me to wait till he came back, he ran to the Palais Royale, brought a coach, bound up my wound with a handkerchief, and telling the coachman to drive up to the Mousquetaires de la Rue de Beaune, he delivered me into the hands of the porter, and took his leave.

"After a confinement of more than six weeks, which were required to cure my wound, I had not rejoined

the world more than a week, when one evening going into the *Café de la Regence* to look for some of my companions, I recognised my gentleman, who quitted his seat, placed his finger on his mouth, and exclaiming 'Chut!' rose, came towards me, and made me a signal to follow him. Arrived under the same archway, 'You have amused yourself a little at my expence, my dear count,' said he, 'in recounting our adventure, and I have too great a regard for you, not to contribute all in my power to render it still more agreeable, by furnishing a continuation, which you may add to the story when you next relate it. Come, draw your sword.'

"This second lesson, which was very similar to the first, was followed some months after by a third. This executioner, if I may so call him, at last became so terrible to me, that I hardly ever ventured into public without feeling a sort of shudder, lest I should encounter him, for I had forgot to mention, that the last lesson which he had condescended to give me was on the eve of the carnival, which he had made me pass in the most melancholy manner possible in my bed.

"Judge, therefore, of my joy, as well as gratitude, when a waiter from the *Café de la Regence* arrived one morning at my lodgings, and said, 'You will pardon me, Monsieur le Comte, but I thought you would not be sorry to hear that Monsieur 'Chut' died last night, and my mistress hopes we shall soon see you again at our house.' "

MASTER OF A PARISH.

As a lame country schoolmaster was hobbling one morning upon two sticks to his noisy mansion, he was met by a nobleman, who enquired his name, and the means by which he procured a livelihood? "My name," answered he, "is R. T. and I am *master* of this parish." This answer increased the curiosity of his lordship, and he desired to know how he was *master* of the parish? "I am," replied the pedagogue, "the *master* of the children of the parish; the children are masters of their *mothers*; the mothers are the rulers of the *fathers*; and consequently I am the *master* of the whole *parish*." His lordship was pleased with this logical reply, and made the schoolmaster a present.

NERVES.

When a late Duchess of Bedford was last at Buxton, and then in her eighty-fifth year, it was the medical farce of the day, for the faculty to resolve every complaint of whim and caprice into "a shock of the nervous system." Her grace, after enquiring of many of her friends in the rooms what brought them there, and being generally answered for a nervous complaint, was asked in her turn, "What brought her to Buxton?" "I came only for pleasure," answered the healthy duchess; "for, thank God, I was born before nerves came into fashion."

DUKE DE ROCLORE.

The Duke de Roclore, the favourite wit and buffoon of Louis XIV., was in his person far from being agreeable ; his countenance was rather forbidding, and his person ill formed. Another nobleman, whose person was even inferior to that of Roclore, having killed his antagonist in a duel, applied to the duke for his interest and protection, knowing it was the only channel through which he could obtain a pardon. The duke readily engaged in his friend's interest, and fairly rallied the king into a compliance. After the king had finished a fit of laughter, and given his royal promise, he enquired of Roclore what could possibly induce him to be so strenuous in his intercession ? " I will tell your majesty," said the facetious duke ; " if he had suffered, I should then have been the ugliest man in France."

SPANISH PUNCTILIO.

When a late royal bride of Spain was on her road towards Madrid, she passed through a little town in Spain, famous for the manufacture of gloves and stockings. The honest magistrates of the place thought they could never better express their joy for the reception of their new queen, than by presenting her with a sample of those commodities, for which alone their town was remarkable. The major-domo, who conducted the queen, received the gloves very graciously ; but when the stockings were presented, he flung them away with great indignation, and

severely reprimanded the magistrates for this egregious piece of indecency. "Know," says he, "that a queen of Spain has no legs." The poor young queen, who at that time understood the language but very imperfectly, and had been often frightened with stories of Spanish jealousy, imagined that they were to cut off her legs. Upon this she fell a crying, and begged them to conduct her to Germany, for that she could never endure that operation: and it was with some difficulty they could appease her. Philip V. is said never in his life to have enjoyed a good laugh, but at the recital of this story.

RENEWING A PROMISE.

A late noble lord, who was sparing of money and lavish of promises, had given his note to a gentleman for a considerable sum he owed him; it had been long due, and the peer never failed when he met him to make a handsome apology. Tired with promises that were never intended to be realized, the creditor one day, in answer to a new promise, said he had no doubt of his lordship's honour, and that he would pay it at the time he then fixed; but, added he, "in the meantime, as this note is almost worn out, I should be glad if your lordship would take it up, and give me one upon parchment." The peer being a man of wit, could not stand the severity of the rebuke, but paid the money almost immediately.

FORMAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Dr. Schmidt, of the Cathedral of Berlin, wrote a letter to the King of Prussia couched in the following terms :

"SIRE,---I acquaint your majesty, first, that there are wanting Books of Psalms for the royal family. I acquaint your majesty, second, that there wants wood to warm the royal seats. I acquaint your majesty, third, that the balustrade next the river, behind the church, is become ruinous.

SCHMIDT,
Sacrist of the Cathedral."

The king, who was much amused by the letter, returned the following answer :

"I acquaint you, M. Sacrist Schmidt, first, that those who want to sing, may buy books. Second, I acquaint M. Sacrist Schmidt, that those who want to be warm, must buy wood. Third, I acquaint M. Sacrist Schmidt, that I shall not trust any longer to the balustrade next the river. And I acquaint M. Sacrist Schmidt, fourth, that I will not have any more correspondence with him.

FREDERICK."

 DR. JOSEPH WARTON.

This elegant scholar was invited, while master of Winchester, to meet a relative of Pope, who, from her connexion with the family, he was taught to believe could furnish him with much valuable and private information. On being introduced, incited by all that eagerness which so strongly characterised him,

he took a seat immediately close to the lady, and by enquiring her consanguinity to Pope, entered at once on the subject; when the following dialogue took place: "Pray, sir, did not you write a book about my cousin Pope?" "Yes, madam." "They tell me 'twas vastly clever. He wrote a great many plays, did he not?" "I have heard only of one attempt, madam." "Oh no; I beg your pardon, that was Mr. Shakespeare; I always confound them." This was too much even for the doctor's gallantry; he replied, "Certainly, madam;" and, with a bow, changed his seat to the contrary side of the room, where he sat, to the amusement of a large party, with such a mingled countenance of archness, and chagrin, such a struggle between his taste for the ridiculous, and his natural politeness, as could be pourtrayed only by his speaking and expressive countenance. In a few minutes he quitted the company, but not without taking leave of the lady in the most polite and unaffected manner.

CRITICISM.

A journeyman hatter, a companion of Dr. Franklin, on commencing business for himself, was anxious to get a handsome signboard, with a proper inscription. This he composed himself, as follows: "John Thompson, *hatter*, makes and sells hats for ready money;" with the figure of a hat subjoined. But he thought he would submit it to his friends for their amendments. The first he showed it to, thought the word *hatter* tautologous, because followed by the words, "makes hats," which showed he was a hatter. It was struck out. The next observed, that the word "makes" might as well

be omitted, because his customers would not care who made the hats ; if good, and to their mind, they would buy, by whomsoever made. He struck that out also. A third said, he thought the words "for ready money" were useless, as it was not the custom of the place to sell on credit ; every one who purchased, expected to pay. These too were parted with, and the inscription then stood, "John Thompson sells hats." "Sells hats !" says his next friend ; "why, who expects you to give them away ? What, then, is the use of the word ?" It was struck out, and *hats* was all that remained attached to the name of John Thomson. Even this inscription, brief as it was, was reduced ultimately to "John Thompson," with the figure of a hat subjoined.

DR. HOUGH.

The late Bishop of Worcester, Dr. Hough, was remarkable for sweetness of temper, as well as every other christian virtue ; of which the following story affords a proof. A young gentleman, whose family had been well acquainted with the bishop, in making the tour of England before he went abroad, called to pay his respects to his lordship as he passed by his seat in the country. It happened to be a dinner time, and the room full of company. The bishop, however, received him with much familiarity ; but the servant, in reaching him a chair, threw down a curious weather glass that had cost twenty guineas, and broke it. The gentleman was under infinite concern, and began to make an apology for being himself the occasion of the accident ; when the bishop with great good nature interrupted him. "Be under no concern, sir," said his

lordship, smiling, "for I am much beholden to you for it. We have had a very dry season; and now I hope we shall have rain. I never saw the glass so *low* in my life." Every one was pleased with the humour and pleasantry of the turn; and the more so, as his lordship was then more than eighty, a time of life when the infirmities of old age make most men peevish and hasty.

FORTUNE TELLER.

A fortune teller was arrested at his theatre of divination, *al fresco*, at the corner of the Rue de Bussy in Paris, and carried before the tribunal of correctional police. "You know to read the future?" said the president, a man of great wit, but too fond of a joke for a magistrate. "I do, M. le President," replied the sorcerer. "In this case," said the judge, "you know the judgment we intend to pronounce." "Certainly." "Well, what will happen to you?" "Nothing." "You are sure of it?" "You will acquit me." "Acquit you!" "There is no doubt of it." "Why?" "Because, sir, if it had been your intention to condemn me, you would not have added irony to misfortune." The president, disconcerted, turned to his brother judges, and the sorcerer was acquitted.

COMPLIMENTING.

A fashionable female at Paris having heard that Nicole, the celebrated mathematician, was much cherished in all the circles of science, and anxious to be thought the patroness of merit, sent him such an invi-

tation to one of her parties, that he could not refuse it. The abstract geometrician, who had never before been present at an assembly of the kind, received the civilities of his fair hostess with all the awkwardness and confusion of a man unacquainted with the frivolities of fashionable life. After passing a very uncomfortable evening, in answering the observations of those who addressed him, he prepared to take his leave. Wishing to be very complimentary, he declared to the lady of the house the grateful sense he entertained of the high honour she had conferred on him by her generous invitation, polite regard, and extraordinary civility. At length he reached the climax of his compliments, by assuring her "that her lovely *little* eyes had made an impression which could never be erased from his breast." Nicole then retired, quite satisfied at the manner in which he had acquitted himself; but a friend who was accompanying him home, whispered in his ear as they were passing to the staircase, that he had paid the lady a very ill compliment, by telling her that her eyes were little, for that little eyes were universally understood by the whole sex to be a great defect. Nicole, mortified to excess at the mistake he had thus unconsciously made, and resolving to apologize to the lady whom he conceived he must have offended, returned abruptly to the company, and entreated her with great humility to pardon the error into which his confusion had betrayed him, of imputing any thing like *littleness* to so high, so elegant, so distinguished a character; and concluded by saying, "Madam, I never beheld such fine *large* eyes, such fine *large* lips, such fine *large* hands, or so fine and *large* a person altogether, in the whole course of my life."

LÆSÆ POETICÆ.

A German poet having written a gastronomic song upon the pastry of one of the best pastry-cooks at Nuremberg, the latter thought he could not better testify his gratitude, than by sending him one of the objects he had celebrated in his song. The poet was at first enchanted with the delicious repast ; but, O Grief ! on finishing the last morsel, he recognized in the paper on which it had been baked, the copy of the song, with which he had testified his homage to the pastry-cook. In a great rage he hastened to his shop, and charged him with the crime of *læsæ poeticæ*. " Ah, sir ! " replied the *artist*, not in the least disconcerted, " why so angry ? I have only followed your example. You made a song upon my pastry, and I have made a pye upon your song."

GENUINE LAZINESS.

A young farmer inspecting his father's concerns in the time of hay harvest, found a body of the mowers asleep, when they should have been at work. " What is this ? " cried the youth ; " Why, me, you are so indolent, that I would give a crown to know which is the most lazy of you." " I am he," cried the one nearest to him, still stretching himself at his ease. " Here, then," said the youth, holding out the money. " Oh, Master George," said the fellow, folding his arms, " do pray take the trouble of putting it into my pocket for me."

HOAX.

In December 1783, when the air-balloons were the object of public attention, there appeared in the *Journal de Paris* a letter from a watchmaker, who, without subscribing his name, offered to traverse the river Seine, between the Pont Neuf and the Pont Royal, so quickly, that a fast trotting horse, which was to set off at the same time, should not reach the opposite extremity before him. To make this experiment, he asked for his reward two hundred louis, when he reached the appointed spot; and which were merely to pay his travelling expences to, and lost time at, Paris. He appointed the first of January, if the river was not frozen, for the experiment. The town was immediately agitated; subscriptions filled rapidly, and at the court and the city the only subject of conversation, was the watchmaker who was able to walk on the water faster than a horse could trot. As some, however, appeared to doubt its practicability, he satisfied the enquirers by describing his apparatus. These consisted of a pair of elastic wooden shoes, joined by a thick bar. Each *sabot*, or shoe, was to be one foot long and seven inches high, on an equal breadth; and if necessary, he was to hold in each hand a bladder fully blown. He assured the public he could repeat the miracle fifty times in an hour. The city of Paris began to erect scaffolds for the convenience of the subscribers; but before the appointed time the hoaxer, M. Combles, confessed that he had done this only to try the credulity of the Parisians; but the humourist had nearly en-

dangered his liberty by the joke; for he had not only imposed on several distinguished persons, but a society at Versailles had subscribed a thousand livres, and which society was formed by Monsieur (Louis XVIII.), who was too grave a prince to suffer with impunity any personal ridicules. M. Combles applied to the lieutenant of the police, who solicited his majesty's pardon. The king laughed, and amused himself at the expense of Monsieur and the court; and it was thought best, to conclude this affair by informing the public, that the watchmaker was insane, and that he was neither desirous nor capable of performing his engagement.

LEO X. AND HIS BUFFOON.

Querno, a kind of poetical buffoon, much in favour with Leo X. had been crowned arch-poet by the gay young men of fashion at the court of Rome. The Pope, fond of his burlesque talents, sent him choice dishes from his own table, but expected always a distich in return. Querno, like other bon vivants, was tortured by the gout, and at one of its most powerful moments, he was obliged to write in gratitude for a dainty, and sent the following:

“ Archipoeta facit versus, pro mille poetis.”

To which the good-humoured Leo added,

“ Et pro mille aliis, archipoeta bibit.”

Then Querno, resolving to show himself superior to his sufferings, wrote,

“ Porrige, quod faciat mihi, carmina docta Faler-
num.”

But the Pope as smartly replied,

"Hoc vinum enervat debilitatque pedes."

This sarcastic intercourse may be thus translated :

Querno. For millions of poets the arch-poet composes.

Leo. By millions of bumpers bepimpled his nose is.

Querno. A bowl of Falernian t' enliven my strain.

Leo. You'll lose in your *feet* what in *measure* you gain.

NEAT REPROOF.

Louis XV. frequently talked to his courtiers in a manner extremely disagreeable to them, without intending to give them pain. One day, when Cardinal de Luynes was paying his respects to him, "Cardinal," said the king to him, "your great grandfather died of an apoplexy ; your father and your uncle died of an apoplexy ; and you look as if you would die of an apoplectic stroke. "Sire," answered the cardinal, "fortunately for us, we do not live in the times when kings are prophets."

AT FAULT.

The Duke of Grafton being fox-hunting one day near Newmarket, a Quaker, at some distance upon an eminence, pulled off his hat, and gave a "Yoicks tallyho !" The hounds immediately ran to him, and being drawn off the scent, were consequently at fault, which so enraged the duke, that galloping up to the offender, he asked him, in an angry tone, "Art thou a Quaker ?" "I am, friend," replied the man. "Well, then," rejoined his grace, "as you never pull

off your hat to a Christian, I will thank you in future not to pay that compliment to a fox !”

REMEDY AGAINST LYING.

A Chinese silversmith, to whom the English gave the name of Tom Workwell, brought home some *silver spoons*, as he called them, to a captain of a ship, who had ordered them. The gentleman suspecting that his friend Tom had played him a trick, common in China, of adding no small quantity of *tutenague* to the usual proportion of alloy, taxed him with the cheat, which he denied with the strongest asseverations of his innocence. The captain then told him, that he had brought with him a famous water, called *lie-water*, which being placed on the tongue of a person suspected of telling an untruth, if the case were so, burned a hole in it; if otherwise, the party escaped with honour, and unhurt. Tom thinking it a trick, readily consented; upon which, with much form, a single drop of *aqua-fortis* was put upon his tongue; he instantly jumped about the room in violent pain, crying out, “Very true, half *tutenague*, half *tutenague*,” in hopes that confessing the fact, might stop the progress of the *lie-water*, which, from the pain he felt, he had some reason to think possessed the quality ascribed to it. Several Europeans, who were present, and who had bought different pieces of plate from him, now put similar questions to him; and he confessed that it had been his uniform and constant practice, to add a very large quantity of *tutenague* to every article made at his shop, for which during the continuance of the pain, he promised ample reparation.

COEFFEURS v. PERRUQUIERS.

The national frivolity of the French was perhaps never more strikingly exemplified, than in the lawsuit of the ladies' hair-dressers in Paris, which was brought before the highest court of judicature in January, 1769. This cause was of a most extraordinary nature, and the prevailing topic of conversation. The statement of it was bought with great avidity, and was at once to be found on the dusty desks of the lawyers, and the brilliant toilettes of the ladies. It was entitled, "For the *coiffeurs de dames* of Paris, against the corporation of master barbers, hair dressers, and bagnio keepers." The latter were included on account of their generally dressing the ladies' hair after bathing.

Those hair-dressers who presumed to dress both sexes, in this case maintained that it was their exclusive privilege to dress the ladies; and indeed they had several of their adversaries imprisoned, fined, &c. These in their turn defended themselves, and contended that the exclusive privilege was in their favour; because, first, the art of dressing ladies' hair is a *liberal art*, and foreign to the profession of the *maitres perruquiers*; secondly, that the statute of the *perruquiers* does not give them the pretended exclusive right; and, thirdly, that they have hitherto oppressed them, and are indebted to them in considerable damages and interests.

It is probable that some able pleader amused himself in drawing up this memoir; since the frivolous cause was conducted with art and elegance, and

every where discovered the playful hand of a master, who, perhaps, thus unbent himself in the midst of more painful avocations. In his first division, the orator, who makes his clients speak in their own persons, maintains that the art of dressing the ladies' hair is a liberal art, and compares it to those of the poet, the painter, and the statuary.

"By those talents," say they, "which are peculiar to ourselves, we give new graces to the beauty, sung by the poet; it is when she comes from under our hands that the painter and the statuary represent her; and if the locks of Berenice have been placed among the stars, who will deny that to attain this superior glory she was first in want of our aid?"

"A forehead more or less open, a face more or less oval, require very different modes; every where we must embellish Nature, or correct her deficiencies. It is also necessary to conciliate with the colour of the flesh, that of the dress which is to beautify it. This is the art of the painter; we must seize with taste the variegated shades; we must employ the *chiaro scuro*, and the distribution of the shadows, to give more spirit to the complexion, and more expression to the graces. Sometimes the whiteness of the skin will be heightened by the auburn tint of the locks; and the too lively splendour of the fair, will be softened by the greyish cast with which we tinge the tresses."

In another place, to prove that their art has claims to genius, the *coiffeurs de dames* add,

"If the arrangement of the hair, and the various colours we give the locks, do not answer our intention, we have under our hands the brilliant treasures of

Golconda. To us belongs the happy disposition of the diamonds ; the placing the pearl pins, and the suspending of the feathers. The general of an army knows what reliance he can make on a *half moon*, (a term of the then fashionable dress,) placed in front ; he has his engineers, who are distinguished by their titles ; and we with a sparkling cross advantageously placed, know how difficult it is for an enemy not to yield. It is we indeed, who strengthen and extend the empire of beauty :"

Several legal discussions now follow, the aridity of which do not permit our gay pleader to take his happy flights : but he appears with all his felicity of imagination in the peroration. After having informed us that there exist above twelve hundred *coiffeurs de dames* in Paris, he thus closes his oration :

"Some rigid censurers will perhaps say, that they could do very well without us ; and that if there were less art and ornament at the toilettes of the ladies, things would be all for the better. It is not for us to judge, if the manners of Sparta were preferable to those of Athens ; and if the shepherdess, who gazes on herself in the glassy fountain, interweaves some flowers in her tresses, and adorns herself with natural graces, merits a greater homage than those brilliant citizens who skilfully employ the refinements of a fashionable dress. We must take the age in the state we find it. We feel a congenial disposition to the living manners, to which we owe our existence, and while they subsist, we must subsist with them."

Shortly afterwards the case in favour of the *coiffeurs* was ordered to be suppressed, as unworthy of the

majesty of the tribunal to which the suit was brought. The *coiffeurs*, however, gained their cause against the perruquiers, and the graces triumphed over the monster of chicanery. The ladies had taken a warm interest in their favour, and formed for them most powerful solicitations. This important trial was crowded by a most brilliant assemblage, and when the grave decisions of the court were finally made, it was approved by loud cheering from the anxious beauties of Paris, who considered the affair of their *coiffeurs* as of the most national consequence.

SPECULATION AND EXPERIENCE.

Lord Kaimes, whose "Gentleman Farmer," has made his love of agricultural pursuits very well known, had, like many other zealous improvers, a considerable share of credulity as to all new schemes and inventions. A projector having once imposed upon him with a receipt for a sort of manure, which was to make wonderfully prolific crops, his lordship took an opportunity of expatiating to one of his farmers on its mighty advantages. "Aye, Donald," said his lordship, "enough for a whole farm may be carried in your coat pocket." "Ha! ha!" replied the farmer, "but when you do that, my lord, you will hac to carry the crop in your waistcoat pocket."

PROVOKING MISTAKE REVENGED.

Count Stackelberg was once sent on a particular embassy by Catherine of Russia, into Poland; on

the same occasion, Thurgut was dispatched by the Emperor of Germany. Both these ambassadors were strangers to each other. When the morning appointed for an audience arrived, Thurgut was ushered into a magnificent saloon, where, seeing a dignified looking man seated, and attended by several Polish noblemen, who were standing most respectfully before him, the German ambassador (Thurgut) concluded it was the king, and addressed him as such, with the accustomed formalities. This dignified looking character turned out to be Stackelberg, who received the unexpected homage with pride and silence. Soon after, the king entered the presence chamber, and Thurgut, perceiving his mistake, retired much mortified and ashamed. In the evening it so happened that both these ambassadors were playing cards at the same table with his majesty. The German envoy threw down a card, saying, "The king of clubs." "A mistake!" said the monarch, "it is the knave!" "Pardon me, sire," exclaimed Thurgut, casting a significant glance at Stackelberg, "this is the second time to-day I have mistaken a knave for a king." Stackelberg, though very prompt at a repartee, bit his lips, and was silent.

BOSWELL, AND COLMAN, THE ELDER.

At a public dinner given at the Mansion House, during the mayoralty of Mr. Wilkes, Mr. James Boswell, who had taken care to secure good room, seeing George Colman, the elder, in want of a place, called to him and gave him one beside himself, saying, "See what it is to have a Scotchman for your friend

at Mr. Wilkes's table." A little time after, there came a foreign waiter with something; Mr. Boswell talked to him in German, upon which Mr. Colman wittily observed, "I have certainly mistaken the place to day; I thought I was at the Mansion House, but I must surely be at St. James's, for here are nothing but Germans and Scots!"

CATCHING THE SMALL-POX.

When Dr. Thomas, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, was chaplain to the British factory at Hamburg, a gentleman belonging to the factory died at a village about ten miles distant. Application was made to the clergyman of the parish, for leave to bury him in the church-yard. The parson enquired of what religion he was; and was told that he had died a Calvinist. "Then," said he, "he cannot be buried here; there are none but Lutherans in my church-yard, and there shall be no other." On this being told to Dr. Thomas, he immediately took his horse, and went to argue the matter with the parson, but found him inflexible. At length the doctor gained by ridicule, what he had failed to accomplish by the force of reason. "You remind me," says the doctor to the intolerant priest, "of a circumstance which once happened to myself, when I was curate of a church in Thames Street; I was burying a corpse, when a woman came and pulled me by the sleeve in the middle of the service. "Sir, sir, I want to speak to you." "Pr'ythee," says I, "wait till I have done!" "No, sir, I must speak to you immediately!" "Why, then, what is the matter?" "Why, sir," says

she, "you are burying a man who died of the small-pox next my poor husband, who never had it." This story had the desired effect; and the curate permitted the bones of the poor Calvinist to be laid in a Lutheran church-yard.

FIGHTING PREACHER.

In the period of the Commonwealth in England, a young officer who had been bred in France, went one day to the ordinary at the Black Horse in Holborn, where the person that usually presided at table was a rough, old fashioned gentleman, who, according to the custom of those times, had been both major and preacher of a regiment. The young officer began to ridicule religion, and to speak against the dispensations of Providence. The major at first only desired him to speak more respectfully of religion, but finding him run on, began to reprimand him in a more serious manner. The young fellow, who thought to turn matters to a jest, asked the major if he was going to preach, at the same time bidding him take care what he said against a man of honour. "A man of honour!" cried the major, "thou art an infidel and a braggart; and I will treat thee as such." The quarrel at length ran so high, that the young officer challenged the major. On their going into the garden to settle the dispute, the old gentleman advised his antagonist to consider the place to which one pass might drive him; but finding him grow scurrilous, "Sirrah," said he, "if a thunderbolt does not strike thee before I come at thee, I shall not fail to chastise thee for thy profaneness to thy Maker, and

thy insolence to myself." This said, he drew out his sword, and with a loud voice exclaimed, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" This terrified the young gentleman so much, that he was instantly disarmed and thrown on his knees, in which posture he begged for his life, and made the necessary apology.

RODDAM'S TRIAL.

When Captain, afterwards Admiral Roddam was tried by a court martial for the capture of his ship, he gave directions to the printer at Kingston to publish the minutes, and give a copy to each member of the court martial, to his brother officers, and some other friends, and then to sell the remainder. It was some time afterwards that he again saw his publisher; when in order to settle accounts the book was referred to, and the man stated, that according to order, so many copies had been disposed of. "Why, that is the number I ordered you to give away in my name; how many have you sold?" "Not one," was the reply, "though I advertised in all the papers." That is strange!" said Captain Roddam, "for Admiral Byng's trial went through three editions in a week." "That is a different case," said the printer; "if you had been condemned to be shot, your trial would have sold as well; but the public take no interest in an honourable acquittal."

FLATTERY.

Louis XIV. gave flatterers good pretexts, of which they were not slow to avail themselves. A Capuchin

preaching before this monarch at Fontainebleau, began his discourse with, "My brethren, *we shall all die!*" Then stopping short, and turning to the king, "Yes, sir, *almost all* of us shall die!"

ART OF RISING.

The Duke of Grammont was the most adroit and witty courtier of his day. He entered one day the closet of Cardinal Mazarin without being announced. His eminence was amusing himself, by jumping close-legged against the wall. To surprise a Prime Minister in so boyish an occupation, was dangerous; a less skilful courtier might have stammered excuses, and retired. The duke entered briskly, and cried, "I'll bet you one hundred crowns, that I jump higher than your eminence;" and the duke and cardinal began to jump for their lives. Grammont took care to jump a few inches lower than the cardinal, and was six months afterwards, Marshal of France.

PASSION FOR GAMING CURED.

Mr. Smeaton, the celebrated engineer, when early in life, attracted the notice of the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, from a strong resemblance which he bore to their favourite, Gay, the poet; and a friendship was formed between them, which was as cordial as uninterrupted. Smeaton, who detested cards, was on one occasion, from a spirit of complaisance but too common, drawn in to join the duke and duchess, and a numerous party, in a game at Pope Joan; but his attention never following the game, he played like a

boy. The run of the game was high, and the state in "Pope" had accidentally accumulated to a sum more than serious. It came to Smeaton's turn, by the deal, to double it; when regardless of his cards, he busily made minutes on a scrap of paper, and put it on the board. The duchess eagerly asked him what it was? and he as coolly replied, "Your grace will recollect that the field in which my house stands, may be about 5 acres, 3 roods, and 7 perches, which at thirty years purchase will be just my stake; and if your grace will make a duke of me, I presume the winner will not dislike my mortgage."

The joke and the lesson, had alike their weight; the duke and duchess would never after play but for the merest trifle.

BACCHANALIANS.

A publican blowing the froth from a pot of porter which he was bringing to a customer, the gentleman struck him. Boniface eagerly asked why he struck him? "Why," replied the gentleman, "I only returned blow for blow."

At the breaking up of a tavern dinner party, two of the company fell down stairs, the one tumbling to the first landing place, the other rolling to the bottom. It was observed that the first seemed *dead drunk*. "Yes," said a wag, "but he's not so *far gone* as the gentleman below."

WELSH RIVER.

Dr. Johnson, whose ideas of any thing not positively large were always mingled with contempt, when in North Wales, enquired respecting a rapid current-- "Has this brook e'er a name?" and received for answer, "Why, dear sir, this is the River Ustrad." "The River Ustrad!" said Johnson, turning to his friend, "let us jump over it directly, and show how an Englishman ought to treat a *Welsh river*."

TO BE LET ALONE.

Every one has heard the story of a man who, when looking at a house, asked the servant, a pretty girl, if she was to be let with the house. "No, sir," she replied; "if you please, I am to be *let alone*." The origin of this witticism is not so well known, and it will surprise most readers to learn, that it is to be found in the works of a very pious writer, who was born in the year 1592, namely, Francis Quarles, who has the following quaint epigram---

ON THE WORLD.

This house is to be let for life or years;
Her rent is sorrow, and her income tears;
Cupid's has stood long void; her bills made known,
She must be dearly let, or *let alone*.

ALL IS VANITY.

Lord Burleigh, treasurer to Queen Elizabeth, hearing wonderful reports of the curiosities possessed by

a gentleman in Suffolk, went to pay him a visit, and had presented to his view a variety of precious gems, medals, pictures, statues, &c. ; every room, moreover, was adorned with mottoes and devices. At length he brought the treasurer into a room, where he promised to show him an article of infinite value, on account of its antiquity. What should this be, but an old weather beaten statue of some ancient philosopher, which had been palmed on the ignorant connoisseur for the statue of Solomon, carved during the life time of that king, with his own motto cut out in the following manner :

OMNIA VANITAS.

Lord Burleigh observed these words in such different characters, and wanting to quiz the gentleman, said in a sly manner, " This does not well ; I would advise you to alter it at any rate ; for methinks *omnia* is very little, and *vanitas* exceeding great." " My lord," says the gentleman, not observing the satire, " it shall be done, for to speak the truth, *vanitas* hath been thus here a long time, and I crowded in *omnia* ; but I will make them all one, before your lordship comes again."

EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

About the time of the revolution, when the celebrated Earl of Peterborough was a young man, he entertained a passion for a lady who was fond of birds. She had seen and heard a fine canary bird at a coffee-house near Charing Cross, and entreated his lordship to procure it for her. The owner was a widow, and not in very affluent circumstances ; but though Lord Peterborough offered a large sum for the bird, she would not part with it. Finding that there

was no other way of coming at the bird, his lordship determined to change it, and getting one of the same colour, and with nearly the same marks, he went to the coffee-house. The mistress usually sat in a room behind the bar, to which his lordship had easy access ; and contriving to send her out of the way, he effected his purpose undiscovered. On the lady's return, he took his leave.

His lordship continued to frequent the house to avoid suspicion, but forbore saying any thing of the bird till about two years after, when taking occasion to speak of it, he said to the lady, " I wanted to buy that bird, but you refused my money ; I dare say you are by this time sorry for it." " Indeed, my lord," replied she, " I am not, nor would I take any sum for him ; for would you believe it ? from the time that our good King (James II.,) was forced to go abroad and leave us, the dear creature has not sung a note since !!!"

EXISTENCE OF MATTER.

As Berkeley, the celebrated author of the Immaterial Theory, was one morning musing in the cloisters of Dublin college, an acquaintance came up to him, and seeing him wrapt in contemplation, hit him a smart rap on the shoulder with his cane. The dean starting, called out, "*What's the matter?*" His acquaintance looking him steadily in the face, replied, "*No matter Berkeley.*"

HALF LENGTHS.

The celebrated German bard, Gleim, once got a painter to paint his own portrait, and that of his friend, the poet Jacobi. Happening to dine about this time at a friend's house, a nobleman in company, who was the friend of both, said to Gleim, "I hear you and Jacobi have had your portraits painted; I suppose at full length?" "No," replied Gleim, "that is only for knights, that we may see their spurs. We have no occasion for this; for with us *the head is the chief thing.*"

"WHEREAS"---

A barrister observing the Lord Chancellor, whom he wished to address, very much engaged with the Gazette, said, "I beg your lordship's pardon; I see you are busy with your harvest."

BEL AND THE DRAGON.

There was at a public institution a matron of the name of Bel, and another whose severity and general manners obtained her the appellation of the Dragon. One day a violent squabble was heard in a room adjoining to that in which the directors of the charity were then assembled, and one of them was induced to put his head out to see what was the cause of the uproar. He did so, and instantly returned to his seat. "What was all that noise about, did you enquire?" said one of the gentlemen. "Yes,"

answered the other ; “ and there may be a little more yet ; but you must not be alarmed, it is only *Bel and the Dragon* ! ”

A TAKE IN.

In the reign of King William, Oliver Cromwell, grandson of the protector Cromwell, found it necessary on some occasion or other to present a petition to parliament. He gave his petition to a friend, a member, who took it to the House of Commons to present it. Just as this gentleman was entering the house with the petition in his hand, Sir Edward Seymour, a famous old royalist member, was also going in. On the sight of Sir Edward, the gentleman immediately conceived the idea of making the surly, sour old Tory carry up the petition for Oliver Cromwell. “ Sir Edward,” said he, “ stopping him on the instant, will you do me a favour ? I this moment recollect that I must immediately attend a trial at Westminster Hall, which may detain me too late to give in this petition this morning, as I promised to do. ’Tis a mere matter of form ; will you be so good as carry it up for me ? ” “ Give it me,” said Sir Edward. The petition went directly into his pocket, and he into the house. When a proper opportunity occurred for presenting it, Sir Edward rose, and putting his spectacles on, began to read, “ The humble petition of-of-of-of the d——l ! Oliver Cromwell !!! The roar of laughter in the house, at seeing the old knight so fairly taken in, was too great for him to stand. Dashing the petition from him in great rage, he rushed out of the house.

LONGS AND SHORTS.

There were two barristers at the Irish bar who formed a singular contrast in their stature---Ninian Mahaffy, Esq. was as much above the middle size, as Mr. Collis was below it. When Lord Redesdale was Lord Chancellor of Ireland, these two gentlemen chanced to be retained in the same cause, a short time after his lordship's elevation, and before he was personally acquainted with the Irish bar. Mr. Collis was opening the motion, when the lord chancellor observed, "Mr. Collis, when a barrister addresses the court, he must stand." "I am standing on the bench, my lord," said Collis. "I beg a thousand pardons," said his lordship, somewhat confused. "Sit down, Mr. Mahaffy." "I am sitting, my lord," was the reply to the confounded chancellor.

On this occasion, a barrister then present wrote the following epigram :

Mahaffy and Collis, ill-paired in a case,
Representatives true of the rattling size acc ;
To the heights of the law, though I hope you
will rise,
You will never be judges I'm sure of a(s)ize.

The Scotch bar had once to boast in Mr. Erskine, of Cardross, of a pleader quite as diminutive as Mr. Collis. He had usually a stool brought to him to stand upon when addressing the court, which gave occasion for a witty rival once to observe, that "that was one way of rising at the bar."

THE WOOLSACK.

Colman and Banister dining one day with Lord Erskine, the ex-chancellor, amongst other things observed that he had then about three thousand head of sheep. "I perceive," interrupted Colman, "Your lordship has still an eye to the woolsack."

THE BETTER HALF.

A Bedouin Arab having blasphemed the *name*, the *beard*, and the *honour* of his chief, was about to receive the bastinado for his insolence. Already the wretch extended on the sand, contemplated the dreadful preparations for his punishment; when perceiving his wife running towards them, he placed himself under her protection by the accustomed formula; to which she did not fail to reply in the usual way. "But," said the Scheik, "thy husband has committed an offence which does not admit of pardon." "Oh! great prince, the blasphemy is horrible, I confess, and merits exemplary punishment; but it is not my whole husband who has thus rendered himself guilty towards thee." "What!" replied the prince, "how is it not thy whole husband?" "No," continued the woman, "it is but the half of him that has committed the insult; for am not I the other half---I who never offended thee! Now the guilty half places itself under the protection of the innocent half, and the latter cannot suffer the former to be punished."

The anger of the prince was disarmed by this witty reply, and the offending husband was pardoned.

CURE FOR AN IDLE COMPLAINT.

"Be easy," said a rich invalid to his son-in-law, who was every hour perplexing him with complaints of his wife's misbehaviour---"Be easy, I say; as her behaviour is so very blameable, I will alter my will, and cut her off with a shilling." The old man heard no more of his daughter's failings.

GENTLEMEN FARMERS.

Lord Erskine was once riding in company with Mr. Coke, through that garden of English agriculture, the county of Norfolk, when coming opposite to a finely cultivated field, his lordship jumped up, and exclaimed in ecstasy, "What a beautiful piece of *lavender*!" It happened to be a field of *wheat*. The mistake doubtless arose from his lordship never having before seen wheat under the new system of drill husbandry.

Such a mistake in one, whose claims to immortality rest on something superior to a knowledge of wheat and lavender, may be excused; but what shall be said, for no less a personage than a late President of the Board of Agriculture itself, making a blunder still worse? General Fitzroy is fond of relating, that the first time Sir John Sinclair came upon the general's farm, he was showing Sir John a field of young *barley*, when the worthy baronet exclaimed, "You are very backward in that *wheat* crop!" "Good heavens!" said the general, "can this be the President of the Board of Agriculture?"

Another equally distinguished agriculturist, whose en-

thusiasm for rural pursuits has always been more than a match for any skill he possesses in them, was once betrayed into a mistake of a still more ludicrous description. It was at the time when the merits of the Merino breed of sheep divided the suffrages of the wool-growers of England. The gentleman alluded to, who was an advocate for the superiority of the Spanish fleece, brought in his pocket to a meeting of fleece amateurs, a sample of Merino wool grown under an English sun, with the intention of making an eloquent speech in praise of the foreign breed; and then, by way of proof, exhibiting this sample, to the utter confusion of the partisans of the black faces and Southdowns. A friend of the Southdowns got a hint of the gentleman's design; and being as much of a wag as a wool grower, he hit upon a very amusing expedient of putting the *real* knowledge of the Merino advocate to the test. Previous to the meeting, he contrived to abstract from the sample of wool in the gentleman's pocket a good handful, which he silently transferred into his own. When the party were all assembled, the gentleman made his speech in favour of the Merino fabric---a very confident and a very warm one---and concluded with drawing forth the sample of the wool itself, saying, "But, gentlemen, I don't want you to take my word on the subject; here is a specimen of the wool itself. Only look at it, and be convinced. Was there ever so fine a wool seen?" The sample being handed round, the sly purloiner now begged to put in a word for his own Southdowns. "He was," he said, "no speechifyer, but a plain matter of fact man; the Merino wool might be all that they were told; but he had a handful of wool in his pocket,

which he had shorn that morning from the back of a Southdown wedder, which he thought quite as fine, and he would appeal to the judgment of the company if it was not." On this, he exhibited the stolen handful of Merino, as genuine Southdown. Most of the company were of opinion, that it was every whit as good as the Merino ; but the Merino grower himself seizing it, eagerly exclaimed, " that he could not sufficiently express his surprise, that gentlemen with their eyes open should talk so ; the difference between the two wools was as obvious as the difference between black and white." He went on with great vivacity in the same strain, till the witty hoaxer stopped him by letting out the secret, to the great amusement of the company, and the inexpressible confusion of this nice discriminator of rare products.

LEARNED LIBRARIAN.

M. Bantru, a distinguished member of the French Academy in the seventeenth century, travelling in Spain, was presented to the king, Philip III. who asked him if he had seen the Escorial? Bantru answered in the affirmative. " Well, and what do you think of the library ?" " I think, sire, that you should make your librarian Minister of Finances," answered Bantru. " Why?" asked the king. " Because he has never touched any thing entrusted to his care."

AN EXPENSIVE JOB.

A gentleman passing a country church while under repair, observed to one of the workmen, that he thought it would be an expensive job. "Why, yes," replied he; "but in my opinion we shall accomplish what our reverend divine has endeavoured to do, for the last thirty years, in vain." "What is that?" said the gentleman. "Why, bring all the parish to repentance."

PUFFING.

The following advertisement from Liston, the comic actor, appeared in the newspapers in June, 1817, on the approach of his benefit. It is an admirable satire on modern puffing:

"*Mr. Liston to the Editor.*—Sir, My benefit takes place this evening, at Covent Garden Theatre, and I doubt not will be splendidly attended. Several parties in the first circle of fashion were made, the moment it was announced. I shall perform *Fogrum* in *The Slave*, and *Leperello* in *The Libertine*; and in the delineations of those *arduous* characters, I shall display much feeling and discrimination, together with great taste in my dresses, and elegance in my manner. The audience will be delighted with my exertions, and testify by rapturous applause, their most decided approbation.

"When we consider, in addition to my professional merits, the *loveliness* of my person, and *fascinations* of my face, which are only equalled by the amiability of my private character, having never 'pinched my

children, nor kicked my wife out of bed,' there is no doubt but this *PUFF* will not be inserted in vain.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

" *June 10, 1817.*"

J. LISTON."

KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

Lord Anson, the circumnavigator of the globe, suffered much by gaming. The treasure of the Spanish galleons, became the prize of some sharpers at Bath : on which occasion it was observed, "That Lord Anson had been *round* the world, and *over* the world, but never *in* the world."

CLEVER THIEF.

At the encampment of a body of the British troops, in the Province of Bojepore in the East Indies, one of the officers had a horse stolen, but the thief missing the road before he got out of sight of the tents, was detected, and brought back. The gentleman highly pleased at recovering the horse, and much surprised at the dexterity of the fellow, who carried him off from the midst of six or seven grooms, was more inclined to admire his address and expertness, than to punish him. Next morning his resentment having entirely subsided, he yielded to his curiosity. He ordered the fellow to be brought before him, and enquired by what contrivance he had effected his purpose? The fellow replied, "he could not well *tell* his honour, but if he pleased he would *show* him." "Well then," says the officer, "since you are so bad at description, we'll see how you did it." "Now, sir,"

says the artful culprit, "pray take notice, this is the way I crawled over the grooms. The next thing was to loosen the ropes behind, which I did thus. I then clapped a halter, observe, sir, if you please, over the neck, thus." "Admirably clever!" exclaimed the officer, rubbing his hands. "In this manner," continued the fellow, "I jumped upon his back, and when once I am mounted, I give any one leave to catch me if he can." On this he gave the horse a smart blow, pushed him through the gaping crowd, put him to his full speed, and carried him clear off, to the no small mortification of the astonished owner.

INSURANCE.

The collector in a country church, where a brief was read for a sufferer from fire, flattered himself that he had been unusually successful in the collection, as he fancied he saw an agent to one of the fire offices put a note into the box. On examining the contents, however, he found that the note had not issued from any bank, but merely bore these admonitory words. "Let them **INSURE**, as they wish to be saved."

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.

Sir Toby Butler, the famous Irish barrister, once invited Sir Charles Cole to dinner; he knew that his guest valued himself on a long line of ancestry, in which Sir Toby could have rivalled him, if he had not prided himself on his own merit. At dinner, Sir Toby used to cry out, "Tell my cousin Pat, the

butler." "Tell my cousin Corah, the cook." "Tell my cousin Terry, the groom, so and so." "What!" said Sir Charles, in a degree of surprise, "I find that all your servants are your relations." "To be sure they are," said the knight, "and is it not more praiseworthy to retain my own relations for servants, than to keep yours."

A BAD BARGAIN.

A Persian who kept a parrot, taught it his own language. The parrot, in answer to every question, would say, "*Dur een chék shuck*," or, "What doubt is there of that?" One day the man carried the parrot to market for sale, and fixed the price at one hundred rupees. A Mogul asked the parrot, "Are you worth a hundred rupees?" it answered, "What doubt is there of that?" The mogul was delighted, bought the parrot, and carried it home. Whatever he said, he received for answer, "What doubt is there of that?" He then began to repent of his bargain, and said, "What a fool I was to buy this bird!" The parrot said, "What doubt is there of that?" The Mogul smiled, and gave the bird its liberty.

ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.

"Opinion and belief," says Lord Kaimes, "are influenced by affection and propensity." The story of a lady and a curate viewing the moon through a telescope, is a pleasant illustration. "I perceive," says the lady, "two shadows inclining to each other---they are certainly two happy lovers." "Not at all,"

replies the curate ; “ they are two *steeple*s of a cathedral.”

A SUBJECT.

A singular circumstance once occurred at Mr. Brooks's, a surgeon, in Blenheim Street, Oxford Street. A coach drew up to the door, where subjects for dissection are received, and a body in a sack was deposited on the top of the stairs leading to the dissection room. The coachman and assistants made their bow as usual upon such occasions, and left the subject. Mr. Brooks happened to be present, and he asked one of his men why he did not tumble the body down stairs? The man, in compliance with his master's mandate, began to perform his work, by taking hold of the end of the sack, and having got it down two steps, a living subject threw his naked arms and shoulders out, and begged for his life, not relishing being tumbled down about twenty stone steps. A scene of confusion followed, easier conceived than described. Mr. Brooks stood over the subject with a brace of loaded pistols, whilst his attendants flew for an officer. Prompt assistance was had, and the fellow, in a complete state of nudity, was imploring mercy with the engines of destruction at his head, when that assistance arrived. The account he gave of himself was, that he had come from Teddington that day, but that he had got so drunk he did not know how he came there. He said he had no recollection of the person or persons who brought him there, or where he had been. Mr. Brooks observed, that men run for wagers in sacks, and at his suggestion the sack was tied round his chin, and a hole being

cut through the bottom for his feet, he was conveyed away by a constable to the watch-house in a coach.

SIR THOMAS COULSON.

Sir Thomas Coulson being present with a friend at the burning of Drury Lane Theatre, and observing several engines hastening to the spot where the fire had been extinguished, remarked that they were "*ingens cui lumen ademptum.*"

CROSS-WRITING.

A French bishop writing letters at the same time to Cardinal de Fleury and the Duchess of C——n, by mistake, directed one letter for the other: that intended for the duchess, but which the cardinal received, was as follows :

" I have just now wrote to his old eminence, my charming queen, to entreat his leave to return to Paris; I make no doubt but he will grant it: as for the rest, the air is so pure here, that I have acquired a good state of health, as you will perceive, when I come to have the happiness of seeing you."

The prelate was unconscious of the blunder he had committed, until he received the following answer, which the cardinal immediately sent him :

" His old eminence advises you to extinguish your passion: his majesty orders you to remain in your diocese till farther orders, and requires that your life and conversation may be as pure as the air you breathe; and that you make no other use of your

good state of health, but to discharge the duties of your function."

COUNTRY QUARTERS.

A lady advanced in age, and in a declining state of health, went by the advice of the physician, Dr. Hunter, (who relates the anecdote) to take lodgings in a village near the metropolis. She agreed for a suit of rooms, and coming down stairs observed, that the balustrades were much out of repair. "These," said the lady, "must be mended, before I can think of coming to live here." "O no, madam," replied the landlady, "that would answer no purpose, as the undertaker's men in bringing down the coffins would break them again immediately."

VOLTAIRE AND CHESTERFIELD.

The late Lord Chesterfield happened to be at a rout in France, where Voltaire was one of the guests; Chesterfield seemed gazing about the brilliant circle of the ladies; Voltaire accosted him, "My lord, I know you are a judge; which are more beautiful, the English or French ladies?" "Upon my word, (replied his lordship, with his usual presence of mind,) I am no connoisseur of *paintings*." Some time after this, Voltaire being in London, happened to be at a nobleman's rout with Lord Chesterfield; a lady in company, prodigiously painted, directed her whole discourse to Voltaire, and entirely engrossed his conversation. Chesterfield came up, tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Sir, take care you are not captivated." "My lord,

(replied the French wit,) I scorn to be taken by an English vessel under French colours."

COLLINS AND LANGHORNE.

Langhorne, knowing that Collins was buried at Chichester, travelled thither to visit the grave of his favourite poet. On enquiry, he found that Mr. Collins was interred in a sort of a garden, surrounded by the cloister of the cathedral, which is called the Paradise, and into this burial ground he was admitted by the sexton. In the evening he supped with an inhabitant of the town, and on describing to him the spot sacred to his sorrow, he was told, that his effusions of feeling had not been misapplied, for he had been lamenting a very honest man, and a very useful member of society, *Mr. Collins, the tailor.*

MR. CHARLES YORKE.

When Mr. Charles Yorke was returned a member for the University of Cambridge, about the year 1770, he went round the senate to thank those who had voted for him. Among the number was a Mr. P. who was proverbial for having the largest and most hideous face that ever was seen. Mr. Yorke, in thanking him, said, "Sir, I have great reason to be thankful to my friends in general, but confess myself under a particular obligation to *you*, for the *very remarkable countenance* you have *shown* me upon this occasion."

SHERIDAN.

As Mr. Sheridan was travelling to town in one of the public coaches, for the purpose of canvassing Westminster, at the time when Mr. Paull was his opponent, he found himself in company with two Westminster electors. In the course of conversation, one of them asked the other to whom he meant to give his vote? When his friend replied, "To Paull certainly; for though I think him but a shabby sort of a fellow, I would vote for any one rather than that rascal Sheridan!" "Do you know Sheridan?" enquired the stranger. "Not I, sir," answered the gentleman, "nor should I wish to know him." The conversation dropped here; but when the party alighted to breakfast, Sheridan called aside the other gentleman and said, "Pray who is that very agreeable friend of your's? he is one of the pleasantest fellows I ever met with; and I should be glad to know his name?" "His name is Mr. T.; he is an eminent lawyer, and resides in Lincoln's Inn Fields." Breakfast over, the party resumed their seats in the coach; soon after which, Sheridan turned the discourse to the law. "It is," said he, "a fine profession. Men may rise from it to the highest eminence in the state; and it gives vast scope to the display of talent; many of the most virtuous and noble characters recorded in our history have been lawyers. I am sorry, however, to add, that some of the greatest rascals have also been lawyers; but of all the rascals of lawyers I ever heard of, the greatest is one T. who lives in Lincoln's Inn Fields." The gentleman,

fired at the charge, said very angrily, "I am Mr. T. sir." "And I am Mr. Sheridan," was the reply. The jest was instantly seen; they shook hands, and instead of voting against the facetious orator, the lawyer exerted himself warmly in promoting his election.

PIGMY BATTLE.

A ludicrous quarrel once took place between Count Joseph Boruwlaski, the nobleman of three feet high, and the celebrated dwarf Bebe, who resided with Stanislaus, King of Poland, which is related by Boruwlaski in his memoirs. "One day (says he) we were both in the apartment of his majesty the King of Poland. The prince having much caressed me, and asked several questions, to which I returned satisfactory answers, seemed pleased with my replies, and testified his pleasure and approbation in the most affectionate manner; then addressing Bebe, he said to him, "You see, Bebe, what a difference there is between Joujou (the name of Boruwlaski) and you; he is amiable, cheerful, entertaining, and full of knowledge; whereas you are but a little machine." At these words I saw fury sparkle in his eyes; he answered nothing, but his countenance and blush proved enough that he was violently agitated. A moment after, the king being gone to his closet, Bebe availed himself of that instant to execute his revengeful projects; and silyly approaching, seized me by the waist, and endeavoured to push me into the fire. Luckily I laid hold with both my hands of an iron hook, by which, in chimnies, the shovels and

tongs are kept upright, and thus I prevented his wicked designs. The noise I made in defending myself brought back the king, who came to my assistance, and saved me from that imminent danger. He afterwards called for his servants, put Bebe into their hands, and begged them to inflict on him a corporal punishment."

TRIBUTE TO BEAUTY.

As the late beautiful Duchess of Devonshire was one day stepping out of her carriage, a dustman, who was accidentally standing by, and was about to regale himself with his accustomed whiff of tobacco, caught a glance of her countenance, and instantly exclaimed, "Love and bless you, my lady, let me light my pipe in your eyes!" It is said the duchess was so delighted with this compliment, that she frequently afterwards checked the strain of adulation, which was so constantly offered to her charms, by saying, "Oh! after the dustman's compliment, all others are insipid."

ROYAL CHAPLAINS.

The dinner daily prepared for the royal chaplains at St. James's, was reprieved for a time from suspension by an effort of wit. King Charles the Second had appointed a day for dining with his chaplains, before an end should be put to these dinners. It was Dr. South's turn to say grace; and whenever the king thus honoured his chaplains, the prescribed formula ran thus: "God save the king,

and bless the dinner." Our witty divine took the liberty of transposing the words, by saying, "God bless the king and save the dinner." "And it shall be saved," said the king, who kept his word.

DR. DONNE.

Dr. Donne, the Dean of St. Paul's, having married a lady of a rich and noble family, without the consent of the parents, was treated with great asperity. Having been told by the father that he was to expect no money from him, the doctor went home and wrote the following note to him, "John Donne, Anne Donne, *undone*." This quibble had the desired effect, and the distressed couple were restored to favour.

FOOTE.

A person talking to Foote of an acquaintance of his, who was so avaricious as even to lament the prospect of his funeral expenses, though a short time before he had been censuring one of his own relations for his parsimonious temper---"Now is it not strange," continued he, "that this man would not take the beam out of his own eye, before he attempted the mote in other people's?" "Why, so I dare say he would," cried Foote, "if he was sure of selling the timber."

THE PRIOR OF COSMO.

In the reign of Louis XI. of France, the Prior of Cosmo obtained the king's permission to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; and so much time elapsed after his departure, that it became the fixed belief of many, but especially of those who had any interest in so believing, that he had either died during his journey, or was held in perpetual captivity by the infidels. Among those who most pertinaciously held this opinion, was one of the king's chaplains, who had long set his eye and heart on what he willingly considered the *vacant* priory; and so frequently and forcibly did he contrive to express his conviction on this head, that the king himself began at last to consider, that what was every day asserted, could not very well be without foundation, and the chaplain became, in consequence, prior of Cosmo. Scarcely, however, had he begun to have a lively sense of his sovereign's goodness, and his own comfort, and to feel himself at home in his new dignity, when, one morning, blanched with fatigue and age, and supporting his enfeebled frame on his long pilgrim's staff, the old prior himself made his appearance at the royal levee. As may be supposed, this sudden apparition produced much surprise, and a little awkwardness. Louis XI. had too high notions of royal consistency, ever to undo what he had once done, whether right or wrong; while, at the same time, his generous disposition would not suffer him to regard the offence of the old man's being thus inconveniently alive, as calling for any severe or

immediate punishment. He, therefore, received him very graciously ; touched as lightly as possible upon the loss of his priory ; spoke of omitting no opportunity of benefiting him, in any way he might be able to point out ; asked questions about the grand Turk ; and concluded by consigning him to Philip de Comines, his secretary for the home department, who, with a most friendly squeeze of the hand, bowed him out of his apartment. The old man had, unfortunately, however, some stubborn notions of right about him, which prevented his acquiescing, as readily as became a loyal subject, in the loss he had sustained, notwithstanding the very flattering manner in which it was palliated. On the contrary, he omitted no opportunity of presenting himself before the royal countenance, and requesting in earnest, but respectful terms, that his priory might be restored to him. Now, not only was there a degree of provoking obstinacy in this conduct, but there was even an odour of treason about it ; for, as Louis justly reasoned, thus to iterate his suit, was by implication to assert, that without such iteration it would prove unavailing ; and what was this but to impeach the sovereign's prime attribute of justice, and thus covertly to hold him up as unfit for his kingly office ? It was upon the spur of some such reflections as these, and immediately after an interview with the importunate subject of them, that Louis calling to his friend and minister, Tristan, bade him, without delay, dispose of the prior of Cosmo, that he might be no more troubled with him. Now, Tristan was not only too loyal to dispute his master's will, but he had, moreover, that delicacy of feeling which forbade him

to pry into the reasons by which it might be influenced. In his mind, the will of heaven and that of the king were the same thing ; or rather, the latter claimed a superiority over the former, in proportion as the consequences of obedience and rebellion, in the latter case, were more sensible and more immediate than in the former. He accordingly took an opportunity of calling on the prior that same evening, whom he found, nothing aware of his approaching fate, enjoying a social hour in the company of a few particular friends. As Tristan was well known to be a favourite at court, it may be supposed he was received with the utmost politeness, and requested to take a seat at the table ; an invitation he at first modestly declined ; but, upon being pressed, he consented to take a single glass of wine ; after which he requested a few moments private conversation with the prior, to whom, as soon as they were alone, he presented the royal order, together with the sack in which he was to be enclosed, and thrown into the Seine.

The next morning, as King Louis was taking the air in the garden of the Louvre, chatting freely with his faithful Tristan, on matters concerning the welfare of his realm, and inwardly congratulating himself on being at length quit of the eternal prior, on turning suddenly the corner of an alley, to his inexpressible dismay, he beheld the apparition of the old bearded suitor again crawling towards him. " Ah, traitor ! " he exclaimed, turning upon Tristan, " did I not charge you to rid me of that prior, and here he is again before me ? " " Sire," replied the terrified favourite, " you charged me to rid you of the prior of Cosmo, and I went accordingly to the priory, whence I took and

drowned him, yesterday evening. But, gracious sir, there is no harm done by the mistake ; a prior more or less, can make but little difference : this evening I'll rid you of this one also." "No, no," said the king, smiling graciously, (for he was a monarch of most legitimate facetiousness,) "one prior is enough at a time. Go, old man, and take possession of your priory, you'll now find it vacant."

THE SHAKESPEARE GALLERY.

When Alderman Boydell, in order to encourage the fine arts, and do honour to his country, first proposed his magnificent and superb edition of Shakespeare, an envious cotemporary imputed it to the vanity of the alderman, who thus wished to graft his humble name upon the fame of the immortal bard, and the following *jeu d'esprit* appeared in one of the daily journals :

"Old father Time, as Ovid sings,
Is a great eater up of things,
And, without salt or mustard,
Will gulp you down a castle wall,
As easily as at Guildhall
An alderman eats custard.

But Boydell, careful of his fame,
By grafting it on Shakespeare's name,
Shall beat his neighbour hollow ;
For to the bard of Avon's stream
Old Time has said, with Polypheme,
You'll be the last I'll swallow."

COLLEY CIBBER.

Colley Cibber belonged to a club composed of persons of the first fashion, who occasionally met at the Globe, then a celebrated tavern in Covent Garden. This meeting, intended for the enjoyment of wit and wine, was often interrupted by a set of visitants, who were constantly adding to the ordinary supper some of the most expensive dishes they could think of. Cibber, who did not then eat supper, saw this, and was determined to have his joke. Accordingly he one night spoke to the waiter to buy him a pair of silk stockings, and charge it to his account. When the bill came up, the first item was, "To Mr. Cibber's supper, one pair of white silk stockings, 18s." This raised a general laugh, as supposing the article to have crept into the bill by the waiter's mistake. However, Cibber very gravely set them right, by assuring them it was by his order; as he saw no reason why he should not go to as much expense about his legs, as they did about their stomachs. The reproof was too just not to be felt; and the practice was, through shame, discontinued for the future.

NOBILITY.

In England, as the titles of nobility are limited, and cannot be usurped by fictitious characters without detection, they confer a degree of consideration upon the possessor, far superior to what is observed in foreign countries, where they are abundant to an extreme, and where every needy adventurer can assume them. A German Baron, in derision, once observed to a

French Marquis, that the title of *Marquis* was very common in France. "I," added he, laughing, "have a Marquis in my kitchen." "And I," returned the Frenchman, who felt himself insulted, "have a German Baron in my stable." This repartee was particularly happy; it being well known that German grooms are as common out of their own country, as French cooks.

COUNCIL OF TRENT.

M. Danez, envoy from the court of France to the council of Trent, spoke very strongly against the court of Rome, and in favour of the reformation. When he had concluded, an Italian prelate said with contempt, *Gallus cantat*. M. Danez immediately replied, *Utinam ad galli cantum Petrus resipisceret*.

SMART REPLY.

Some school-boys meeting a poor woman driving asses, one of them said to her, "Good morning, mother of asses." "Good morning, my child," was the reply.

TRANSLATIONS.

A French poet having lately undertaken the arduous task of translating Shakespeare into his own language, was much puzzled with the lines in Henry IV.---

"E'en such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe begone."

The early part he got on with pretty well; but at

length concluded the verse with, "*Si triste allez vous en.*"

Another of these translators rendered "Out, out brief candle," "*Sortez, sortez courte chandelle.*"

A third, who translated "Much ado about Nothing" for the Parisian stage, thus entitled it: "*Beaucoup de bruit peu de chose.*"

A Paris paper, quoting from the Freeman's Journal, calls it the *Journal des hommes libres*. This reminds us of a Frenchman, who published his travels in England, and speaking of the Green Man and Still, translated it, *L'homme vert et tranquille*.

In the French Dictionnaire Biographique, under the article Charles I. it is stated that the anniversary of his death is observed in England by a general fast, *par un jeûne général*. A German translated the passage thus: "The anniversary of the death of Charles the First is still observed in England by a young general."

A French author, in his translation of Cicero's Letters to Athens, meeting with this expression, "*Pridie autem apud me CRASSIPES fuerat;*" has rendered it, "*Le jour precedent GROS-PIED fût chez moi.*"

Sir John Pringle, in one of his works, having cured a soldier by the use of two quarts of dog and duck water daily (a mineral spring in St. George's Fields); a French physician, in his translation, specifies it as "an excellent broth made of a dog and a duck."

A French writer relating that the great Duke of Marlborough broke an officer, translated it by roué, "broken on the wheel."

Another French writer, in translating Cibber's play of Love's last Shift, entitled it thus: "*La dernière Chemise de l'Amour.*"

Another, in his Life of Congreve, has translated the play of the Mourning Bride, *L'Epouse du Matin.*

REFORMING A SCOLD.

In the early period of the history of Methodism, some of Mr. Wesley's opponents, in the excess of their zeal against enthusiasm, took up a whole waggon load of methodists, and carried them before a justice. When they were asked what these persons had done, there was an awkward silence; at last one of the accusers said, "Why, they pretended to be better than other people; and besides, they prayed from morning to night." The magistrate asked if they had done any thing else? "Yes, sir," said an old man, "an't please your worship; they converted my wife. Till she went among them, she had such a tongue! and now she is as quiet as a lamb." "Carry them back, carry them back," said the magistrate, "and let them convert all the scolds in the town."

GASCON REPROVED.

A descendant of a family in Gascony, celebrated for its flow of language and love of talking, and not

for any deeds of glory, descanted before a numerous company upon the well-known bravery of his ancestors and relations. He then, to show that the race had not degenerated, *modestly* launched into a *faithful* description of his own battles, duels, and successes. He was once, he said, a passenger on board a French frigate during the war, and falling in with an English squadron composed of three seventy-fours, fought with them for five hours, when luckily the ship taking fire, he was blown up with ten of his countrymen, and dropped into one of the seventy-fours, the crew of which laid down their arms and surrendered ; while the two remaining men of war, struck with dismay at the sight of one of their ships in the possession of the enemy, crowded sails and ran away !

Such were his *faithful* accounts, with which he would still have continued to annoy the company, had not one of his countrymen, more enlightened, frankly acknowledged the natural propensity which leads the inhabitants of Gascony to revel in imaginary scenes, resolved to awe him into silence, and thus addressed him : “ All your exploits are mere common place, in comparison to those which I have achieved ; and I will relate a single one that surpasses all yours.”

The babbler opened his ears, no doubt secretly intending to appropriate this story to himself in future time, when none of the hearers should be present, and modestly owned, that all those he had mentioned were mere childrens’ tricks, performed without any exertion, but that he had some in store, which might shine unobscured by the side of the most brilliant deeds of ancient ages.

“ One evening,” said the other, “ as I was returning

to town from the country, I had to pass through a narrow lane, well known for being infested with highwaymen. My horse was in good order, my pistols loaded, and my broad-sword hung at my side; I entered the lane without any apprehension. Scarcely had I reached the middle, when a loud shout behind me, made me turn my head, and I saw a man with a short gun running fast towards me; I was going to face him with my horse, when two men, with large cudgels in their hands, rushing from the hedges, seized the reins, and threatened me with instant death. Undaunted, I took my two pistols, but before I had time to fire, one was knocked out of my hand, the other went off, and one of the robbers fell. I then drew my sword, and though bruised by the blow I had received, struck with all my might, and split the head of the other in two. Freed from any danger on their side, I attempted a second time to turn my horse." Here he paused a while; and our babbler longing to know the end of this adventure, exclaimed, "And the third?" "Oh, the third!" answered the other; "he shot me dead."

LITERARY BLUNDERS.

A blunder has been related of the monks in the dark ages, which was likely enough to happen, when ignorance was so prevalent. A rector of a parish going to law with his parishioners, about paying the church, quoted the authority from St. Peter: "Paveant illi, non paveat ego:" which he construed, "They are to pave the church, and not I." This was allowed to be good law by the judge, who was also an ecclesiastic, and the rector gained his cause.

Dr. Johnson, while compiling his dictionary, sent a note to the Gentleman's Magazine, to enquire the etymology of the word CURMUDGEON. Having obtained the desired information, he recorded in his work the obligation to an anonymous writer : "CURMUDGEON, s. a vicious way of pronouncing *cœur méchant*. An unknown correspondent."

Ash copied the word into his dictionary, in the following manner :

CURMUDGEON, from the French, *cœur*, "unknown," and *méchant*, "correspondent."

GASCONADES.

A Gascon passing one night through a church-yard, thought he saw a spectre drawing forth his sword ; he called out aloud, "Aha ! do you want to be killed a second time ? I am your man."

Another hero of the same country used to say, that "he could not look into a mirror," without being afraid of himself.

When Robespierre had been guillotined at Paris, a Gascon officer in the French army thus expressed the dread he had entertained of that tyrant : "As often as the name of Robespierre was mentioned to me, I used to take off my hat, in order to see if my head was in it."

THEATRICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

A man of the name of Stone, who was frequently employed by Garrick to get recruits for the low parts of the drama, had hired a fellow to perform the character of the Bishop of Winchester, in Shakespeare's play of *Henry the Eighth* ; but on the night of perform-

ance sent a note to Garrick, in these words. "Sir, the Bishop of Winchester is getting drunk at the Bear, and swears he will not play to night. I am yours, &c. W. STONE."

To this Garrick immediately replied. "Stone, the bishop may go to the devil. I do not know a greater rascal, except yourself. D. G."

Some time after, Stone wrote as follows. "Sir, Mr. Lacy turned me out of the lobby yesterday. I only ax'd for my two guineas for the last bishop, and he said I should not have a farthing. I cannot live upon air. I have a few *cupids* you may have cheap, as they belong to a poor journeyman shoemaker I drink with now and then. I am, &c.

W. STONE."

Answer. "Stone, you are the best fellow in the world; bring the *cupids* to the theatre to-morrow; if they are under six, and well made, you shall have a guinea a piece for them. If you can get me two good *murderers*, I will pay you handsomely, particularly the spouting fellow who keeps the apple stall on Tower Hill; the cut in his face is just the thing. Pick me up an *alderman* or two for *Richard*, if you can; and I have no objection to treat with you for a comely *mayor*. D. G."

PARLIAMENTARY BULLS.

On account of the great number of suicides, a member of the House of Commons moved for leave to bring in a bill, to make it a capital offence.

In May, 1784, a bill introduced to limit the privi-

lege of franking, was sent from the parliament of Ireland for the royal approbation. It contained a clause, " That should a member be unable to write, he might authorize another person to frank for him, provided that on the back of the letter so franked, the member gives a certificate, *under his hand*, of his inability to write.

In a bill for pulling down the old Newgate in Dublin, and rebuilding it in the same spot, it was enacted, that to prevent unnecessary expense, the prisoners should remain in the old gaol, till the new one was finished.

When Sir John Scott (now Lord Eldon) brought in his bill for restraining the liberty of the press, a member moved as an additional clause, that all anonymous works should have the name of the author printed on the title-page.

FINE WRITING.

Mr. Dryden happening to pass an evening in company with the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Rochester, Lord Dorset, and some other gentlemen of the first distinction, and reputation for genius, the conversation turned on literary subjects, such as elegance of style, fertility of invention, &c. It was in the end agreed, that each person should write something on whatever subject chanced to strike his fancy, and place it under the candlestick. Mr. Dryden, as one with whom there was no contending, was excepted from the competition, but appointed

judge of the whole. Some of the company were at more than ordinary pains to excel ; the person who seemed to enter into the thing with the least concern, was Lord Dorset, who with a careless air wrote two or three lines, and slipped them into the place assigned. When they had all deposited their pieces, Dryden proceeded to examine them. In perusing them, he manifested strong marks of pleasure and satisfaction ; but at one in particular, he was in the most boundless rapture. " I must acknowledge," said he, " that there are abundance of fine things in my hands, and such as do honour to the personages who wrote them ; but I am under the indispensable necessity of giving the highest preference to Lord Dorset. I must request you will hear it yourselves, gentlemen ; and believe each and every one of you will approve my judgment.

' I promise to pay John Dryden, Esq. or order, on demand, the sum of five hundred pounds. DORSET.'

" I must confess," continued Dryden, " that I am equally charmed with the style and the subject ; and I flatter myself, gentlemen, that I stand in need of no arguments to induce you to join with me in opinion against yourselves. This kind of writing exceeds any other, whether ancient or modern. It is not the essence, but the quintessence of language ; and is in fact reason and argument surpassing every thing."

The company all readily concurred with the bard, and every one was forward to express a due admiration of his lordship's skill in fine writing, with which it is probable that Mr. Dryden was still more satisfied than any of them.

BEGGING QUARTER.

A French regiment at the battle of Spire had orders to give no quarter. A German officer being taken, begged his life. The Frenchman replied, "Sir, you may ask me any other favour ; but as for your life, it is impossible for me to grant it."

GEORGE FAULKNER.

When Foote was acting in Dublin, he introduced into one of his pieces, called the *Orators*, the character of George Faulkner, the celebrated printer, whose manners and dress he so closely imitated, that the poor fellow could not appear in public, without meeting with the scoffs and jeers of the very boys in the streets. Enraged at the ridicule thus brought upon him, Faulkner one evening treated to the seats of the gods all the *devils* of the printing office, for the express purpose of their hissing and hooting Foote off the stage. Faulkner placed himself in the pit, to enjoy the actor's degradation ; but when the objectionable scene came on, the unfortunate printer was excessively chagrined to find, that so far from a groan or a hiss being heard, his gallery friends partook of the comical laugh. The next morning he arraigned his inky conclave, inveighed against them for having neglected his injunctions, and on demanding some reason for their treachery, was lacerated ten times deeper by the simplicity of their answer : "Arrah, master," said the spokesman, "do not be after tipping us your blarney ; do you think we did not know you ?

Sure 'twas your own sweet self that was on the stage, and shower light upon us, if we go to the playhouse to hiss our worthy master."

Failing in this experiment, Faulkner commenced an action against Foote, and got a verdict of damages to the amount of three hundred pounds. This drove Foote back to England, where he resumed his mimicry, and humorously took off the lawyers on his trial, and the judges who had condemned him.

JOHNNY M'CREE BETWEEN TRAGEDY AND COMEDY.

An eccentric Scotchman once applied to Mr. Garrick to introduce a production of his on the stage. The Scotchman was such a good-humoured fellow, that he was called "honest Johnny M'Cree." Johnny wrote four acts of a tragedy, which he showed to Mr. Garrick, who dissuaded him from finishing it, telling him that his talent did not lie that way; so Johnny abandoned his tragedy, and set about writing a comedy. When this was finished, he showed it to Mr. Garrick, who found it more exceptionable than the tragedy, and of course could not be persuaded to bring it forward on the stage. This surprised poor Johnny, and he remonstrated. "Nae, now David," said he, "did nae you tell me that my talents did nae lie in tragedy?" "Yes," replied Garrick, "but I did not tell you that they lay in comedy." "Then," exclaimed Johnny, "gin they dinna lie there, where the deil do they lie, mon."

ENGLISH HOSPITALITY.

Prince George of Denmark, the husband of Queen Anne, in passing through Bristol, went to the Exchange, accompanied by one gentleman only, and remained there until the merchants had pretty generally withdrawn, none of whom had sufficient resolution to speak to him. At length a person of the name of John Duddlestone, a bodice maker, mustered the necessary courage, and going up to the prince, enquired if he was not the husband of Queen Anne? Having learned that this was the case, Duddlestone said, he had observed with much concern, that none of the merchants had invited the prince home to dinner; but this was not for want of love to the queen, or to him, but because they did not consider themselves prepared to receive so great a man. He added, that he was ashamed to think of his royal highness dining at an inn, and therefore entreated that he would go home and dine with him, and bring the gentleman along with him, informing him, that he had a piece of good beef and a plum pudding, with ale of his dame's own brewing. The prince admired the loyalty of the man, and though he had ordered dinner at the White Lion, he accompanied the bodice maker home. Duddlestone called his wife, who was up stairs, desiring her to put on a clean apron, and come down, for the queen's husband and another gentleman were come to dine with them. She immediately came down with her clean blue apron, and was immediately saluted by the prince. In the course of the dinner, the prince invited his host to town, and bring his wife with him, at the same time

giving him a card, to facilitate his introduction at court.

A few months after, Duddlestone, with his wife behind him, on horseback, set out for London, where they soon found the prince, and were by him introduced to the queen. Her majesty received them most graciously, and invited them to an approaching dinner, informing them, that they must have new clothes for the occasion. They were allowed to choose for themselves, when both selected purple velvet, such as the prince had then on. The dresses were prepared, and they were introduced by the queen herself, as the most loyal persons in Bristol, and the only ones in that city who had invited the prince, her husband, to their house. After the entertainment was over, the queen desired Duddlestone to kneel, laid a sword on his head, and, to use Lady Duddlestone's own words, said to him, "Ston up, Sir Jan." He was then offered money, or a place under government; but he would not accept either, informing the queen, that he had £50 out at interest, and he apprehended that the number of people he saw about court must be very expensive. The queen made Lady Duddlestone a present of her gold watch from her side, which her ladyship considered so great an ornament, that she never went to market, without having it suspended over her blue apron.

GRAVE WHIM.

In the *Thuana*, we read of a passionate old judge, who was sent into Gascony, with very considerable powers, to examine into many abuses which had crept into the administration of justice. Arriving late at

Port St. Mary, he asked "how near he was to the city of Agen?" They told him two leagues. He then determined to proceed that same evening, although they told him that the leagues were long, and the roads very bad. In consequence of his obstinacy, the judge was bemired, benighted, and almost shaken to pieces. He reached Agen however by midnight, with tired horses, harassed spirits, and went to bed in a very ill humour. The next morning he summoned the court of justice to meet; when after having opened his commission in form, his first decree was, "that for the future, the distance from Agen to Port St. Mary should be reckoned "six leagues." And this decree he ordered to be registered in the records of the province, before he would proceed to any other business.

NOVEL DRIVE.

Among the many fanciful experiments made by George, the third Earl of Orford, was one of driving four red deer, (stags) in a phæton, instead of horses. He succeeded in reducing them to perfect discipline, and often took excursions with them in the public roads. It happened at last, as he was one day driving them to Newmarket, that their ears were accidentally saluted with the cry of a pack of hounds, who soon after approaching the road, immediately caught scent of the four in hand, and commenced a new sort of chase. In vain did his lordship exert all his chariot-eeing skill; in vain did his well-trained grooms endeavour to ride before them: reins, trammels, and the weight of the carriage, were of no effect; off they went with the celerity of a whirlwind, and this modern

phæton bade fair to experience the fate of his namesake. Luckily, however, his lordship had been accustomed to drive these fiery-eyed steeds to the Ram Inn in Newmarket, which was most happily at hand. Into the yard they suddenly bounded, to the dismay of the ostlers and stable boys; here they were fortunately overpowered, and the stags, the phæton, and his lordship, were all instantaneously huddled together, in a large barn, just as the hounds appeared in full cry at the gate.

THE PLOUGHMAN. AND HIS PATER-NOSTER.

In an old jest book in the Roxburgh collection, called "Tales and Quick Answers, very Mery, and pleasant to Rede," we find one, of which many versions have been given. It is headed, "Of the Ploughman that sayde his Pater-noster;" and proceeds thus:--- A rude uplandisse ploughman, which on a tyme reprovinge a good holy father, sayd that he could saye all his prayers with a hale mynde and stedfast intention, without thinking on any other thinge. To whome the good holy man sayde, "Go to, say one Pater-noster to the ende, and thynke on no other thinge, and I will give the myn horse." "That I shall do," quod the ploughman; and so began to saye, *Pater-noster qui es in celis*, tylle he came to *sanctificetur nomen tuum*, and then his thought moved him to ask this question: "Yea, but shall I have the sadil and bridel withal?" and so he lost his bargain.

DR. RATCLIFFE.

One evening as Dr. Ratcliffe was sacrificing in a tavern to the purple god, to whom he was as much devoted as to the god of physic, a gentleman entered the room in great haste, and almost breathless. "Doctor, my wife is at the point of death! make haste; come with me." "Not till I have finished my bottle however," replied the doctor. The man, who happened to be a fine athletic fellow, finding entreaty useless, snatched up the doctor, and carried him out of the tavern. The moment he set the doctor upon his legs, he received from him, in a very emphatic manner, the following threat: "Now, you rascal, I'll cure your wife in revenge." The doctor kept his word.

ABSENT MAN.

A celebrated living poet, occasionally a little absent in mind, was invited by a friend, whom he met in the street, to dine with him the next Sunday at a country lodging, which he had taken for the summer months. The address was, "near the *Green Man* at *Dulwich*;" which, not to put his inviter to the trouble of pencilling down, the *absent* man promised faithfully to remember. But when Sunday came, he fully late enough made his way to Greenwich, and began enquiring for the sign of the *Dull Man*! No such sign was to be found; and after losing an hour, a person guessed that though there was no *Dull Man* at Greenwich, there was a *Green Man* at Dulwich, which the *absent* man might possibly mean! This remark

connected the broken chain, and the poet was under the necessity of taking his chop by himself.

REAL CHARACTER.

\ Morand, author of *Le Capricieuse*, was in a box of the theatre during the first representation of that comedy ; the pit loudly expressing disapprobation at the extravagance and improbability of some traits in this character, the author became impatient: he put his head out of the box, and called, " Know, gentlemen, this is the very picture of my mother-in-law. What do you say now ?"

COMPARATIVE VIRTUE.

A shopkeeper at Doncaster had for his virtues obtained the name of the *little rascal*. A stranger asked him why this appellation had been given to him ? " To distinguish me from the rest of my trade," quoth he, " who are all *great rascals*."

RAILER SILENCED.

A woman stopped a divine in the streets of the metropolis, with this salutation : " There is no truth in the land, sir ! there is no truth in the land." " Then you do not speak truth, good woman," replied the clergyman. " O yes, I do," returned she hastily. " Then there is truth in the land," rejoined he as quickly.

MONSIEUR GEOFFRIN.

The husband of the celebrated Madame Geoffrin was one of the most stupid of men. A wag, who was in the habit of providing him with books to read, sent him several times in succession, the first volume of Father Lobat's Travels. The good man, with all the composure possible, always read the book over again, without perceiving the mistake. "How do you like these Travels, sir?" "They are very interesting, but the author seems somewhat given to repetition." He read Bayle's Dictionary with great attention, following the line with his finger across the double columns! "What an excellent work," he said, "if it was only a little less abstruse." Notwithstanding the poor man's deplorable deficiency, he was permitted to sit down to dinner at the end of the table, upon condition that he never attempted to join in the conversation. A foreigner, who was very assiduous in his visits to Madame Geoffrin, one day not seeing the dumb Monsieur as usual at table, enquired after him. "What have you done with the poor man whom I always used to see here, and who never spoke a word?" "Oh, that was my husband; he is dead!"

JOHNSON AND MALLET.

When Dr. Johnson first became acquainted with David Mallet, they once went to laugh away an hour at Southwark fair. At one of the booths where wild beasts were exhibited to the admiring crowd, was a

very large bear, which the showman assured them was *cothched* in the deserts of Russia. The bear was muzzled, but to all the company, except Johnson, he was very surly and ill-tempered. Of the philosopher he seemed extremely fond. "How is it," said one of the company, "that this savage animal is so attached to Mr. Johnson?" "From a very natural cause," replied Mallet; "the bear is a Russian philosopher, and he knows that Linnæus would have placed him in the same class with the English moralist."

THEATRICAL SARCASM.

A meanly dressed performer beginning the part of Mithridate, in Racine's celebrated play of that name :

"Enfin, après un an, je te revois Arbate ;"

On which a person from the pit replied very pointedly :

"Avec les mêmes bas, and la même cravate."

TALE OF HORROR.

A gentleman named Leadbetter, a hop-merchant, resident in one of the western counties, had for many years made a practice of attending the great annual fair at Weyhill, as a purchaser of the commodity in which he chiefly dealt. It happened on one occasion, that he arrived at the inn to which he always went, some hours later than usual ; and on going into the house he learned, to his regret, that so much company had arrived before him, that every bed was engaged. Rather than go to any house to which he

was a stranger, he determined to have a bed made upon some chairs in the traveller's room. Mrs. Symonds, the landlady, was about to carry this arrangement into effect, when she happened to recollect that there was an ostler's room in the yard, which possibly Mr. Leadbetter might prefer to sleeping in a room where he would be liable to be disturbed very early in the morning. To this the gentleman willingly acceded ; and after some short time, he passed up the gallery in the yard which led to the apartment, and retired to bed.

Sleep lent its leaden influence soon to the weary traveller, and he reposed soundly, until a strange noise in the gallery which he had ascended, roused him into sense again. The noise was that of an extremely heavy footstep. Mr. Leadbetter counted every step ; and, to his alarm, the sound increased, until the cause of it reached the door of his apartment. In an instant a tall and gaunt figure entered the room, with a candle in one hand, and a butcher's knife in the other. Mr. L. attempted to speak, but his voice failed him, and the figure approached the bed. It shook the horror-stricken man ; then drew the knife several times across its own throat ; went to a table in the room, set down the light, and immediately quitted the place. Mr. Leadbetter began to breathe again ; he imagined, after a few minutes, that he must have been dreaming ; and yet, the candle and candlestick on the table were no phantoms, they were palpable realities. He instantly rose with an intent to lock the door, but found that it was without lock or bolt, and that there was nothing else in the room but the bedstead, of any weight. As

this fortunately ran on castors, he rolled it to the door; and thinking himself then tolerably safe from further intrusion, he endeavoured to go to sleep again. But sleep would no more revisit his eyelids; and he lay tossing about until, in about an hour, he heard the same sounds which had before alarmed him, renewed on the gallery stairs, and in a few seconds, the door of his room being pushed with great violence, his bed was rolled into the middle of the apartment, and again the horrid figure stood before him! The faculties of speech and motion now forsook him quite; the figure shook him again, with fierce gesticulation, and again drawing the knife across its throat, Mr. Leadbetter observed that *marks of blood were on the blade*, which were not there before! It then passed away from the room, and the remainder of Mr. Leadbetter's senses fled with it; he swooned, and remained for some time insensible.

As soon as he came to himself, he put on his clothes with the best speed his agitation would allow, and descended into the yard of the inn. In a stable there he saw a light, and on approaching it found a man dressing down some horses, to whom he communicated that something particular had happened, and that he must have Mr. and Mrs. Symonds called up immediately. The landlord came down; and on expressing his apprehension that Mr. Leadbetter was very ill, as his looks seemed to indicate, was informed that indeed he was *not well*. Mr. L. proceeded to relate all that had happened to him, and concluded by expressing his firm conviction that some horrible murder had been committed on the premises in the night.

Mr. Symonds, on hearing the tale, was scarcely less alarmed than the relater. The house was quickly roused by the terrors of the host and hostess; and the business of the fair was almost forgotten in the wonder excited by the story, which lost nothing by repetition to the several guests of the inn, as they successively inquired into the cause of the early disturbance.

At six o'clock the ostler, whose room Mr. L. had occupied, arrived from a lodging which he had got in the town, on being turned out of his usual bed. Much pleasure was expressed on seeing him; and on the story being told him, "Why," said he, "I'll lay my life I know the *ghost* very well; it was the *deaf and dumb fellow* that comes to help me to kill the pigs, and who always comes up to my room to call me when we have one to kill!" The *murder* was out! it was indeed the *deaf and dumb fellow*, who had made an appointment with the ostler to kill a pig at four o'clock in the morning, and who thinking the ostler lazy, had gone first to waken him, and a second time for the same purpose, after he had stuck the pig.

PUNCH.

Mrs. Elizabeth Carter once went to a puppet-show at Deal, with some respectable friends. Punch was uncommonly dull and serious, though usually more jocose than delicate. "Why, Punch," says the showman, "what makes you so stupid?" "I can't talk my own talk," answers Punch, "because the famous Miss Carter is here."

WITTY COWARD.

A French marquis having received several blows with a stick, which he never thought of resenting, a friend asked him, "How he could reconcile it with his honour to suffer them to pass without notice?" "Poh!" replied the marquis, "I never trouble my head with any thing that passes behind my back."

ARGUMENTUM AD HOMINUM.

About the year 1740 General Sabine was Governor of Gibraltar. Being one of those worthy trustees of power who never fail to make the most of it, he attempted to extort from a Jew of Barbary, who lived under his government, a sum of money, by giving him to understand, that his safety depended on his compliance. The Israelite, who was no fool, could not prevail with himself to part with his money; and of course did not choose to comprehend the indirect menaces of the governor. Sabine thus baffled in his iniquitous project, made the Jew be seized, put him on board a vessel, and dispatched him to the Bashaw of Tetuan, with a letter, the burden of which was, that he (General S.) had sent the bashaw a fat pigeon to *pluck*.

The bashaw, however, though an Infidel, had less in him of the principles of Barbary than the Christian governor, and being alike struck at the cruelty of the proceeding, and indignant at the indecent proposal, he gave the Jew the general's letter, with liberty to go where he pleased. The Jew, who had been so great sufferer by the proceeding, resolved on

mature advice, to go to London and seek redress. When he arrived there, he was advised to institute an action for damages against Sabine, which he accordingly did.

Mr. Nowell was counsel for the Jew, and Mr. Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield, was counsel for General Sabine. When the cause came to a hearing, Mr. Murray was pleased to be exceedingly facetious on the Jew being sent over to Barbary, of which country he was a native. "Wonderful stress," he said, "had been laid on the cruelty of the proceeding; and the banishment of the Jew has been termed an almost unparalleled act of inhumanity. Most true it is he was banished--but to where? Why, to the place of his *nativity*! And where could be the cruelty, where the hardship, where the injustice of banishing a man to *his own country*?" Mr. Nowell replied to this question with great vivacity, by asking another. "Since," said he, "my learned brother seems to make so light of the matter, I would beg leave to bring home the case, by only asking how the gentleman would like to be banished to *his own native country*?"

The court were thrown into a roar of laughter, in which Mr. Murray, notwithstanding his habitual self-possession, could not help joining heartily. He did not attempt to make any rejoinder; but some anonymous wit of the day has left us the following triplet, which we dare say was a correct enough transcript of his feelings.

"To Scotland banish'd! I conjure you name it not;
To drudge, to starve, in dull obscurity to rot,
Come rather death, a thousand deaths, to such a ot."

JEU DE MOT.

At Oxford, in the botanic garden of the Regius Professor of Hebrew, is a fig tree, which was brought from the East, and planted by Dr. Pocock, in the year 1648. Of this tree the following anecdote is related : Dr. Kennicott, the celebrated Hebrew scholar, and compiler of the Polyglot Bible, was passionately fond of this fruit ; and seeing a very fine fig on this tree which he wished to preserve, wrote on a label, "*Dr. Kennicott's fig,*" which he tied to the fruit. An Oxonian wag, who had observed the transaction, watched the fruit daily, and when ripe gathered it, and exchanged the label for one thus worded : "*A fig for Dr. Kennicott.*"

PLAIN TALKING.

A village parson having in his sermons taken too exalted a pitch for the comprehension of his auditors, found it necessary to make some apology, which he did as follows : " Respected friends---My oral documents having recently been the subject of your vituperation, I hope it will not be an instance of vain eloquence or supererogation, if I laconically promulgate, that avoiding all syllogistical, aristocratical, and peripatetical propositions, all hyperbolical exaggerations and extenuations, whether physically, philosophically, philologically, politically, or polemically considered, either in my diurnal peregrinations, or nocturnal lucubrations, they shall be definitively and categorically assimilated with, and rendered congenial to,

the occiputs, caputs, and cerebrums of you, my most superlatively respectable auditory."

RETALIATION.

Among the most respectable hangers on at the Scotch bar, some years ago, was a little primitive looking old man, who had originally been a shoe-maker, but had, by dint of strong natural capacity, qualified himself for the honourable station of a member of the faculty. Unfortunately, however, his talents happened to include scarcely one of the many things necessary to success at the bar, and it was his lot to share the very common fate of being more noticed for having, than not having, a brief. The living which he could not gain by forensic skill, he contrived to pick up in a very meritorious way, by delivering private lectures on civil law, and by writing for the press. In mathematics he was extremely well versant; and a small work which he produced in this branch of science had the fortune, not only to be well received, but to become so much of a standard authority, as to offer the promise of many successive editions. When in the zenith of its popularity, however, out came that Leviathan of literature, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and among other valuable morsels which it swallowed up, words, lines, diagrams, and all, was Mr. Wright's little work on mathematics. The author justly incensed, hastened to consult the late Mr. Henry Erskine, (brother of Lord Erskine,) who had always shown a great friendship for him, on the propriety of bringing an action of damages against the publisher of the *Encyclopædia*. Mr. Erskine, on hearing the grievance

stated, observed, that there could not be a doubt that an action would lie, but, continued he, "I need not, Mr. Wright, tell a man of your knowledge of the world, that to be in the right, and get your right, are two very different things. The publishers of the Encyclopædia are wealthy; the whole system of their work is at stake; for you are not the only deserving writer they have pillaged; and doubtless, if you bring an action against them; they will resist it to the utmost. You may begin the process, but God knows when you will get out of it. You will be fighting, too, not your own battle, but the battles of the whole host of authors, who have been pillaged by these common pirates; and all you may gain by your Quixotism, will probably be, beggary and ruin. No, Mr. Wright, take the advice of a friend, have nothing to do with law. But I'll tell you what, there is still one remedy left you; you know there is such a thing as the *lex talionis*; go and publish a new edition of your mathematics, and"—— "What!" cried Mr. Wright, eagerly, "take in the whole of the Encyclopædia Britannica, as a quotation?" This was too much for the temper of the injured mathematician; he turned away in great dudgeon from his witty brother, and, as we have heard, never spoke to him, as a friend, again.

IRISH KNIGHTS.

Harwood, the Irish counsellor, passing through Drogheda soon after the numerous creation of peers in 1776, called upon his friend, the mayor, who was by trade a grocer. "How fares my old friend?" said the counsellor. "Oh, never worse!" "Why, what's

the matter?" "How shall I ever sell my cheese and butter, now that the Duke of Dorset has made me a knight?" "Poh! poh!" says Harwood, "hold your tongue, you old fool. You are well off that he did not make you a lord!"

LESSING.

The celebrated Lessing was remarkable for a frequent absence of mind. Having missed money at different times, without being able to discover who took it, he determined to put the honesty of his servant to a trial, and left a handful of gold on the table. "Of course you counted it?" said one of his friends. "Count it!" said Lessing, rather embarrassed; "no; I forgot that."

At a public sale, there was a book which Lessing was very desirous of possessing. He gave three of his friends at different times a commission to buy it at any price. They accordingly bid against each other till they had got as far as ninety crowns, there having been no other bidder after it had reached ten crowns. Happily one of them thought it best to speak to the others; when it appeared they had all been bidding for Lessing, whose forgetfulness in this instance cost him eighty crowns.

SPEAKING FRENCH.

Bonaparte once complained to Maria Louisa of the conduct of her mother-in-law and the archduchess;

having manifested considerable dissatisfaction, he added, "As to the emperor, I say nothing of him, he is a *ganache* (a word for contempt ; a stupid fellow)." Maria Louisa did not understand this expression ; and as soon as Napoleon withdrew, she asked her attendants what it meant ? As none of the ladies could venture to explain its real signification, when they knew how it had been applied, they told her that the word was used to designate a serious, reflecting man. The empress forgot neither the term nor the definition ; and she some time after applied it in a very amusing way. During the time she was entrusted with the Regency of the French Empire, an important question one day came under discussion at the Council of State. Having remarked that Cambacères did not utter a word, she turned towards him, and said, "I should like to have your opinion on this business, sir, for I know you are a *ganache*." At this compliment Cambacères stared with astonishment and consternation, while he repeated in a low tone of voice the word *ganache*. "Yes," replied the empress, "a *ganache*, a serious thinking sort of man ; is not that the meaning of it ?" No one made any reply, and the discussion proceeded.

Soon after the French had entered Mayence, at the beginning of the revolution, a party of them was invited to a public entertainment. The name of the former Prefect was *Jambon* ; he and his family were universally beloved ; and after supper one of the good citizens proposed to drink the health of *Les Jambons de Mayence, les meilleurs au monde* : this was graciously received by the strangers, and enthusiasti-

cally by the inhabitants. The next morning every ham to be procured was purchased, and sent to Paris as the most acceptable present; and Mayence has since been described in the Traveller's Guide as remarkable for the quality of its hams, from this accidental and ludicrous occurrence.

POINT OF PRECEDENCE.

A litigation once arose in the University of Cambridge, whether Doctors in Law, or Doctors in Medicine, should hold precedence. The Chancellor asking whether the thief or the hangman preceded at an execution; and being told that the thief usually took the lead; "Well, then," said the Chancellor, "let the Doctors in Law have the precedence, and let Doctors in Medicine be next in rank."

PRO ARIS ET FOCIS.

At the establishment of volunteer corps, a certain corporation agreed to form a body, on condition that they should *not be obliged to quit the country*. The proposal was submitted to Mr. Pitt; who said he had no objection to the terms, if they would permit him to add, "*except in case of invasion.*"

PARISH LEARNING.

On examining the parish accounts in a village in Staffordshire, the three following curiosities appeared: One of the overseers had made *sixty-three* weeks in the

year ; an *item* in the other overseer's accounts, was for money paid in aid of the *county rats* ; this caused much laughter, in which none joined more heartily than the constable ; who immediately afterwards produced his accounts, in which was a charge for holding a *conquest* over a man found dead.

CALUMNY.

George the Third once said to Sir J. Irwin, a famous *bon-vivant*, " They tell me, Sir John, you love a *glass* of wine." " Those, sire, who have so reported me to your majesty," answered he, bowing profoundly, " do me great injustice ; they should have said---a *bottle* !"

SUICIDE PREVENTED.

A French cobbler had resolved to commit suicide, and, to make his exit the more heroic, prepared the following memorial in writing : " I follow the lesson of a great master, and as Moliere says,

' When all is lost, and even hope is fled.' "

He had just written thus far, and applied the fatal instrument to the carotid artery, when suddenly recollecting, he stopped, and cried to himself, " Eh ! but is it Moliere who says so ? I must make sure--I shall be laughed at." He now got Moliere, read a few comedies, and returned to his usual occupation of mending shoes.

LORD CLONMEL.

The late Lord Clonmel, who never thought of demanding more for an affidavit, used to be well satisfied with a shilling, provided it was a *good one*. In his time the Birmingham shillings were current, and he used the following precautions to avoid being imposed upon by taking a bad one: "You shall true answer make to such questions as shall be demanded of you touching this affidavit, so help you God!!! *Is this a good shilling?* Are the contents of this affidavit true? Is this your name and hand-writing?"

HONEST TAR.

A seaman rather badly rigged, applied to an officer of the Saperb, to be entered on the ship's books. The lieutenant observing his ragged appearance, said, that he would not do. "I hope," returned Jack, with the characteristic simplicity of a British tar, "that your honour will not condemn the hull for the sake of the rigging." This reply excited the attention of the officer, and the weather-beaten tar being sent below for a good meal and new rigging, turned out to be one of the best seamen in the ship.

GRAND CURE FOR THE TOOTH-ACHE.

A man some time ago entered into a coffee-house at Vienna, with his hand pressed close against his cheek, groaning, stamping, exhibiting every symptom of violent indisposition. He took a seat, called for some

punch, and made useless efforts to swallow it. Several people collected round him, and enquired the cause of his illness ; he replied, that he was tormented by a violent fit of tooth-ache, which resisted every remedy. Various things were prescribed for him, but without effect. At length a man who was playing at billiards in an adjoining room, stepped forward, and said, " Allow me to prescribe for the gentleman ; I possess a remedy which I am certain will cure him in five minutes." He drew from his pocket a box, filled with small chips of a yellow kind of wood. " Here, sir," said he, " apply this to your tooth." The patient did as he was directed, and to the astonishment of every one present, he immediately experienced a diminution of pain ; the remedy operated as if by enchantment, and in less than a quarter of an hour he was completely relieved, and drank his bowl of punch to the health of his deliverer. " Sir," said he, " you have performed a most wonderful cure, and I shall be eternally grateful to you, if you will inform me where your valuable remedy can be purchased." " No where," replied the billiard player : " I procured it during my last visit to South America, and brought it home with me for my own private use ; the Indians of *Oya Poc* never use any other remedy." " Well, surely you will not refuse to let me have a few pieces of the wood." " Impossible." " I only ask for twenty pieces, and I will give you a ducat for each." " Well, I consent out of pure humanity ; but mind, you are the only person to whom I can grant such a favour." Every one present now wished to have some portion of the divine wood of *Oya Poc* ; all were subject to the tooth-ache ; all claimed the sacred

rights of humanity, and the compassionate traveller was obliged to part with nearly all his chips of wood, and to fill his box with ducats. The master of the coffee-house himself, unwilling to suffer such an opportunity to escape him, had the good fortune to purchase ten pieces. When occasion came for putting the virtue of the wonderful wood to the test, however, it was soon found that it had none of those effects on the good people of Vienna, which it had on the savages of *Oya Poc*. Had it lost its virtues by carriage and keeping? So the happy few who had got bits of the rarity insisted; for, as usual, the greatly hoaxed were the last to acknowledge the ingenuity by which they had been fooled and cheated.

ELECTIONEERING.

The late John Ellis, Esq. who was termed "a violent party man," was employed as an agent in an election which was not only strongly contested on the spot, but the proceedings were, on the ground of some irregularity, brought by petition before the House of Commons. To the bar of the House Mr. Ellis was brought, on the part of the petitioning candidate, when he underwent a cross-examination, of which the following is the substance :

"We understand, Mr. Ellis, that a very considerable sum was expended in this election, and that great part of it was directed to the purpose of corrupting the voters. Do you know of any such application of money, or of any bribes being actually accepted on the part of the electors?" "Indeed, sir, I do, as agent. I know that *our party* bribed all that we could

get to accept our money!" At this acknowledgement, a pause of astonishment seemed to pervade the house; a murmur succeeded, which only subsided on a member's saying to the witness, "Your party did not carry the election?" "No," returned Ellis, with great composure, "we did not." "Well, but Mr. Ellis," said the first querist, "is it not extraordinary, as you say you bribed all that would take your money, that you did not return your member?" "Not in the least," said Ellis. "No! why how do you account for it?" "Easily; the opposite party *out-bribed us*." At this there was an universal burst of laughter. "I shall not ask you any more questions, Mr. Ellis," said the interrogator, with great indignation.

COVERING A DEFEAT.

A. M. Gaubier brought out in 1753, at the Italian Theatre, Paris, a piece called *Brioche*, or the Origin of Puppets, which happened not to succeed. The unfortunate author was pertly asked, how he could think of venturing such a thing on the stage? "Oh!" he replied, "the wits of Paris had all, one after another, quite *ennuyed* me; and I chose this way of assembling them together, and taking my revenge on them in a body."

INCLINATION.

A German prince pursuing in great haste a beautiful lady at court—"Your highness runs very fast," observed the lady. "I am only following my inclination," was the reply.

EPITAPHS.

The satirist PIRON having been refused admission into the French Academy, took a satirist's revenge upon them in his last will, which commenced in these terms :---“ I recommend myself to posterity. I hope more from its indulgence, than from that of my contemporaries. As I have always shunned vain glory, and fear lest the hand of some friend or enemy should disfigure my tomb with a fulsome or malicious Epitaph, I desire that the following shall be engraved on it :

Ci-git PIRON, qui ne fut rien,
Pas meme Académicien !

Here lies PIRON, who was nothing,
Not even an Academician !”

The following imitation of this amusing legacy of scandal, appeared some time ago in the *Journal des Debats* :

“ *To the Editor.*---Sir, Ill, in pain, and feeling my end approach, I have thought it right to make my Epitaph, in order to spare my friends the labour, and above all, the embarrassment of making it for me. Have the goodness, I beg, to give it a place in your paper. It is not very poetical ; but if my extreme age has not destroyed my judgment, I think it has at least common sense. Here it is :---*Ne varietur.*

Ci-git qui fit des Vers, les fit mal et ne put
Quo qu'il fut sans esprit, etre de l'Institut.
VIGEE.”

IMITATION.

Here lies a poor Poet ; his verses were flat ;
And yet he the Institute miss'd, for all that.

VALUING BEAUTY.

The Persian Ambassador, Mirza Aboul Hassan, while he resided in Paris, was an object of so much curiosity, that he could not go out without being surrounded by a multitude of gazers, and the ladies even ventured so far as to penetrate his hotel.

On returning one day from a ride, he found his apartments crowded with ladies, all elegantly dressed, but not all equally beautiful. Astonished at this unexpected assemblage, he enquired what these European odalisques could possibly want with him. The interpreter replied, that they had come to look at his excellency. The ambassador was surprised to find himself an object of curiosity among a people who boast of having attained the acmé of civilization ; and was not a little offended at conduct which, in Asia, would have been considered an unwarrantable breach of good breeding ; he accordingly revenged himself by the following little scheme.

The illustrious foreigner affected to be charmed with the ladies ; he looked at them attentively, alternately pointing to them with his finger, and speaking with great earnestness to his interpreter, who he was well aware would be questioned by his fair visitants ; and whom he therefore instructed in the part he was to act. Accordingly the eldest of the ladies, who in spite of her age, probably thought herself the prettiest of the whole party, and whose curiosity was par-

ticularly excited, after his excellency had passed through the suite of rooms, coolly enquired what had been the object of his examination? "Madam," replied the interpreter, "I dare not inform you." "But I wish particularly to know, sir." "Indeed, madam, it is impossible!" "Nay, sir, this reserve is vexatious; I desire to know." "Oh! since you desire, madam, know then that his excellency has been valuing you!" "Valuing us! how, sir?" "Yes, ladies, his excellency, after the custom of his country, has been setting a price upon each of you!" "Well, that's whimsical enough; and how much may that lady be worth, according to his estimation?" "A thousand crowns." "And the other?" "Five hundred crowns." "And that young lady with fair hair?" "Three hundred crowns." "And that Brunette?" "The same price." "And that lady who is painted?" "Fifty crowns." "And pray, sir, what may I be worth in the tariff of his excellency's good graces?" "Oh, madam, you really must excuse me, I beg." "Come, come, no concealments." "The prince merely said as he passed you." "Well, what did he say?" enquired the lady with great eagerness. "He said, madam, that he did not know the small coin of this country."

A PEACEFUL MONARCH.

The weak effort of James the First, the most peaceful monarch that ever swayed the English sceptre, to recover the Palatinate which had been wrested from his son-in-law, who had been elected

King of Bohemia, was much ridiculed on the stage in Flanders : a messenger was represented coming in haste, in a comedy, bringing news that the Palatinate was likely to have a formidable army on foot shortly, for the King of Denmark would furnish him with a hundred thousand pickled herrings ; the Hollanders with a hundred thousand butter-boxes ; and England with a hundred thousand *ambassadors*. In pictures, the king was no less severely treated : in one place he was represented with a scabbard without a sword ; in another with a sword, which no one could pull out, though numbers stood pulling at it. At Brussels, they painted him with his pockets hanging out, and never a penny in them, nor in his purse, which was also turned inside out. In Antwerp, they pictured the Queen of Bohemia like a poor beggar, with her hair hanging about her ears, and her child at her back ; while the king, her father, carried the cradle after her ; and every one of these pictures had several mottoes, expressing their malice.

WHITBREAD'S ENTIRE.

On the approach of the election at Westminster, when Earl Percy was returned, Mr. Dennis O'Brien, the agent of Mr. Sheridan, said, " that there were thousands in Westminster who would sooner vote for the Duke of Northumberland's porter, than give their support to a man of talent and probity, like Mr. Sheridan." Mr. Whitbread, alarmed for the interests of Mr. S. by the intemperate language of his agent, wished him to take some public notice of it in the way of censure ; but Sheridan only observed, " that

to be sure his friend O'Brien was wrong and intemperate, as far as related to the Duke of Northumberland's porter ; though he had no doubt there were thousands in Westminster who would give the preference to Mr. Whitbread's ENTIRE."

THE DOG TAX.

The descriptive powers of Sheridan were employed very happily on a motion made in the House of Commons, for a tax upon dogs, which he criticised in a strain of humour that was irresistible. In regard to the bill itself, he said, that he never met with one more extraordinarily worded ; and the folly of it extended even to the title ; for instead of being designated, " a tax bill," it was called, " a bill for the better protection of the persons and property of his majesty's subjects, against the evil arising from the increase of dogs, by subjecting the keeping, or having such dogs, to a duty." So that instead of supposing, as had generally been the case, that dogs were better than watchmen, for the protection of property, people might be led to imagine that dogs were guilty of all the burglaries usually committed. In the preamble also, there was the same species of phraseology ; for it begins, " Whereas, many dangers, accidents, and inconveniences, (which to be sure was a beautiful climax) had happened to the cattle and other property of his majesty's subjects." Now he had never before heard of any particular accidents happening to property from the hydrophobia, except in the case of cattle. In the *Adventurer*, indeed, he remembered a whimsical sort of account of a dog

that bit a hog in the streets ; the hog bit a farmer, and the farmer bit a cow ; but what was more extraordinary, each conveyed his peculiar quality to the other ; for the hog barked like a dog, the farmer grunted like a hog, and the cow did her best to talk like the farmer. Something like this disposition, he supposed, must have been in inanimate things also, by the honourable gentleman's looking so carefully after property ; for unless an instance had occurred, of furniture behaving in a disorderly manner, or a dumb waiter's barking in consequence of hydrophobia, he conceived such a phrase could not have been introduced."

The sarcastic humour of Sheridan prevailed, and the bill was rejected.

INGRATITUDE REBUKED.

A Frenchman of title, who had subsisted upwards of twelve months on the bounty of the English, happened to sail to the continent in the same vessel with an English lady and a number of other passengers, to whom he soon began to declaim in the most outrageous terms, against the grossness and rudeness of the English, mentioning among other instances, that they were so regardless of cleanliness, as not to make use of napkins at table. The lady, stung with the ingratitude of the exile, observed, " that her country-folks formerly had napkins, but that they had lately made them into shirts for the French emigrants."

GOOD SENSE.

A very ignorant person being complimented on his good sense, in presence of a clever lady, she said, "I don't wonder at his possessing a large stock of good sense; he never spends any."

MYSTICAL FUNNING.

A preacher of the name of Ker, on his entering in a church in Tiviotdale, told the people the relation that was to be between him and them in the following words: "Sirs, I am come to be your shepherd, and you must be my sheep, and the Bible will be my tar-bottle, for I will mark you with it;" and laying his hand on the clerk, or precentor's head, he said, "Andrew, you shall be my dog." "The sorrow a bit of your dog will I be," said Andrew. "O Andrew, I speak mystically," said the preacher. "Yea, but you speak mischievously," said Andrew.

GARROW.

During the earlier years of Mr. (now Sir William) Garrow's practice at the bar, his clients were almost wholly of that respectable class of individuals, on whom the Old Bailey depends for celebrity, and whom the late Dr. Porson used classically to designate by the appellation of the Gentlemen of the Fur Trade. After devoting for ten years his unrivalled talents at confounding truth to the extrication and salvation of the *bankrupt* members of this fraternity, the learned

counsel happened, by some accident, to be employed for a *creditor*, or more plainly speaking, for the prosecutor of a *fur* merchant. The *transfer* of the goods was proved by two most veritable witnesses ; but the defendant produced a first-rate *character* man to prove, that they could not possibly have come into his hands, because he was a hundred miles out of the way. Mr. Garrow feeling that if this man was believed, his case must break under him, set about impeaching his credibility, by asking, " Now, sir, upon the oath you have taken, will you swear that for these ten years past you have ever been employed by an *honest* man ?" Mr. Fielding (a descendant of the celebrated Fielding), who was counsel for the prisoner, stopped the witness in his answer by observing dryly, " The best way for the witness to answer that question, is to put it to the learned gentleman himself."

VOLTAIRE AND FREDERICK THE GREAT.

During the time Voltaire was resident with the King of Prussia at Potsdam, an Englishman happened to be there, who told the king, that he could retain, word for word, any discourse of considerable length, after having once read or heard it. Frederick resolved to put him to the proof, and the Englishman made good his assertions.

Voltaire happened at this moment to be announced. He came to read to the king a copy of verses he had just written. Frederick, to amuse himself, concealed the Englishman in an adjoining closet, and ordered him to retain, word for word, what Voltaire should read to him. The poet was introduced, and read his

verses. The king listened to them with an apparent coolness, and said, "Indeed, my dear Voltaire, I cannot conceive what you are about, since you sometimes take the verses of others, and pass them off for your own!" Voltaire protested that the verses were his own, and that he had only that moment finished them." "Well," said the king, "however that may be, I have just seen an Englishman, who has repeated them to me as his own writing." Frederick ordered the Englishman to be called in, and desired him to recite the verses he had shown him that morning. The Englishman instantly repeated the lines of the poet, without the variation of a word. Voltaire flew into a passion, and declared that the gentleman must deal with the d——l. The king for some time amused himself with the poet's anger, but at last let him into the secret; when the Englishman was dismissed, with a proper recompense for the pleasure he had afforded the monarch.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

A citizen, whose very industrious habits had advanced him to a country house, walking one hot day in his garden, caught the gardener asleep under a tree. He scolded him soundly for his laziness, and ended by telling him, that such a sluggard was not worthy to enjoy the light of the sun. "It was for that reason, exactly," said the gardener, "that I crept into the shade."

TELLING WONDERS.

A person had been relating many incredible stories, when Professor Engel, who was present, in order to repress his impertinence, said, "But, gentlemen, all this amounts to very little, when I can assure you, that the celebrated organist, Abbé Vogler, once imitated a thunder storm so well, that for miles round all the milk turned sour."

PIOUS SIGN.

On the high road leading to Pappenburgh, is a public-house called Nobis Inn, from its founder, a man of the name of Nobis. After having experienced and overcome a great many difficulties from his neighbours, he had the following inscription added to the sign of the house: "Si deus pro Nobis, quo contra Nobis."

GREAT NAMES.

The inhabitants of St. Johanna, among other whimsical customs, have one which seldom fails to excite the astonishment of the young navigator. They beg an English name of the sailors who touch at their island, and of course, names of the greatest eminence are freely given by our tars. Thus when they come to visit the ships which stop at the Island, it has happened that Charles Fox has humbly solicited the washing of linen, and the Prince of Wales requested a preference for his vegetables; Mr. Pitt has been detected

stealing a blanket ; while the Duke of Bedford has been known to beg for an old nail.

IMPERIAL BON MOT.

The public gaming tables at the rooms in Spa were in 1779 suspended for a day, in compliment to the Emperor of Germany, who was paying it a visit, and whose aversion to gambling was well known. With this suspension he seemed much pleased, and said to an English gentleman who had been presented to him, " It seems I come here like *Moses*, to put a stop to *Pharoah*."

CURRAN.

Mr. Curran was once asked, what an Irish gentleman, just arrived in England, could mean by perpetually putting out his tongue. " I suppose," replied the wit, " he's trying to *catch the English accent*."

SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare was performing the part of a King in one of his own tragedies, before Queen Elizabeth, who wishing to know whether he would depart from the dignity of the sovereign, dropped her handkerchief on the stage, as if by accident ; on which the mimic monarch immediately exclaimed---

" But ere this be done,
Take up our sister's handkerchief."

This presence of mind in the poet, and his close attention to the business of the scene, is said to have pleased the queen very much.

TWO NEGATIVES MAKE A POSITIVE.

Mr. Pitt was remarkable for giving his opinions with great positiveness. At a cabinet dinner, he was once expatiating on the beauty of the Latin language; and as an argument in favour of the superiority which he affirmed it had over the English, he said, that two negatives made a thing more positive, than one affirmative possibly could do. "Ah! then," said Lord Thurlow, "your father and mother must have been two negatives, to have made such a positive fellow as you are."

REPUBLICAN OFFICES.

The following articles, copied from two United States papers, present the singular novelties of a candidate for the legislature, who cannot write his name, and a difficulty of procuring any person to fill the office of judge:

"*Mr. Printer.*---Please to insert in your *Indiana Register*, that I stand a candidate, in opposition to Colonel Paxton and W. Todd, for the legislature.

his
ABRAHAM X MILLER."
mark.

"*Raleigh, North Carolina, July 24, 1816.*---The Executive Council have been notified to meet in this City, on the 10th of next month, for the purpose of making the third attempt to beg some gentleman of

respectable standing at the bar, to accept of the office of judge of the highest court in our state !!!" *Salem Gazette.*

PREFERMENT.

Among the daily enquirers after the health of an aged Bishop of D——m, during his indisposition, no one was more sedulously punctual than the Bishop of E——r : and the invalid seemed to think, that other motives than those of anxious kindness, might contribute to this solicitude. One morning he ordered the messenger to be shown into his room, and thus addressed him : “ Be so good as present my compliments to my Lord Bishop, and tell him that I am better, much better ; but that the Bishop of W——r has got a sore throat, arising from a bad cold, *if that will do.*”

ROYAL INN.

When the Emperor Joseph II. visited Russia, he positively refused to take up his abode in the imperial palaces. It happened at that time, there was no inn at Zarskojeseslo. In this dilemma, Catherine II. caused a sign to be put up before a very pretty house belonging to her gardener. Upon this sign a spinning wheel was painted, with the Russian inscription, “ Catherine’s Spinning Wheel ;” at the bottom stood, in German characters, “ Falkestein.” The emperor put up at this house, and had not the slightest suspicion of this ingenious device ; nor was it until long after that he learned the trick that had been put upon him.

TO BE ON ONE'S LEGS AGAIN.

A wealthy merchant who had become bankrupt, was met some time after his misfortunes by a friend, who asked him how he was going on? "Pretty well," said he, "I am upon my legs again." "How! already?" "Yes, I have been obliged to part with my coach and horses, and must now walk."

OLD TIMES BACK AGAIN.

After the abdication of Bonaparte in 1814, it was observed at a fashionable party in Paris, that things were to be restored to the same state in which they were previous to the revolution. "Oh! I am delighted to hear that," exclaimed a lady who was no longer in the bloom of youth, "for then I shall be only eighteen years of age."

DR. HERSCHELL.

One morning, a countryman knocked at the door of Dr. Herschell, and requested the favour of a few words with him. The doctor went out to the hall, when the countryman said to him, "I ask pardon, doctor, for disturbing you, but I am quite in a quandary, as the saying is, and so I made free to call and ask your advice; you must know, my meadows are a great deal too long for cutting; but before I begin, I should like to know whether you think the weather will soon take up?" "First look round," said the doctor, "and tell me what you see?" "See," repeated the countryman, "why, hay that is not worth the sving; what dunderhead

owns it, that lives so near you, and cuts it without asking your advice?" "I am the dunderhead," said the doctor, "and had it cut the very day before the rain come on."

LEARNED GENERAL.

A Prussian general in the time of Frederick the Second, King of Prussia, being commissioned by his master to purchase certain maps, went to a printseller's shop for that purpose. "Sir," said the shopkeeper, "do you want provincial maps, or general ones?" "What!" replied the general, "don't you see the plume in my hat, and does not that inform you, that I am a *général*? Would you give me the maps of an ensign or a lieutenant?"

WALCOTT PETER PINDAR.

Dr. Walcott, better known by the name of Peter Pindar, was always a welcome guest at the house of a very worthy family, some years since resident in ——— Place; but being in the habit of keeping late hours, he sometimes disconcerted them, by his unreasonably protracted sittings; and having one evening replied to a friendly remonstrance on the subject, "I will, if I live, go at eleven in future;" he was jocosely answered by the young lady who superintended the economy of the house, "that she should certainly send him off, *dead or alive*, if he attempted to transgress again." Next day, the young ladies received from him the following lines, which, from their playful humour, and the allusion to his foible, are highly characteristic of the facetious bard:

"Tell me, sweet girls of — Place,
If at the opera, or the play,
You mean this night to add a grace,
And steal a heart, or two away ?
If not, I sip my tea with you at seven,
Dead or alive, I'll leave you at eleven."

About this time a little compact was entered into, by which a servant of the house was each night to bring the doctor's hat and cane into the parlour, on the clock's striking eleven, as a signal for his departure. But the doctor was remarkable for his convivial powers, particularly for his humorous stories; and it happening not many evenings after, that the clock struck the hour in the middle of one of his best tales, the servant's usual summons was omitted; which the doctor no sooner observed, than he exultingly declared the treaty broken, and himself absolved from the engagement; he followed up his declaration by nearly sitting out the night.

GONE OUT.

A person calling one day on a gentleman at the west end of the town, where his visits were more frequent than welcome, was told by the servant that her master had gone out. "Oh, well, never mind, I'll speak to your mistress." "She's also gone out, sir." The gentleman, not willing to be denied admission, said as it was a cold day, he would step in, and sit down by the fire a few minutes." "Ah! sir, but it is *gone out* too," replied the girl.

FOP.

A person was remonstrating with a friend on the absurdity of following foppish fashions. "They are really contemptible," said he, "and I am sure all who see you must think you ridiculous." "I don't value the opinion of the world," answered the irritated puppy; "I laugh at all those who think me ridiculous." "Then you must be the merriest man alive," was the reply.

DRYDEN.

Dryden was once bantered by a young nobleman, for having in one of his tragedies, made Cleomanes do little to advance his love, when he had an interview with his mistress. "For my part," said he, "when I am with a pretty girl, I always make good use of my time." "Yes," replied the poet, "but nobody mistakes your lordship for a *hero*."

WANT OF POINT, A NICE POINT.

An ingenious expedient was devised to save a prisoner charged with robbery, in the Criminal Court at Dublin. The principal thing that appeared in evidence against him was a confession, alleged to have been made by him at the police-office, and taken down in writing by a police-officer. The document, purporting to contain this self-criminating acknowledgment, was produced by the officer, and the following passage was read from it:

"Mangan said he never robbed but twice
Said it was Crawford."

This it will be observed has no mark of the writer's having any notion of punctuation, but the meaning he attached to it was, that

"Mangan said he never robbed but twice :
Said it was Crawford."

Mr. O'Gorman, the counsel for the prisoner, begged to look at the paper. He perused it, and rather astonished the peace officer by asserting, that so far from its proving the man's guilt, it clearly established his innocence. "This," said the learned gentleman, "is the fair and obvious reading of the sentence :

"Mangan said he never robbed ;
But twice said it was Crawford."

This interpretation had its effect on the jury, and the man was acquitted.

PROVOKING NECESSITY.

A sporting gentleman was once so incensed at his huntsman in the field, that he discharged him instantly on the spot. The next morning, when the gentleman was going out with his hounds, the voice of his huntsman saluted his ears, who began, from a tree where the man had perched himself, hallooing to the dogs, until not one of them would stir. What was to be done? The gentleman wished to hunt, but there was no hunting without hounds ; and there was no stopping the man's mouth ; so that, at last, he was compelled to make the best of a bad bargain, and take the fellow down from the tree into his service again.

DESPOTISM.

Mr. Dodwell, in his Tour through Greece, mentions his having been hospitably entertained at Ampelakia, by a Greek merchant of the name of Papatheodoro, who lived under a protection from Ali Pasha, which exempted him from all extraordinary contributions. It began in the true Oriental style thus: "We, the Grand Vizier of Ali Pasha, declare that Papatheodoro of Ampelakia, shall neither be stung by the flies nor bitten by the serpent."

NEWS.

A news-loving woman was one evening entertaining her husband with a copious detail of a most wonderful event that had occurred somewhere, and which, she said, she verily believed, having had it from her neighbour, who never told a lie in her life. The husband, however, expressed some doubts about the matter; which so highly exasperated his wife, that she passionately exclaimed, "There never was on the face of this earth such a provoking, *cridellerous*, man as you are; I verily believe, that were you to hear me swear that I was dead, you would not believe me." The patient husband calmly replied, "Indeed, Kitty, I had rather hear any one swear that than you."

FRANKLIN.

Dr. Franklin, Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Lettson, Lord Loughborough, and Dr. Solander, once went in a party to Spithead, to try the experiment of smoothing the water with oil. A laughable scene took place between Dr. Franklin and an officer on board the ship, on the properties of thunder and lightning. The officer continually contradicted the doctor with saying, "Sir, you are quite wrong in your opinion; Dr. Franklin says so and so; the doctor and you are quite contrary in your ideas. I never will allow, sir, that Dr. F. is wrong. No, sir; I am sure he is right, and you are wrong, begging your pardon." The doctor never altered a feature of his countenance during the conversation; while all the company enjoyed a laugh except the disputants.

PIRON.

The French wit, Alexis Piron, was in the habit of retiring every morning to muse at his ease in the Bois de Boulogne, and he would sometimes remain until the evening. One day having missed his path, he found himself so fatigued on coming out of the wood, that he was obliged to rest himself upon a bench attached to one of the pillars of the Conference gate. Scarcely was he seated, when on the right hand and on the left, he was saluted by all the passengers either coming in or going out, on foot, on horseback, or in carriages. He raised his hat more or less to each, according to their apparent quality.

"Surely," thought he to himself, "surely I am much more known than I supposed. Oh! that Mr. A***, before whom I almost prostrated myself this morning, without his deigning to answer me but by a slight nod of the head! Oh, that he were now here to witness the respect that is shown me!" While he made these reflections, the crowd passed in so quick succession, that at last the exercise of the hat became fatiguing. He took it entirely off, and contented himself with bowing to all that saluted him. Suddenly an old woman cast herself on her knees before him, with her hands clasped together. "Rise, my good woman," said he astonished, and wondering what this could mean, "rise, you treat me as you would a maker of Epic poems or tragedies, but you are deceived; I have never yet arrived at that honour; as yet I have never risen above a song or an epigram." But the old woman still continuing on her knees, without seeming to hear him, Piron thought he saw her lips move, and supposed she was speaking to him. He leaned forward and listened. He did indeed hear her muttering something; it was an *Ave*, addressed to an image of the Virgin, placed directly over his head. It was then, upon raising his eyes, he discovered the true object of all the salutations which he had believed were directed to himself.

ABYSSINIAN MIMIC.

Mr. Salt, in his Voyage to Abyssinia, relates the following curious anecdote of Totte Mâze, the Abyssinian jester and mimic. "One specimen of his talent consisted in the imitation of the behaviour of a

chief in battle, who had not been remarkable for his courage. At first he came in very pompously, calling out in an overbearing manner to his soldiers, and vaunting what he would do when the enemy approached. He then mimicked the sound of horns, heard from a distance, and the low beating of a drum. At hearing this he represented the chief as beginning to be a little cautious, and to ask questions of those around him, whether they thought the enemy were strong? This alarm he continued to heighten as the enemy advanced, until at last he depicted the hero as nearly overcome by his fears; the musket trembling in his hand, his heart panting, and his eyes completely fixed; while, without appearing to be conscious of it, his legs began to make a very prudent retreat. This part of his acting excited among the spectators a due share of contempt, when dexterously laying hold of the circumstance, he affected to be ashamed of his cowardice, mustered up his whole stock of courage, and advanced, firing his matchlock at the same moment in a direction exactly contrary to that in which the enemy was supposed to stand; when, apparently frightened at the noise of his own gun, he sank down on his knees and begged for mercy; during this time, the expression of his face was inimitable, and the whole of the spectators burst out into a shout of admiration."

SIR FRANCIS DELAVAL.

Once when Sir Francis Delaval stood for the borough of Andover, an opposition took place, and the corporation was so closely divided, that it was nearly a drawn

battle between him and his competitor. One sturdy fellow among the voters held out against all applications : he declared, that he would vote for neither of the contending candidates. Sir Francis paid him a visit, and with much address endeavoured to discover some means of softening him. Sir Francis knew that the man was unassailable by plain bribery ; he therefore tried to tempt his ambition, his love of pleasure, his curiosity, in short, every passion that he thought could actuate this obstinate voter. Sir Francis found, that all the public spectacles of London were familiar to this man, who had often gone to town, on purpose to see various exhibitions. This seemed to have been his favourite relaxation. After many attempts, Sir Francis at last discovered, that this odd mortal had never seen a fire-eater, and that he did not believe the wonderful stories he had heard of fire-eaters ; nor could it, he said, be imagined, that any man could vomit smoke, and flame, and fire from his mouth, like a volcano. Sir Francis proposed to carry him immediately to town, and to show him the most accomplished eater of fire that had ever appeared. The wary citizen of Andover suspected some trick, and could by no means be prevailed upon to go up to town. Our staunch candidate, never at a loss for resource, despatched instantly a trusty servant to London, requesting Angelo to come to his assistance. Among his various accomplishments, Angelo possessed the art of fire-eating in the utmost perfection ; and though no pecuniary consideration could have induced him to make a display of his talents in such an art, yet to oblige Sir Francis, to whom all his friends were enthusiastically devoted, Angelo complied. A few

hours after he received the request, he thundered into Andover in a chaise and four, express, to eat fire for Sir Francis Delaval's friend ! When the obdurate voter saw this gentleman come down, and with such expedition, on purpose to entertain him, he began to yield. But when Angelo filled his mouth with torrents of flame, that burst from his lips and nostrils, and seemed to issue even from his eyes ; when these flames changed to various colours, and seemed continually to increase even in volume and intensity, our voter was quite melted : he implored Angelo to run no farther hazard ; he confessed " that he did not think the devil himself could cast out such torrents of fire and flame, and that he believed Sir Francis had his Satanic Majesty for his friend, otherwise he never could have prevailed upon him to break the vow which he had made not to vote for him."

CEREMONY.

A respectable man, an inhabitant of Frankfort, came to Count Torrano to complain to him of the number of soldiers who were quartered upon him. The count being a Frenchman, his interpreter offered his services to the Frankforter ; but the latter did not conceive that he required them. He presented himself before the count, and with a low bow accosted him as his *Excellency*. The count returned the bow, and also the *Excellency*. Surprised at the honour which was paid to him, the Frankforter now began to think that he had not made use of a title high enough ; and therefore with a still lower bow, said, *Monsieur*. "Sir," said the count very seriously, " we will not go any

farther, as we shall probably get as far as your *Majesty*. The Frankforter was thrown into great embarrassment ; which the count perceiving, he continued in a jocular tone, " What is your name, sir ? " " My name is Spangenberg." " And mine is Torrano," said the count. " Now Spangenberg, what is your business with Torrano ? " " Be seated, and we shall soon dispatch it."

GARRICK'S BROTHER.

George Garrick, the brother of the celebrated Roscius, was particularly attentive to him ; and every night on coming behind the scenes, usually enquired, " Has David wanted me ? " On its being asked, how George came to die so soon after the demise of his distinguished relative, it was answered, " David wanted him."

SELDEN.

When the learned John Selden was a member of the famous assembly of divines at Westminster, who were appointed to new model religion, he used to delight in puzzling them with curious quibbles. In one of these debates, these venerable sages were very gravely employed in determining the distance between Jerusalem and Jericho ; and one of the brethren, to prove that it could be but a short distance, observed, " That *fish* was carried from one place to the other." On which Mr. Selden said, " Perhaps it was *salt* fish." This remark threw the determination again into uncertainty.

LIKE DOCTOR, LIKE PATIENT.

A very eminent physician happened to be sent for one evening, after having indulged at a convivial meeting; so that by the time he had been whirled to his patient's door, he was very ill qualified to decide in a case of difficulty. Having made shift to reach the drawing-room, and seeing a lady extended on a sofa, assisted by a female attendant, he by a sort of mechanical impulse seized her hand; but finding himself utterly unable to form an opinion on the case, he exclaimed, "Drunk! drunk, upon my honour!" (meaning that *he* was in that unfit state) and immediately made the best retreat he was able. Feeling rather awkwardly at this adventure, he was not impatient to renew his visit; but being sent for on some other occasion, he took courage, and was preparing an apology, when the lady presently removed his apprehensions, by whispering in his ear---"My dear doctor, how could you find out my case so immediately the other evening? It was certainly a great proof of your skill; but pray not a word more on the subject." The doctor thus added to his reputation by a circumstance which might have endangered that of a less fortunate man.

MEMORY.

A player being reproached by Rich, for having forgot some of the words in the Beggar's Opera on the fifty-third night of its performance, cried out, "What, do you think one can remember a thing for ever?"

BON MOT.

Shortly after his late majesty's recovery in 1789, he happened one day, when riding out on horseback, to meet Lord Fyfe, on seeing whom he exclaimed, "There comes a man who is neither gambler nor rat!" His lordship replied, "Your majesty is mistaken; I am the greatest gamester on earth; *for my all is on that horse.*"

HONEST MOTTO.

Persons who retire from trade are generally eager, from a false shame, to conceal the mode by which they acquired their wealth. An honourable exception to this occurred in the case of a Mr. Gillespie, a tobacconist, of the City of Edinburgh. Having acquired an ample fortune by the sale of snuff at the end of the American war, he set up a carriage; and lest the public, or himself, might forget how he had acquired the means of keeping one, to arms of three snuff boxes rampant, he added the following doggrel couplet as a motto:

"Who would have thought it,
That noses could have bought it."

SHUT THE DOOR.

Among the peculiarities of Dr. Burney, were two of a very innocent kind; the first was the possession of wine of the best vintage; the next, the dread of a current of air. "Shut the door," was the first salu-

tation uttered by him to any one who entered his apartment ; and but few of his associates ever neglected the rule. This custom did not abandon him on the most trying occasions ; for having been robbed while returning home one evening in his own carriage along the Greenwich road, by a couple of footpads, who were more eager in obtaining his money than contributing to his comfort, he called them back in a peremptory tone ; and while they were wondering at what he wanted with them, he exclaimed in his usual manner, and with his own peculiar emphasis, "Shut the door." A voice accustomed to command produced the desired effect, and he was instantly obeyed.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

After Byron's engagement in the West Indies, there was a great clamour about the badness of ammunition. Soon after this, Mr. Fox had a duel with Mr. Adam. On receiving that gentleman's ball, and finding it had made but little impression, he exclaimed, "Egad, Adam, it had been all over with me, if you had not charged with *government powder* !"

PHYSICIAN AND CLERGYMAN.

A clergyman and a physician lived in the same village, on terms of great intimacy. The former was attacked by a violent fit of the gout, and the latter attended his reverend friend, *gratuitously*, with unabating success.

The medical gentleman soon after called upon his

neighbour, the parson, to perform the matrimonial service; and the call was promptly and cheerfully obeyed.

The clergyman took an early opportunity of withdrawing himself from the assembled company, alone and unobserved: but he was soon followed to his home by a brother of the physician, requesting his acceptance of a roleau of guineas as a marriage fee. The divine retired for two minutes to his study, and returned the roleau to the bearer, with a note containing the following

IMPROMPTU.

To the doctor, the parson's a sort of a brother;
And a good turn from one, deserves one of the other;
So take back your guineas, dear doctor, again;
Nor give---what you so well can remedy---*pain*.
Permit me to wish you all joy and delight
On th' occasion that brought us together to-night.
May health, fame, and wealth, attend you thro' life,
And ev'ry day add to the bliss of your wife.

— —

ADVANTAGE OF LEARNING.

A gentleman telling Dr. Johnson that he had seen the learned pig, expressed himself astonished at his performances; but at the same time sorry to consider the stripes which the animal must have suffered before he could have been taught to observe closely, and obey implicitly, the signs given by his master. "Sir," replied Johnson, "I think your sorrow and pity are misplaced; the animal should rather excite your envy; as to his stripes, except stripes are inflicted upon the boy, it is very rare that the man becomes eminently learned; and with regard to the pig, if

you put his present happiness in opposition to his former sufferings, the balance will be in his favour." "I do not know," replied the gentleman, "what his happiness consists in; I do not see any happiness that he can enjoy." "Not see what his happiness consists in! you astonish me. Is not a consciousness of superior acquirements happiness? Is not being the first of his race happiness? But above all this, sir, consider, that the pig's learning has protracted his existence. Had he been illiterate, he had long since been smoaked into hams, rolled into collars of brawn, and consigned to the table of some luxurious citizen, as the companion to a fillet of veal, or a Norwich turkey. Now he is visited by the philosopher and the politician; by the brave and by the beautiful; by the scientific and the idle. He is gazed at with the eye of wonder; contemplated with the smile of approbation; and gratified with the murmur of applause."

IRISH SAILOR.

During the operation of the Orders in Council, an American merchantman was boarded by a British frigate, and a strict examination of the crew of the former was of course ordered. As the search proceeded, an Irishman belonging to the merchantman came forward with all the confidence imaginable, to establish his claims to a Yankee origin upon knowledge derived from conversations with his mess-mates. "Where were you born?" asked the English officer. "In *Charliston*, please your honour." "Charliston! where's that?" "It is handy on to Boston, please your

honour." "And do you know where Nantucket is?" asked the officer. "Och! Nance Tucket is it you mean; I know her very well, and a big jade she is; but what has become of her I'm not able to say." This reply brought poor Paddy into the long-boat.

PARSON PATTEN.

About half a century ago, Whitstable had a parson of the name of Patten, celebrated for his great oddity, great humour, and equally great extravagance. Once standing in need of a new wig, he went over to Canterbury, and applied to a barber young in the business to make him one. The tradesman, who was just going to dinner, begged the honour of his new customer's company; to which Patten most readily consented. After dinner, a large bowl of punch was produced; and the reverend guest with equal readiness joined in emptying it. When it was out, the wig-maker was proceeding to business, and began to handle his measure; when Mr. Patten desired him to desist, saying, he should not make his wig. "Why not?" exclaimed the astonished host. "Have I done any thing to offend you, sir?" "Not in the least," replied Patten; "but I find you are a very honest, good-natured fellow, so I will take some one else in."

PRIDE.

A Spaniard rising from a fall, whereby his nose had suffered considerably, exclaimed, "Voto a tal, esto es caminar por la turru!" "This comes of walking upon earth!"

DR. WATTS.

Dr. Watts was remarkable for his vivacity in conversation, although he was never forward in the display of it. Being one day in a coffee-room with some friends, he overheard a gentleman say, "What! is that the great Dr. Watts?" The doctor, who was of low stature, turned suddenly round, and with great good humour repeated a verse from one of his lyric poems, which produced a silent admiration of his modesty and talents.

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or mete the ocean with my span,
I must be measur'd by my soul;
The mind's the standard of the man."

IN WANT OF A HUSBAND.

A young lady was told by a married lady, that she had better precipitate herself from off the rocks of the Passaic falls into the basin beneath, than *marry*. The young lady replied, "I would, if I thought I should find a *husband* at the bottom."

ATTITUDES.

Angelo, the graceful fencing-master, was once consulted by Bensley, the actor, on what he ought to do with his hands while he was speaking. Angelo told him, that it was impossible to prescribe what he should always do with them; but that it was easy to tell him

what should not be done ; " he should not put them into his breeches pockets ;" a custom to which poor Bensley was much addicted.

GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

A young gentleman being pressed very hard in company to sing, even after he had solemnly assured them he could not, observed testily that they were wanting to make a *butt* of him. " No, my good sir," said Mr. Colman, who was present, " we only want to get a *stave* out of you."

A public singer having heard that Banister's good voice arose from his swallowing a large quantity of port, used to get drunk every night with that wine, but all to no purpose. Mr. Colman, and Banister, happened to be together when this circumstance was told, to their no small amusement. " Ah !" said Colman, " the poor fellow is not in the secret ; he ought to swallow a *pipe* a day, and then he would *pipe well*."

Mr. Colman was, on another occasion, rising to leave a convivial party, when he was strongly pressed to stay by the host, who remarked, that " he must not go yet, for he was not half-primed." " Not half-primed !" said the wit. " I am both *loaded* and *primed*, and if you wait an instant, you shall hear me *go off*."

The same gentleman was once in a company of grave antiquaries, when the conversation turned on the origin of popular sayings. A gentleman present said nothing had puzzled him so much, as to ascertain the origin of the saying, " I'll give you a cheque on Aldgate pump." Colman, who had been very silent

during the whole of the dry discussions of the evening, immediately remarked, that he supposed "it was because they used to take draughts (drafts) there."

His present majesty, when Prince of Wales, meeting Mr. Colman at a convivial party composed of the first wits of the day, gaily observed, that there were two George the Youngers in company. "But," continued His Royal Highness, "I should like to know who is George the Youngest?" "Oh!" replied Colman, very happily, "I could never have had the rudeness to come into the world before your Royal Highness."



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PUBLISHED FEB. 1823. BY T. BOYS, 7 LUDGATE HILL.

Engraved by W. T. FRY.

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THE
PERCY ANECDOTES

ORIGINAL AND SELECT



SHOLTO AND REUBEN PERCY

BROTHERS OF THE BENEDICTINE MONASTERY

MONT BENGHER.



LONDON.

PRINTED FOR **T. BOYS**, LUDGATE HILL.

1823.

TO
JOHN FARQUHAR, ESQ.

THESE

Anecdotes of Eccentricity

ARE

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS

MOST OBEDIENT

AND MOST HUMBLE SERVANTS,

*Thos Percy
Rudolf Percy*

THE

Percy Anecdotes.

ANECDOTES OF ECCENTRICITY.

“Chimeras all, and more absurd or less.”

DRYDEN.

PERPETUAL MOTION SEEKER.

MR. STUKELLY was a gentleman of fortune bred to the law, but relinquished the profession, and retired into the country, filled with the project of discovering the perpetual motion. During a period of thirty years, he never went abroad but once, which was when he was obliged to take the oath of allegiance to King George the First; this was also the only time he changed his shirt and clothes, or shaved himself, during the whole time of his retirement.

Mr. Stukeley was at once the dirtiest and the cleanliest of men, washing his hands twenty times a day, but his hands only. His family consisted of two female servants, one of whom lived in the house, and the other out of it. He never had his bed made. After

he relinquished the project of the perpetual motion, he devoted himself to observing the works and economy of ants, and stocked the town so plenteously with that insect, that the fruits in the gardens were devoured by them.

During the reign of Queen Anne, whenever the Duke of Marlborough opened the trenches against a city in Flanders, he broke ground at the extremity of a floor in his house, made with lime and sand, according to the custom of the country, and advanced in his approaches regularly with his pick-axe, gaining work after work, chalked out on the ground according to the intelligence in the gazette; by which he took the town in the middle of the floor at Bideford, the same day the duke was master of it in Flanders: thus every city cost him a new floor. Sterne no doubt had Mr. Stukeley in his eye, when he drew the character of My Uncle Toby.

Mr. Stukeley never sat on a chair, and when he chose to warm himself, he made a pit before the fire, into which he leapt, and thus sat on the floor. He suffered no one to see him, but the heir of his estate, his brother, and sister; the first never but when he sent for him, and that very rarely; the others sometimes once a year, and sometimes seldomer, when he was cheerful, talkative, and a lover of the tittle-tattle of the town. Notwithstanding his apparent avarice, he was by no means covetous of money; for, during his seclusion, he never received nor asked for any rent from many of his tenants; those who brought him money, he would often keep at an inn more than a week, and then pay all their expenses, and dismiss them without receiving a shilling. He lived

well in his house, frequently gave to the poor, always ate from large joints of meat ; never saw any thing twice at table ; and at Christmas divided a certain sum of money amongst the necessitous of the town. He seemed to be afraid of two things only ; one, being killed for his riches ; the other, being infected with disease ; for which reasons he would send his maid sometimes to borrow a half crown from his neighbours, to hint he was poor ; and always received the money which was paid him, in a bason of water, to prevent taking infection from those who paid him. He did not keep his money locked up, but piled it on the shelves before the plates in his kitchen. In his chamber, into which no servant had entered during the time of his remaining at home, he had two thousand guineas on the top of a low chest of drawers covered with dust, and five hundred on the floor, where it lay five and twenty years ; this last sum a child, which he was fond of playing with, had thrown down, by oversetting a table that stood upon one foot ; the table continued in the same situation also : through this money he had made two paths, by kicking the pieces on one side, one of which led from the door to the window, the other from the window to the bed. When he quitted the Temple in London, he left an old portmanteau over the portal of the anti-chamber, where it had continued many years, during which time, the chambers had passed through several hands ; at length a gentleman who possessed them, ordered his servant to pull it down ; it broke, being rotten, and out fell four or five hundred pieces of gold, which were found to belong to Mr. Stukeley, from the papers enclosed.

It was generally supposed at his death, that he had put large sums in the hands of a banker, or lent them to some tradesman in London, without taking any memorandum; all which were lost to his heirs, as he would never say to whom he lent them. He was afraid, perhaps, lest he should hear it was lost; for there are some that can bear to suspect, though not to know positively, that their riches have taken to themselves wings. After more than thirty years living a recluse, he was at last found dead in his bed, at the age of seventy.

The gentleman who accompanied him to the Town Hall, when he went to take the oath of allegiance, talked with him on every subject he could recollect, without discovering in him the least tincture of madness. He rallied himself on the perpetual motion, laughed at the folly of confining himself in-doors, and said he believed he should, some time or other, come abroad again, like other men. He was always esteemed a person of good understanding, before his shutting himself up. At the time of his death, he was building a house, the walls of which were seven feet thick.

RESPECTABLE MISANTHROPE.

A house in Grub Street had long been noted as the residence of a solitary gentleman, whom nobody could ever catch a glimpse of, and who permitted nobody to see him, except an old maid servant, and her only in some cases of great necessity. Three rooms of the house he reserved for his exclusive use: one for eating in; a second as a study; and a

third as a bed-room. His time was spent in reading, meditation, and prayer. His diet was constantly bread, water gruel, milk, and vegetables; and when he indulged himself most, the yolk of an egg. No Carthusian monk was ever more rigid and constant in his abstinence. He seemed, notwithstanding, in no want of money to have purchased every luxury of life. He bought all the new books that were published, although there was seldom one which, on a slight examination, he did not throw aside. He expended large sums, too, in acts of charity; and was very inquisitive after proper objects. He died the 29th of October, 1639, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, and lies buried in St. Giles's Church, near Cripplegate. The old maid servant died but six days before her master.

Henry Welby, for such was the name of this singular recluse, was a native of Lincolshire, where he had an estate of about a thousand pounds a year. He possessed, in an eminent degree, the qualifications of a gentleman. Having been a competent time at the University and the inns of court, he completed his education by making the tour of Europe. He was happy in the love and esteem of his friends, and indeed of all that knew him, as his heart was warm, and the virtues of it were displayed in numerous acts of humanity, benevolence, and charity. When he was about forty years of age, his brother, an abandoned profligate, made an attempt upon his life, with a pistol, which not going off, he wrested it from his hands, and found it to be double charged with bullets. The event filled him with such horror, such a disgust, for the society of men, that he re-

solved to seclude himself from it for ever ; and so strictly did he adhere to this resolution, that although he had a very amiable daughter, who was married to Sir Christopher Hilliard, a Yorkshire gentleman, neither she, nor any of her family, ever saw her father after his retirement.

A SCHOLAR'S BURIAL.

Mr. John Underwood, of Naffington, who died in 1733, and was buried at Whittlesea, left six thousand pounds to his sister, on condition of her burying him in the following eccentric manner. When the grave was filled up, and covered with the turf, six gentlemen, who were appointed to follow him, and to whom he left ten guineas each, with orders not to wear black, sung the last stanza of the 20th ode of the second book of Horace. No bell was tolled ; no one was invited but these six gentlemen ; and no relation followed the corpse. The coffin was painted green, according to his direction ; and he was buried with all his clothes on. Under his head was placed Sanadon's Horace ; at his feet, Bentley's Milton ; in his right hand, a small Greek Testament, with an inscription in gold letters ; in his left hand a pocket edition of Horace, with this inscription, *Musis Amicus, J. U.* ; and under him, Bentley's Horace. After the ceremony was over, the parties attending it returned to his house, where his sister had provided a very good supper ; and when the cloth was removed, they sung the 31st ode of the first book of Horace, drank a cheerful glass, and then went home.

All this was in strict consonance to his will, which, after giving very minute directions, thus concluded : " Which done, I would have them take a cheerful glass, and think no more of John Underwood."

MEZERAY.

The French historian, Mezeray, was a man subject to strange humours ; extremely negligent in his person ; and so careless in his dress, that he might have passed for a beggar, rather than what he was. He used to study and write by candle-light, even at noon day in the summer ; and, as if there had been no sun in the world, always waited upon his company to the door with a candle in his hand. He was secretary of the French Academy ; and it was a constant way with him, when candidates offered themselves for vacant places in the academy, to throw in a black ball, instead of a white one. When his friends asked him the reason of this unkind procedure, he answered, that " it was to leave to posterity a monument of the freedom of elections in the academy."

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY.

Sir Philip Cravenleigh, a gentleman of good fortune in Shropshire, built a house, which contained every thing that other persons usually erect offices for, viz., barns, granary, stables, cow-house, piggery, pigeon-house, sitting, drawing, and bed rooms, all surrounded by one great court. His own bed-chamber was next to the barn, because he liked the

noise of the flail at five o'clock in the morning. His great amusement was farming; keeping a thousand acres of land in his own management, the whole produce of which was consumed by his own family. He would not suffer a single penny to be laid out for any article the farm produced; such as wheat, malt, hops, meat, butter, milk, cheese, cider, &c. He extended this rigid rule to wine; but after bringing his son up as a gardener, sent him to France to learn the art of planting and dressing vines. On his return home, he had a vineyard planted, and drank the wine produced from it, whether it was good or bad. He used honey instead of sugar, which he would never permit, any more than tea, to enter his house.

His family, from a wasteful extravagance, were once two months without bread; but still he would not permit a single loaf to be bought, but lived himself, and made all his family live, upon potatoes. Sir Philip was kind, nay, charitable, and much beloved. He was good-natured, unless any one offered to contradict his humour; in which case, he became angry and inflexible. He governed a family of a hundred persons like a stern but sensible bashaw; and never had any freaks of ill-nature, either with his family or servants.

EXTRAORDINARY BEQUESTS.

The late Mr. Peter Isaac Thelluson, whose name is immortalized by one of the most extraordinary testamentary deeds on record, was a native of France. Early in life, he settled as a merchant in London,

and made these that immense fortune which became the subject of his will. It amounted to about seven hundred thousand pounds. To his wife and children, he left £100,000. The residue he bequeathed to certain trustees, who were to lay it out in the purchase of estates in England, and to lay out all the accumulating proceeds from these estates in the same manner, until all the male children of his sons and grandsons should be dead. If at that remote period there should be any of his lineal descendants alive, the whole of the Thelluson property is to be theirs, on condition that if they are of a different name, they shall assume that of their magnificent benefactor. Before this can happen, however, it is estimated that from ninety to one hundred and twenty years must elapse. If the succession should open at the first of these periods, the property will amount to about thirty-five millions; if not till the last, to one hundred and forty millions! Should there, however, be none of the line of Thelluson existing at the demise of all the male children of his sons and grandsons, then the whole of the estates are to be sold, and the money applied to the *sinking fund*, under the direction of Parliament.

Mr. Thelluson's heirs at law instituted a process in the Court of Chancery, to set aside the will; but after many long and learned arguments, it was pronounced to be a good and valid disposal of property.

It is an old saying, that *they manage these matters better in France*; and some persons may think the adage confirmed by the following case in point, which we meet with in the judicial records of that

country. M. Boursault had, like Mr. Thelluson, acquired great wealth in trade, and his only relative at his death, was a niece. By a will which he made, he directed that two hundred louis d'ors, being the sum he made the first year he began business, should be buried in his grave, as he thought no one worthy to inherit the first fruits of his toil. The rest of his fortune he bequeathed in this manner; one tenth to be paid to his niece, in ten years, and another tenth in twenty years. The other eight tenths were to be paid to her children, if she had any; and in case of the death of his niece without children, the money was to go to the Hotel Dieu.

M. Boursault's heiress at law, was as little pleased as the heirs of Mr. Thelluson, and complained to the parliament of Paris; who judging differently from our Court of Chancery, pronounced the will to be the act of a madman, and gave the whole property to the niece.

THE SADLER'S DAUGHTER.

A rich sadler, whose daughter was afterwards married to Dunk, the celebrated Earl of Halifax, ordered in his will, that she should lose the whole of her fortune, if she did not marry a sadler. The young Earl of Halifax, in order to win the bride, actually served an apprenticeship of seven years to a sadler, and afterwards bound himself to the rich sadler's daughter for life.

PETER BIG BROGUES.

A young Irishman of the county of Meath, named Peter Gaynor, resolved to go to the West Indies, to make, as the saying is, his fortune. On the day he set out on his travels, he had on a pair of shoes of such enormous size, that his friends and acquaintance, who had assembled in great numbers to wish him long life and good luck, unanimously dubbed him with the name of Peter Big Brogues. Peter, with a great deal of eccentricity, was shrewd, industrious, persevering, and obliging; in the course of years, he acquired a large fortune, and lived to see his only child married to Sir George Colebrook, chairman to the East India Company, and a banker in London, to whom Big Brogues gave with his daughter two hundred thousand pounds.

PETER BIG BROGUES' NEPHEW.

Big Brogues had a nephew of the name of Augustine Pentheney, who was very early in life encouraged to make a voyage to the West Indies, to follow his trade of a cooper, under the patronage of his uncle, and acquired, like him, an immense fortune. He became, indeed, the richer, though not the better, man of the two; he accumulated at least £300,000, but used it in a way that was a disgrace to human nature. He was a miser of the most perfect drawing, perhaps, that nature has given to the world. Mr. A. Pentheney saw mankind through one medium only; his vital powers were so diverted from

generous or social subjects, by the prevailing passion of gold, that he could discover no worth in any character, however venerable or respectable, that was not seconded by riches; in fact, any one that was not rich, he considered only as an inferior animal, neither worthy of notice, nor safe to be admitted into society. This extraordinary feeling he extended to the female sex, and, if possible, with a greater degree of disgust. A woman he considered only as an incumbrance on a man of property, and therefore he never could be prevailed upon to admit one into his confidence. As to wedlock, he utterly and uniformly rejected the idea of it. His wife was the public funds, and his children, guineas; and no parent or husband paid more deference or care to the comforts of his family. He was never known to separate his immense hoard, by rewarding a generous action, or alleviating an accidental misfortune, by the application of one shilling to such purposes. It could scarcely be expected, indeed, that a man who was so niggardly of comforts to himself, would bestow charity upon others. The evening before he died, some busy friend sent a respectable physician to him; the old miser did not show any apparent dislike to the visit, until he recollected the doctor might expect a fee; this alarmed him, and immediately raising himself in the bed, he addressed the Irish Esculapius in the following words: "Doctor, I am a strong man, and know my disorder, and could cure myself; but as Mr. Nangle has sent you to my assistance, I shall not exchange you for any other person, if we can come to an understanding: in fact, I wish to know what you will charge for your

attendance till I am recovered." The doctor answered, eight guineas. "Ah, sir," said the old man, "if you knew my disorder, you would not be exorbitant: but to put an end to this discussion, I will give you six guineas and a half." The doctor assented, and the patient held out his arm with the fee, to have his pulse considered, and then laid himself down again. His relations were numerous, but not being, in his opinion, qualified, from want of experience in the management of money, to nurse his wealth, he bequeathed the whole of it to a rich family in the West Indies, with the *generous* sum of £4 annually to a faithful servant, who lived with him twenty-four years. In the will, he expresses great kindness for poor John, and says he bequeathed the £4 for his kind services, that his latter days may be spent in comfortable independence! Like Thelluson, he would not allow his fortune to pass to his heirs immediately, as he directed that the whole should be funded for fourteen years, and then, in its improved state, be at the disposal of the heirs he had chosen. For the regulation of his last will and testament, he appointed Walter Nangle, Esq., and Major O'Farrell, of the Austrian army, his executors, and the Right Hon. David La Touche, and Lord Fingal, trustees.

A NEWS' PROVIDER.

Mr. Samuel Crisp, who died about the year 1784, was a stock-broker, and retired from business with an easy competency. His daily amusement for the last fourteen years of his life, was in throwing into the letter-box of the several newspapers, slips of paper,

containing short hints and broken sentences. And to gather materials for these, he travelled in the stage from London to Greenwich, and back again, in the same coach, every day. The owner of the Greenwich stage never anticipating that he would have so constant a customer, had agreed to carry him at all times for £27 a year; but he refused at last to stand by his agreement, and this, with some other mortifications from the newspaper editors, who did not value his favours at quite so high a rate as he thought he merited, put an end to poor Mr. Crisp's life.

EPICURISM.

Mr. Rogerson, the son of a gentleman of large fortune in Gloucestershire, after receiving an excellent education, was sent abroad to make the grand tour. In this journey, young Rogerson attended to nothing but the various modes of cookery, and the methods of eating and drinking luxuriously. Before his return, his father died, when he entered into the possession of a very large fortune, and a small landed estate. He was now able to look over his notes of epicurism, and to discover where the most exquisite dishes were to be had, and the best cooks to be procured. He had no other servants in his house but men cooks, for his footman, butler, housekeeper, coachman, and grooms, were all cooks. Amongst those that were more professionally so, were three cooks from Italy, one from Florence, another from Sienna, and another from Viterbo, who was employed for the special purpose of dressing one par-

ticular dish only, the *doce piccante* of Florence. He had also a German cook for dressing the livers of turkies, and the rest were all French.

Mr. Rogerson had a messenger constantly travelling between Brittany and London, to bring him the eggs of a certain sort of plover near St. Malo; and so extravagant was he, that he has ate a single dinner which, though consisting of two dishes only, cost him upwards of fifty guineas. He counted the minutes between his meals, and was wholly absorbed in devising means to indulge his appetite.

In the course of nine years, he found his table dreadfully abridged by the ruin of his fortune, and he was verging fast to poverty. When he had spent a fortune of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and was totally ruined, a friend gave him a guinea to keep him from starving; but a short time after, he was found dressing an ortolan for himself. A few days afterwards he died by his own hands.

SAUCY ARRANGEMENTS.

Mr. John Langley, an Englishman, who settled in Ireland, where he died, left the following extraordinary will:

"I, John Langley, born at Wincanton in Somersetshire, and settled in Ireland in the year 1651, now in my right mind and wits, do make my will in my own hand-writing. I do leave all my house goods, and farm of Black Kettle, of two hundred and fifty-three acres, to my son, commonly called Stubborn Jack; to him and his heirs for ever, provided he marries a Protestant woman, but not Alice Kendrick,

who called me Oliver's whelp. My new buck-skin breeches, and my silver tobacco-stopper, with J. L. on the top, I give to Richard Richards, my comrade, who helped me off at the storming of Clonmell, when I was shot through the leg. My said son John shall keep my body above ground six days and six nights after I am dead ; and Grace Kendrick shall lay me out, who shall have for so doing five shillings. My body shall be put upon the oak table, in the brown room, and fifty Irishmen shall be invited to my wake, and every one shall have two quarts of the best *aqua vitæ*, and each one a skein, dish, and knife laid before him ; and when the liquor is out, nail up my coffin, and commit me to earth, whence I came. This is my will. Witness my hand, this third of March, 1674.

JOHN LANGLEY."

Some of Mr. Langley's friends asked him why he would be at such expense in treating the Irishmen whom he hated ? He replied, that if they got drunk at his wake, they would probably get to fighting and kill one another, which would do something towards lessening the breed.

SIR GEORGE HASTINGS.

The estate of Woodlands, in Dorset, belonged some ages ago to Sir George Hastings, whose father, brother, and nephew, were all Earls of Huntingdon. At Winborne St. Giles, there is a whole length picture of Sir George. He is dressed in a stiff-skirted, lead coloured, coat, with knots or tags at his girdle, a white round hat, large band, great boots with long turned-

down tops, and spurs, with a great piece of leather in front, a hunting pole in his right hand, and his gloves in his left. Under the picture is the following account of him, drawn by Shaftesbury, the noble author of the *Characteristics*.

“ He was, peradventure, an original in our age, or rather the copy of our ancient nobility in hunting, not in warlike times. He was low, very strong, and very active; of reddish flaxen hair; his clothes always green cloth, and never worth, when new, five pounds. His house was perfectly of the old fashion, in the midst of a large park, well stocked with deer; and near the house, rabbits for his kitchen; many fish ponds; great store of wood and timber; a bowling-green, long, but narrow, full of high ridges, it being never levelled since it was ploughed; they used round sand bowls, and it had a large banquetting house, like a stand, built in a tree. He kept all manner of sport hounds, that run buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger; and hawks, long and short winged. He had a walk in the forest, and the manor of Christchurch; this last supplied him with red deer; sea and river fish; and indeed all his neighbours' grounds, and royalties, were free to him, who bestowed all his time on these sports, but what he borrowed to caress his tenants' wives and daughters, there being not a woman in all his walks, of the degree of a yeoman's wife, or under, and under the age of forty, but it was her own fault if he was not intimately acquainted with her. This made him very popular, always speaking kindly to the husband, brother, or father, who was, to boot, very welcome in his house. Whenever he came there, he found beef, pudding, and

small beer, in great plenty ; the house not so neatly kept as to shame him, or dirty his shoes ; the great hall strewed with marrow bones, full of hawks, paches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers ; the upper side of the hall hung with fox skins of this and the last year's killing ; here and there a polecat, intermixed with game keepers' and hunters' poles in great abundance. The parlour was a large room, as properly furnished. On a great hearth, paved with brick, lay some terriers, and the choicest hounds and spaniels. Seldom but two of the great chairs had litters of cats in them, which were not to be disturbed, he always having three or four attending him at dinner, and a little white stick of fourteen inches long, lying by his trencher, that he might defend such meat as he had no mind to part with to them. The windows, which were very large, served for places to lay his arrows, cross bows, and stone bows, and such like accoutrements ; the corners of the rooms full of the best chosen hunting poles ; his oyster table at the lower end, which was in constant use twice a day, all the year round, for he never failed to eat oysters both dinner and supper, at all seasons ; the neighbouring town of Poole supplied him with them. The upper part of the room had two small tables and a desk, on one side of which there was a church Bible, and on the other side the Book of Martyrs ; on the tables were hawks, hoods, bells, and such like ; two or three old green hats with the crown thrust in, so as to hold ten or a dozen eggs, which were of the pheasant kind of poultry ; these he took much care of, and fed himself. Tables, dice, cards, and books, were not wanting. In the hole of the desk, were a store of tobacco-pipes that

had been used. On one side of this end of the room, was the door of the closet, wherein stood the strong beer, and the wine, which never came from thence but in single glasses, that being the rule of the house exactly observed, for he never exceeded in drink, or permitted it. On the other side was the door of an old chapel, not used for devotion ; the pulpit, as the safest place, was never wanting of a cold chine of beef, venison pasty, gammon of bacon, or a great apple pie, with thick crust, extremely baked. His table cost him not much, though it was good to eat at. His sports supplied all but beef or mutton, except on Fridays, when he had the best of salt fish, as well as any other fish he could get : and this was the day his neighbours of best quality visited him. He never wanted a London pudding, and always sang it in ; ‘ With my part lyes therein a’.’ He drank a glass or two of wine at meals, very often put syrup of gilly flowers in his sack, and had always a tun glass without feet, stood before him, holding a pint of small beer, which he often stirred with rosemary. He was well natured, but soon angry.

* * * * *

“ He lived to be an hundred, and never lost his eyesight, but always wrote and read without spectacles, and got on horseback without help. Until past fourscore, he rode to the death of a stag as well as any.”

ADMONITION AND THANKS.

Mr. Cox, who was parish-clerk of St. Clement Danes in the early part of last century, once lent a man fifty shillings, which he kept him out of for several

years. When Cox called at his house, he could never find him at home, though he always went to church on Sunday, where he confronted his creditor in the middle aisle. Cox was much mortified at this assurance, and resolved one way or another to remind him of his obligation; and that too while labouring in his proper vocation. One Sunday, when his old antagonist was seated, and bidding defiance to all pecuniary claims, Cox, looking him full in the face, repeated the first lines of two staves he had selected, commencing--

“ The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again.”

This admonition had the desired effect, for the next day the man called and paid him the money.

Mr. Cox, who was a facetious old man, and loved his pipe and glass, had some difficulty of getting out from his wife, who was somewhat of a termagant. At length she died, and it was observed, that on the evening she was buried, the old clerk gave out the psalm beginning—

“ This is a joyful day indeed.”

VANDRAMINI, THE PAINTER.

Some years ago, when artists were more scarce than they are at present, Vandramini, the painter, was taken into Yorkshire by Mr. Aislaby, of Studley Park, to paint him some pictures; but he committed such excesses, that he was at length turned out of doors. Under those circumstances, he went to a draper at York, where he had frequently been

with his patron, and took goods for clothing on credit, and as, in conversation, he discovered that the man had saved one or two hundred pounds, he persuaded him to part with it, by the promise, of five per cent. interest; then getting a tailor recommended to make the clothes, he decamped in a hurry. It was some months before Mr. Aislaby had occasion to go to York, and when he called on the draper, the latter ventured to ask after his friend, when the other exclaimed, he had turned the rascal out of doors for his drunkenness and dissolute conduct. An explanation took place, and the man was advised to get a picture for his money, as the painter was no further off than Scarborough. The advice was followed, and he found the artist; who, after a bottle, painted before he left him a *large head of Satan* after the Fall. This was exhibited *gratis* at the draper's house at York, and by the company it attracted, amply repaid him. The poor tailor, who lived opposite, and had made the clothes, being mortified at his neighbour's success, determined to walk over to Scarborough, to see if he also could obtain a picture. On being introduced to Vandramini, with many bows and scrapes, begged, as the artist had painted a picture for his neighbour that was like to make his fortune, he would likewise paint one for him; but as his account was not so great as the draper's, he observed that he could not expect so large a picture; if he would be so good, however, as to paint him a *little devil*, he should be much obliged. The whim took; he got a small picture, and returned to York, where both pieces were exhibited with great *ecolat*.

DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

The eccentric Duke of Newcastle kept the most princely table, and the greatest number of domestics, of any nobleman in the three kingdoms. He would never suffer any one of them, during a series of years, to dispose of any part of their old liveries, but made this usual perquisite up to them in money, and the cast-off clothes were carefully deposited in a large store room, appropriated to that purpose, where they remained until after his grace's decease, when they were sold. The number of suits had so accumulated, that on their dispersion, and for a year or two after, there was scarcely a carter, coachman, drayman, chairman, or porter, in London, but wore the Newcastle livery.

The duke is known repeatedly to have had thirty legs of mutton cut up in one day, merely to take out the pope's eye.

The part which his grace acted at the funeral of George the Second, is thus pleasantly described by Horace Walpole. "The serious part of this grave scene," he says, "was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the archbishop hovering over him with a smelling bottle; but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass, to spy who was, or was not, there, spying with one hand, and mopping his eyes with the other. Then returned the fear of catching cold; and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down,

and turning round, found it was the Duke of N. standing upon his train, to avoid the chill of the marble."

GETTING A PRIZE.

Mr. Lenthall, who was descended from the Speaker of that name, while he lived at Burford, had a very good butler, who one morning came to him with a letter in his hand, and rubbing his forehead in that indescribable manner, which is an introduction to something which the person does not well know how to communicate, he told Mr. Lenthall, that he was very sorry to be obliged to quit his service. "Why, what is the matter, John? has any body offended you?---I thought you were as happy as any man could be in your situation."---"Yes, please your honour, that's not the thing, but I have just got a prize in the lottery of £3000, and I have all my life had a wish to live for one twelvemonth like a man of two or three thousand a year; and all I ask of your honour is, that when I have spent the money, you will take me back again into your service."---"That is a promise," said Mr. Lenthall, "which I believe I may safely make, as there is very little probability of your wishing to return to be a butler after having lived as a gentleman."

Mr. Lenthall was, however, mistaken. John spent nearly the amount of his ticket in less than a year. He had previously bought himself a small annuity to provide for his old age; when he had spent all the rest of his money, he actually returned to the service of Mr. Lenthall, with whom he lived many years.

FORTUNATE VENTURE.

In the year 1774, the following singular letter was read at a Board of Directors of the East India Company.

" GENTLEMEN,

" I am a clergyman of Ely, in the County of Cambridge. I have a parcel of fine boys, but not much cash to provide for them. My eldest son I intended for a pillar of the church; with this view, I gave him a suitable education at school, and afterwards entered him at Cambridge; where he resided the usual time, and last Christmas took his degree, with some reputation to himself; but I must at the same time add, that he is more likely to kick a church down, than to support one. He is of a very eccentric genius; he had no notion of restraint to chapel gates, lectures, &c., for want of obedience to their rules: he treated them in the contemptible light of not being gentlemen, and seemed to intimate that he should call them to an account, as in an affair of honour. This soon disconcerted all my plans for him; and on talking with him the other day, and asking him what road his honour would choose to pursue in future life, he told me that his plan was to go into the India service. Upon being interrogated, whether he had any reasonable expectation from that quarter? he looked small, and said, No. Now, gentlemen, I know no more of you than you do of me, and therefore it is not unlikely, but that you will look upon me to be, as chimerical a man as my son, in making

this application to you ; but you will remember, that he is my son, and that reflection, I hope, will be deemed a sufficient apology. I want your advice, and not knowing any individual amongst you, I apply to you publicly as a body. If he will suit your service, and you can help me, do. He is now about twenty, near six feet high, well made, stout, and very active, and is as bold and intrepid as a lion. He is of a Welsh extraction for many generations ; and I think, as my first-born, has not degenerated. If you like to look at him, you shall see him, and judge for yourselves. You may leave word with your clerk. I shall call again shortly to hear what you say ; and remain, in the meantime,

“ Gentlemen, your’s, &c. (in haste)

“ THOMAS JONES.”

“ *Black Bull Inn, Bishopsgate Street,
March 3, 1774.*”

“ P.S. If you like him, I will equip him.”

The Board of Directors, pleased with the blunt simplicity of this letter, ordered an appointment to be made out for the young man as a cadet.

SWIFT AT THOMAS-TOWN.

Dean Swift had heard much of the hospitable festivities of Thomas-town, the seat of Mr. Mathew (See *Anecdotes of Conviviality*), from his friend, Dr. Sheridan ; who had often been a welcome guest, both on account of his convivial qualities, and as being the preceptor of the nephew of Mr. Mathew.

He at length became desirous of ascertaining with his own eyes, the truth of a report, which he could not forbear considering as greatly exaggerated. On receiving an intimation of this from Sheridan, Mr. Mathew wrote a polite letter to the dean, requesting the honour of a visit, in company with the doctor, at his next school vacation. They accordingly set out on horseback, attended by a gentleman who was a near relation to Mr. Mathew.

They had scarcely reached the inn where they intended to pass the first night, and which, like most of the Irish inns, at that time, afforded but miserable entertainment, when they were surprised by the arrival of a coach and six horses, sent to convey them the remainder of the journey to Thomas-town; and at the same time, bringing a supply of the choicest viands, wines, and other liquors, for their refreshment. Swift was highly pleased with this uncommon mark of attention paid him; and the coach proved particularly acceptable, as he had been a good deal fatigued with his day's journey.

When they came in sight of the house, the dean, astonished at its magnitude, cried out, "What, in the name of God, can be the use of such a vast building?" "Why, Mr. Dean," replied the fellow-traveller before mentioned, "there are no less than forty apartments for guests in that house, and all of them probably occupied at this time, except what are reserved for us." Swift, in his usual manner, called out to the coachman, to stop, and drive him back to Dublin, for he could not think of mixing with such a crowd. "Well," said he, immediately afterwards, "there is no remedy, I must submit, but I have lost a fortnight of my life."

Mr. Mathew received him at the door with uncommon marks of respect; and then conducting him to his apartments, after some compliments, made his usual speech, acquainting him with the customs of the house, and retired, leaving him in possession of his castle. Soon after, the cook appeared with his bill of fare, to receive his directions about supper; and the butler at the same time, with a list of wines, and other liquors. "And is all this really so?" said Swift, "and may I command here, as in my own house?" His companion assured him he might, and that nothing could be more agreeable to the owner of the mansion, than that all under his roof, should live conformably to their own inclinations, without the least restraint. "Well then," said Swift, "I invite you and Dr. Sheridan to be my guests, while I stay; for I think I shall scarcely be tempted to mix with the mob below."

Three days were passed in tiding over the demesne, and viewing the various improvements, without ever seeing Mr. Mathew, or any of the guests; nor were the company below much concerned at the dean's absence, as his very name usually inspired those who did not know him, with awe; and they were afraid that his presence would put an end to the ease and cheerfulness which reigned among them. On the fourth day, Swift entered the room, where the company were assembled before dinner, and addressed Mr. Mathew, in a strain of the highest compliment, expatiating on all the beauties of his improvements, with all the skill of an artist, and with the taste of a connoisseur. Such an address from a man of Swift's character, could not fail of

being pleasing to the owner, who was, at the same time, the planner of these improvements; and so fine an eulogium from one, who was supposed to deal more largely in satire, than panegyric, was likely to remove the prejudice entertained against his character, and prepossessed the rest of the company in his favour. He concluded his speech, by saying: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, I am come to live among you, and it shall be no fault of mine, if we do not pass our time agreeably."

In a short time, all restraint on his account disappeared. He entered readily into all the little schemes for promoting mirth; and every day, with the assistance of his coadjutor, produced some new one, which afforded a good deal of sport and merriment. In short, never were such joyous scenes known at Thomas-town before. When the time came, which obliged Sheridan to return to his school, the company were so delighted with the dean, that they earnestly entreated him to remain there some time longer; and Mr. Mathew himself for once broke through a rule which he observed, of never soliciting the stay of any guest. Swift found himself so happy, that he readily yielded to their solicitations; and instead of a fortnight, passed four months there, much to his own satisfaction, and that of all those who visited the place during that time.

DISCOUNTING A LEGACY.

Mr. Taylor, the stock-jobber, who died worth one hundred thousand pounds, consols, was so penurious, that he scarcely allowed himself the common neces-

saries of life. A few days before his decease, the officers of the parish in which he resided, waited upon him at his request; they found the old man on a wretched bed in a garret, making his dinner on a thin rasher of bacon and a potatoe, of which he asked them to partake. One of them accepted the offer; upon this, the miser desired his cook to broil him another; but finding the larder was totally empty, he harshly rebuked her for not having it well supplied with a *quarter of a pound*, to cut out in rashers whenever it was wanted for company. He then informed the overseers of the poor, that he had left by his will £1000, sterling, for their relief, and eagerly enquired if they would not allow him *discount*, for *prompt payment*: this being assented to, apparently much delighted, he immediately gave them a cheque on his banker for £950! and soon after breathed his last.

ECONOMICAL SPORTSMAN.

Some years ago, there lived in London a very extraordinary sportsman, a Mr. Osbaldeston, who was clerk to an attorney. He was the younger son of a gentleman of good family in the North of England; and having imprudently married one of his father's servants, was turned out of doors, with no other fortune than a southern hound, big with pup, and whose offspring from that time, became a source of amusement to him. With half a dozen children, as many couple of hounds, and two hunters, did Mr. Osbaldeston keep himself, family, dogs, and

horses, upon an income of sixty pounds per annum. This, too, was effected in London, without running into debt, or ever wanting a good coat on his back. To explain this seeming impossibility, it should be remarked, that after the expiration of the office hours, he acted as an accountant for the butchers of Clare Market, who paid him in offal: the cleanest morsels of this, he selected for himself and family; and with the rest, he fed his hounds, which were kept in the garret. His horses were lodged in his cellar, and fed on grains from a neighbouring brewhouse, and on damaged corn, with which he was supplied by a corn-chandler, whose books he kept. Once or twice in the season, he hunted; and by giving a hare now and then to the farmers, over whose grounds he sported, he secured their good will and permission; and several gentlemen knowing the economy of his hunting establishment, connived at his sporting over their manors.

MELANCHOLY DELUSION.

Simon Southward was a miller at Boxgrove, near Chichester, and followed the occupation with industry and attention, until the year 1766; when, from a strange species of insanity, he fancied himself Earl of Derby, King of Man; assumed those titles, neglected his business, and became extremely troublesome to his neighbours. In February, 1767, he was arrested for a small debt, at the suit of the Duke of Richmond, and was conveyed to the old gaol at Horsham. From this he was removed to the present gaol, and after a captivity of forty-three years, four

months, and eight days, was at length released by the hand of death, in 1810! Simon Southward had a commanding countenance; his manners were generally affable, and his deportment polite; he was, however, when offended, exceedingly wrath, and with difficulty pacified, particularly when its ire had been occasioned by doubts about his assumed dignity. He supposed himself a state prisoner, and would accept of no money or clothes, which were not presented to him as coming from the king, his cousin. His dress was generally a drab coat, of a very ancient cut, and a cocked hat with a black cockade. Simon was always addressed, as well by the governors of the gaol, as by his fellow prisoners and visitors, by the style of "My lord!" and to no other denomination would he ever reply. He had been supported for a number of years, by a weekly stipend from the parish of Boxgrove, which he expended on necessities with the strictest economy; but could scarcely be ever prevailed upon to receive a meal or other favour, except under the deception above stated.

DR. MONSEY.

Dr. Messinger Monsey, who was many years physician to Chelsea College, and known all over the metropolis for his eccentricities, used, by way of ridiculing family pride, to say, that the first of his ancestors, of any note, was a baker, and dealer in hops; a trade which enabled him with some difficulty to support a large family. To procure a

present sum of money, he robbed the feather beds of their contents; and supplied the deficiency with unsaleable hops. In a few years, a severe blight universally prevailing, hops became very scarce, and enormously dear; the hoarded treasure was ripped out, and a good sum procured for hops, which, in a plentiful season, would not have been saleable: "And thus," the doctor used to add, "our family *hopped* from obscurity."

The doctor enjoyed the office of physician to Chelsea Hospital for so long a period, for he lived to the great age of ninety-six, that the reversion of the place was successively promised to many persons, who never lived to see it vacant. The gentleman for whom it was last intended, having gone out to Chelsea, to take a view of his land of promise, the doctor saw him from his window examining very curiously the house and gardens; and guessing the purpose of his visit, he went out, and thus accosted him: "Well, sir, I see you are examining your house and gardens that are to be; and I can assure you they are both very pleasant, and very convenient: but I must tell you one circumstance; you are the fifth man that has had the reversion of the place, and I have buried them all; and what is more, there is something in your face, that tells me I shall bury you too!" Not only was the doctor's prediction verified; but of such bad omen did the reversion to the physicianship of Chelsea, become at last, that nobody would accept of it; and at the doctor's death, there was no one who had the promise of the situation.

Although the doctor was a man of great whimsi-

cality, he possessed a very comprehensive understanding, and no small share of wit and genius. He numbered among his most intimate friends, some of the greatest men of his time, and among others, that great statesman, Lord Godolphin. Of Monsey's skill in his professional capacity, the proofs on record are not so satisfactory. He is said to have adopted a very singular mode of drawing his own teeth: it consisted in fastening a strong piece of catgut firmly round the affected tooth; the other end was fixed to a perforated bullet: with this a pistol was charged, and when held in a proper direction, by touching the trigger, a troublesome companion, and tedious operation, were got rid of. A person whom the doctor fancied he had persuaded to adopt this new mode of operation, went so far as to let him fasten the catgut to the tooth; his resolution then failed, and he loudly cried out, that he had altered his mind. "But I have not," said Monsey, holding fast the string, and giving it a smart pull, "you are a fool and a coward for your pains."

The doctor had a taste for mechanics; and to this, his mode of tooth-drawing may with probability be ascribed. An apartment of his house he had converted into a workshop, and filled with a confused collection of wheels, pendulums, nails, saws, hammers, chisels, and other instruments of handicraft. As long as age and eye-sight permitted, he would amuse himself here the whole day long, and took particular pleasure in executing all sorts of joiners' work, either for himself, or any of his friends.

In his habits, the doctor was penurious and saving; and like all misers, one of his chief cares was the care of his treasures; he was often at a loss to know which place was the safest to deposit his cash in; for bureaux and strong boxes, he knew were not always secure. Previous to a journey into Norfolk, one summer, he selected the fire-place of his sitting room, for his treasury; and placed the bank notes and cash, under the cinders and shavings. On his return, after a month's absence, he found his old woman preparing to treat a friend or two with tea, and in order to show the more respect to her guests, the parlour fire-place was selected for boiling the kettle, as she never expected her master until she saw him. The fire had just been lighted, when the doctor arrived at the critical moment; he rushed, without speaking, to the pump, where luckily a pail of water was standing: he threw the whole over the fire, and the poor old woman, who was diligently employed in removing it. His money was safe; for although some of the notes were partially burnt, sufficient fragments remained to enable the doctor, with some official trouble, to get paid at the Bank.

COUNT DE BUCKEBOURG.

Count Schaumbourg Lippe, better known by the title of the Count de Buckebourg, was as singular in his appearance as he was in his manners. [See *Camp Dinner, Anecdotes of Conviviality.*] When he commanded the Portuguese army against the Spaniards, the generals of the latter, when reconnoitring with their telescopes; and observing the count, exclaimed,

with one voice, "Are the Portuguese commanded by Don Quixote?" Indeed, his heroic countenance and flowing hair, his tall and meagre figure, and above all, the extraordinary length of his visage, might well bring back the recollection of the Knight of La Mancha.

The count, who was born in London, was fond of contending with the English in every thing. He once laid a wager, that he would ride a horse from London to Edinburgh backwards; and in this manner he actually travelled through several counties in England. He also travelled the greatest part of the kingdom on foot, and in company with a German prince, made a tour through several counties as a common beggar.

The count, being informed that part of the current of the Danube above Regensburgh, was so strong and rapid, that no person had even dared to swim across it, he made the attempt, and swam so far, that it was with difficulty he saved his life.

BRITISH TIMON.

Mr. Gossling, an old gentleman who lived in Wych Street, about the year 1737, was called the British Timon, or woman-hater, on account of his never employing a woman to do any thing about him. He occupied two rooms, lighted his own fire, cooked his own victuals, made his own bed, and washed his own stockings and handkerchiefs, the only washable articles of his dress, for he wore no shirt, nor had he any sheets on his bed. His dress, which was remarkable and antiquated, was preserved

with the utmost care; and he used to strew over such of his clothes as he did not wear constantly, cedar saw-dust and shavings: he used the same process with his bedding.

TARS TREATING AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

As a party of sailors were going to Highgate, on passing a farrier's shed, one of them chanced to observe a little white pony standing at the door. He instantly vociferated to his companions, that it was the pony that Prince William (the Duke of Clarence, then a midshipman) used to ride upon in Jamaica. These words were no sooner uttered, than the eyes of the whole party were turned on the pony; and almost in the same moment, they one and all sprung forward to pour forth their congratulations on so unexpected a meeting. The first transport of joy being over, they, without enquiring to whom the pony belonged, took it up in their arms, carried it in triumph to a neighbouring public house, into which they wished to carry him; but Boniface persuaded them to deposit him at the door. Some of them ran into the house, and soon afterwards returned with a quartern loaf, and a couple of pots of porter. The bread was hastily broken into bits, which, with the porter, were thrown into a large earthen dish, and the foaming mess presented to the little favourite, who greedily devoured it, to the no small diversion of those boisterous sons of good humour, whose obstreperous mirth brought a crowd to the door.

One of the honest tars, eager to show a greater share of zeal for his prince, or affection for the little animal, of whose appetite and enjoyments he probably judged from his own, threw into the dish half a pint of gin. This produced three cheers, and appeared so gratifying, that they all drank bumpers of the same liquor, to the health of the royal midshipman, and his little white pony. They then threw down some silver, without counting it, conducted the pony back to the farrier's shop, and proceeded on their journey.

JOURNEYMAN MISER.

In 1803, there died in Clare Market, one Tom Pett, a journeyman butcher, who had worked there forty-two years, and though his wages were small, had, by dint of mere saving, amassed the sum of £2475 in the 3 per cents. For the last thirty-five years of his life, he lodged in a gloomy back room on a second floor, which was never brightened up with coal, candle-light, or the countenance of a visitor. Every article of his dress was second-hand, nor was he choise in the colour or quality; jocosely observing, when he was twitted on his garb, that, according to Solomon, there was nothing new under the sun; and that, as to colour, it was a mere matter of fancy; and that that was the best, which stuck longest to its integrity. Then, as to washing, he used to say, a man did not deserve a shirt that would not wash it himself; and that the only fault he had to find with Lord North, was the duty he imposed on soap. There was one expense, however, that lay heavy on his

mind, and robbed him of many a night's sleep, and that was, shaving; he often lamented that he had not learned to shave himself; but used to console himself by hoping, that beards would one day be in fashion, and that even the Bond Street loungers would be driven to wear artificial ones. He made a promise one night, when he was very thirsty, that as soon as he had accumulated a thousand pounds, he would treat himself to a pint of porter every Saturday. Fortune soon put it in his power to perform this promise, and he continued to observe it till the additional duty was laid on porter; he then sunk to half a pint, as he thought that sufficient for any man that did not wish to get drunk, and, of course, die in a workhouse. If he heard of an auction in the neighbourhood, he was sure to run for a catalogue, and when he had collected a number together, he used to sell them for waste paper. When he was first told that the Bank was restricted from paying in specie, he shook loudly, as Klopstock the poet says, took to his bed, and could not be prevailed on to taste a morsel, or wet his lips, till he was assured that all was right. On Sundays, after dinner, he used to lock himself up in his room, and amuse himself with reading an old newspaper, or writing rhymes, many of which he left behind him on slips of paper. The following epigram will serve as a specimen of his talents in this way. It was written on hearing that small-beer was raised.

“ They've raised the price of table drink ;
What is the reason, do you think ?
The tax on malt, the cause I hear :
But what has malt to do with table-beer ? ”

He was never known, even in the depth of the coldest winter, to light a fire in his room, or to go to bed by candle-light.

He was a great friend to good cheer at the expense of another. "Every man," said he, "ought to eat when he can get it—an empty sack cannot stand."

If his thirst at any time got the better of his avarice, and water was not at hand, he would sometimes venture to step into a public house, and call for a pennyworth of beer. On those trying occasions, he was always sure to sit in the darkest corner of the tap-room, in order that he might drink in every thing that was said with thirsty ear. He was seldom or ever known to utter a word, unless Bonaparte or a parish dinner were mentioned; and then he would draw a short contrast between French kickshaws and the roast beef and plum-pudding of Old England, which he called the staple commodity of life. Once on a time, he was prompted to purchase a *pin* of small beer; but the moment he locked it up in his closet, he repented, tore the hair out of his wig, and threw the key out of the window, lest he should be tempted, in some unlucky moment, to make too free with it.

For the last twenty years of his life, his pulse rose and fell with the funds; he never laid down or rose, that he did not bless the first inventor of compound interest.

About three days before his dissolution, he was pressed by his mistress to make his will, which he at last reluctantly assented to, observing, as he signed his name, that it was a hard thing that a man should sign away all his property with a stroke of a pen.

He left all he was possessed of to distant re-

lations, not one of whom he had ever seen or corresponded with.

WHIMSICAL TASTES.

A few years ago a young lady was living near Exeter, whose eccentric sympathies and antipathies, were the talk of the whole neighbourhood. She had a mortal aversion to all colours, except green, yellow, or white, in one of which she always dressed. She has been known to swoon away at the sight of a soldier, and a funeral never failed to throw her into a violent perspiration. She would not eat or drink out of any thing but queen's ware or pewter; and was as peculiar in what she ate or drank, preferring the muddy water of the Thames, to the clearest spring, and meat which had been kept too long, to that which was fresh. She preferred the sound of the Jews' harp to the most delicious music, and had in every thing a taste peculiarly her own.

AN OLD MAID'S WILL.

A maiden lady, who died in London in 1786, left the following singular legacies in her will.

"Item. I leave to my dear entertaining Jackoo (a monkey), £10 per annum during his natural life, to be expended yearly for his support."

"Item. To Shock and Tib (a lapdog and a cat), £5 each for their annual subsistence during life; but should it so happen that Shock die before Tib, or Tib before Shock, then, and in that case, the survivor to have the whole."

The legacies in remainder, were bequeathed to her niece.

LADY LEWSON.

It is not many years since a very remarkable personage, known to all her neighbours by the name of Lady Lewson, used almost daily to perambulate Cold Bath Square, the house, No. 12, wherein she resided for the better part of a century. So partial was this ancient dame to the fashions that prevailed in her youthful days, that she never changed the manner of her dress from that worn in the reign of George the First. She always wore powder, with a large tête, made of horse hair, near half a foot high, over which her hair was turned up ; over that again, was a cap, which knotted under her chin, and three or four curls hanging down her neck. She generally wore silk gowns, and the train long, with a deep flounce all round ; a very long waste, and very tightly laced up to her neck, round which was a ruff, or frill. The sleeves of her gown came below the elbow, from each of which, four or five large cuffs were attached ; a large straw bonnet, quite flat, high heeled shoes, a large black silk cloak, trimmed round with lace, and a gold-headed cane, completed her every day costume.

Lady, or, in plainer phrase, Mrs. Jane Lewson, for her title was but a popular tribute to the stateliness of her manners, was born in the year 1700, during the reign of William and Mary, and was married at an early age to a wealthy gentleman of the name of Lewson. She became a widow at the age of twenty-six, having only one daughter living at the time. Mrs. Lewson being left by

her husband in affluent circumstances, preferred to continue single, and remained so, although she had many suitors. When her daughter married, being left alone, she became fond of retirement, and rarely went abroad, or permitted the visits of any person. For the last thirty years of her life, she kept no servant, except one old female, who was succeeded by her granddaughter, and she by an old man who attended the different houses in the square to go on errands, clean shoes, &c. Mrs. Lewson took this man into her house, and he acted as her steward, butler, cook, and housemaid, and with the exception of two old lap-dogs and a cat, he was her only companion. The house she occupied was large and elegantly furnished, but very ancient; the beds were kept constantly made, although they had not been slept in for fifty years. Her apartment being only occasionally swept out, but never washed, the windows were so crusted with dirt, that they hardly admitted a ray of light. A large garden in the rear of her house, was the only thing she paid attention to; this was always kept in good order; and here, when the weather permitted, she enjoyed the air, or sometimes sat and read, of which she was particularly fond; or else chatted on past times with any of the few remaining acquaintances whose visits she permitted. She seldom visited herself, except at Mr. Jones's, a grocer in the square, with whom she dealt. She had for many years survived every individual of her relatives within many degrees of kindred, and died at last at the great age of one hundred and eighteen. She always enjoyed an excellent state of health, assisted in regulating her house, and never

had, until a little previous to her decease, an hour's illness. She cut two new teeth at the age of eighty-seven, and never lost one in her life, nor was she ever troubled with the tooth-ache.

KINGLY WANTS.

Peter Pindar relates the following story in one of his notes. The cry of "More money," brings to recollection a little dialogue amongst the many that happened between the King of the Mosquitoes and myself in the Government-house at Jamaica, during the administration of the late Sir William Trelawney. His majesty was a very stout black man, exceedingly ignorant, nevertheless possessed of the sublimest ideas of royalty: very riotous, and grievously inclined to get drunk. He came to me one day, with a voice more like that of a bullock than a king, roaring, "Mo drink for king---mo drink for king?"---*Peter Pindar*---"King, you are drunk already."---*King*---"No, no; king no drunk---king no drunk---Mo drink for king!---Broder George love drink"---(meaning the King of England.)---*Peter Pindar*---"Broder George does not love drink: he is a sober man."---*King*---"But King of Mosquito love drink---me will have mo drink---me love drink like devil---me drink whole occan!"

KEEPING ACCOUNTS.

An old tradesman in the town of Sterling, used to keep his accounts in a singular manner. He hung

up two boots, one on each side of the chimney ; and in one, he put all the money he received ; and in the other, all the receipts and vouchers for the money he paid ; at the end of the year, or whenever he wanted to make up his accounts, he emptied the boots, and by counting their several and respective contents, he was enabled to make a balance perhaps with as much regularity, and as little trouble, as any book-keeper in the country.

ISAAC AMBROSE.

Few works have been more popular with all ranks of people, than those of honest Isaac Ambrose, the nonconformist. His thoughts had every year what he called a musing time. It was his regular custom to retire for a month, every summer, to a little hut in a wood, where he shunned all society, and gave himself up entirely to contemplation. When death came to put an end to his labours, he had so strong a presentiment of its approach, that he went round to all his friends, at their own houses, to bid them farewell ; and after sending his last finished composition, " A Discourse concerning Angels," to the press, he shut himself up in his parlour to die, and there he was next day found expiring, in the seventy-second year of his age.

DUKE OF WHARTON.

The Duke of Wharton, so famed for his many eccentricities, making a call one morning on Mr. G——, his lawyer, who had chambers in the Temple, found him under the hands of his barber. Throwing him-

self; therefore, into a chair, he took a pamphlet which lay on the table before him, and amused himself with skimming the pages of it, till Strap had finished his operation on Mr. G.'s face. The duke then having laid down his pamphlet, and stroked his chin, started up, and said to Strap, "Come, friend, get your things ready to shave *me*."

He accordingly obeyed the duke with alacrity (being no stranger to his grace's person), and shaved him to his satisfaction. The duke then, having wiped his face, and replaced his wig before the glass, put his hand into his pocket; but drawing it out again hastily, expressed no small uneasiness that he had no money to pay for the removal of his beard.

"Oh, and please your grace," said Strap, simpering, "it is no matter, your grace is very welcome." "Yes, but it is, though," replied the duke; "I hate to be in debt; therefore, come---sit down in that chair, and I will shave *you*, and then we shall be even (winking at the same time to Mr. G.)."

Strap looked rather foolish, and made some awkward speeches, but they were of no service to him: the duke was peremptory, so down he sat.

The duke went to work with much mock solemnity, and having shaved the poor fellow, in a style not amiss for a duke, he exclaimed, "There, friend, I am out of debt," and ran down stairs, laughing most heartily.

A "KING'S MESSENGER."

Attached to the King's Printing Office, there was for many years a singular character of the name of

John Smith, in the capacity of messenger, who died in 1818, at the advanced age of ninety-nine years.

During a period of eighty years, did this honest creature fill the humble station of errand carrier at His Majesty's Printing Office. But what was accounted humble, became in his hands important; and the "King's Messenger," as he always styled himself, yielded to none of his majesty's ministers in the conception of the dignity of his office, when entrusted with king's speeches, addresses, bills, and other papers of state. At the offices of the secretaries of state, when loaded with parcels of this description, he would throw open every chamber without ceremony; the Treasury and Exchequer doors could not oppose him, and even the study of archbishops has often been invaded by this important messenger of the press. His antiquated and greasy garb, corresponded with his wizard-like shape, and his immense cocked hat was continually in motion, to assist him in the bows of the old school; the recognition and nods of great men in office, were his delight. But he imagined that this courtesy was due to his character, as being identified with the state; and the chancellor and the speaker, were considered by him in no other view, than persons filling departments in common with himself, for the seals of the one, and the mace of the other, did not, in his estimation, distinguish them more than the bag used by himself in the transmission of the despatches entrusted to his care. The imperfect intellect given to him, seemed only to fit him for the situation he filled. Take him out of it, he was as helpless as a child, and easily became a dupe to those who were disposed to impose upon him. With a high opinion of his own

judgment, however, he diverted himself, and others, by mimicking the voice and manner of his superiors, when he thought he perceived any assumption of character. John could imitate the strut and swell of the great man, and even the frivolity of a fop. His early friends report of him, that he was dutiful to an ancient mother, and sacrificed his own comforts for a parent's support ; but it was not known that he ever felt the tender passion of love. It was now John's fate, at fourscore and ten, to discover himself to be a son of Adam. Female warmth melted the seals set on his thrifty bags, and the soothings of a daughter of Eve, turned the miser to a spendthrift ; the fair one having spent his all, left him. The poor fellow, though a great man, was honest, and the liberal establishment to which he belonged, adhered to him to his last moments. Like the leaves of autumn, generations of men are swept away and are soon forgotten ; and though this singular being was comparatively known to few, yet as his hand has conveyed papers of state to most of the great statesmen of the last and present century ; when, considering him ministering with fidelity in this way from the days of Sir Robert Walpole, beyond the time of William Pitt the Second, bearing on his back the mighty results of their labours, poor old John, who was as important in his own conceits as any statesman in his time, may lay in his claim also for his share of renown.

SIR DAVID DUNDAS.

In a review at Weymouth some years ago, before his late majesty, General Dundas's horse fell with

him. The attending officer immediately dismounted to assist the general, and was much concerned to learn that his leg was broken. "I will try to get your boot off," said the officer. "Do, mon, do," replied the general. A knife was instantly produced.—"Hoot, awa', mon, what are you about?"—"I am going to cut your boot off." "Hold, mon; ye shan't do ony such thing: no, sir, I bought them just before I came to the camp, and I gi'ed six-and-thirty shillings for them---pull it off, sir, pull it off." It was represented to him, that it was impossible, under his present suffering; but nothing would do---"the boot should not be cut to pieces in that manner." At this moment King George the Third arrived at the spot, and anxiously enquired what had happened? The circumstance was explained. "What! what! not cut off the boot? pooh, pooh, stuff," said the king: "cut it off, cut it off." "No, no," replied the general; "they are new boots, your majesty; and I command him at his peril to cut the boot—he can pull it off." Remonstrance was in vain. The Prince of Wales (his present majesty) arrived during the squabble; and on learning the cause of the apparent dispute, added his persuasion to the king's, to have the boot dismembered. The only reply of the general was, "No, no, it shan't be cut off—they cost me six-and-thirty shillings." The attempt was then made to draw off the boot, and at length accomplished, though the agony of the sufferer was feelingly portrayed by the perspiration dropping from his forehead. A surgeon had, in the meantime, been sent for, and now arrived: on examination, he ascertained that the limb was not broken, but dread-

fully bruised; on which, the king immediately despatched a messenger for one of his carriages, then on the ground, and the general was conveyed to Weymouth, inwardly exulting that he had saved his boot; the prince rejoicing that the accident was no worse, and congratulating him on saving his six-and-thirty shillings.

Some time after, on another day of exercise, when the general had recovered, he solicited the king to witness a new manœuvre he had adopted; and as they were proceeding to the spot marked out, he wished the king to take the upper ground. "No, no," replied his majesty, "I'm not fond of opodeldoc; but if I were to get a fall, I would sacrifice my boot to save my leg." The same day, after the review, the general met the officer who had assisted him in his accident on the Esplanade, and requested him to join two friends to dinner that day. The officer was surprised, and mentioned the circumstance to Lord Harrington. "What! invited to dine with Dundas?" said his lordship. "Well, well, as he has asked you to dinner, I ask you to supper, and will give orders to have an *additional cover*." His lordship was a true prophet; his anticipations were realized: the dinner consisted of an immense overgrown target of lamb, sufficient in quantity, but very inferior in quality; it was the *best joint* he could procure. An apple-pie formed the remove. One bottle of, what should have been, Sherry, procured from an adjoining tavern, proverbial for recommending *cheap* liqueurs; and, after the cloth was removed, one bottle of *excellent* port from the *same* mart, constituted the *extraordinary* repast; the general remarking, as he emptied the

decanter in *his own glass*, and looking through the blinds at the same moment, "Ha, ha, I see the king is taking his evening walk on the Esplanade—we maun all go and make our boo to his majesty:" and at the same time rising from the table, took leave of his *highly gratified* guests. The anecdote was repeated in the evening, to the gratification of a numerous assemblage of brother officers, at the hospitable supper table of Lord Harrington.

SHERIDAN.

Mr. Sheridan always lived and acted without any regular system for the government of his conduct; the consequence was, as might have been expected, that he became the sport of capricious friendship, and when the winter of his days approached, he experienced the mutability of political connexions, and the folly of neglecting those resources which can alone support the mind in every exigency, and minister to its comfort in the dreariness of solitude. Home, though the abode of domestic virtue and affection, was no longer safe to a man so long known and so much courted by numerous applicants, to avoid whose troublesome enquiries, and to gain a respite from anxiety, he passed much of his time in coffee-houses and taverns. Frequent inebriety was the result of such a course of life; and the effects of it upon his constitution, which had been naturally a very robust one, soon appeared in his countenance and his manners. Yet, sinking as he now was into the lowest state of human declension, occasional sallies of humour escaped him, even when he was unable to

stand, or scarcely to articulate. Coming very late one night out of a tavern, he fell, and being too much overtaken with liquor to recover his feet, he was raised by some passengers, who asked his name, and place of abode; to which he replied, by referring to a coffee-house, and hiccuping that he was Mr. *Wil-ber-force*.

THE PALAGONIAN MADNESS.

When Goethe was at Palermo in 1787, and joking with a tradesman in the great street of the city, a tall well-dressed footman came up hastily, and presented a silver plate, on which lay several pieces of copper, and a few of silver coin. "As I did not know what it meant," says Goethe, "I shrugged my shoulders, nodding my head, the usual sign by which one excuses one's-self, whether one does not, or will not, understand the proposal or question. He was gone as quickly as he came, and I now saw his comrade on the other side of the street, employed in the same manner.

"What does that mean?" said I to the tradesman, who, with an expressive mien, and, as it were, by stealth, pointed to a tall thin man, who, in a court-dress, walked with much gravity and composure over the dirt. With his hair frizzled and powdered, his hat under his arm, in a silk dress, a sword at his side, neat shoes with diamond buckles, the old man walked gravely and calmly forward; all eyes were fixed upon him.

"That is the Prince of Palagonia," said the tradesman, "who from time to time goes through the

city, and collects money to ransom the slaves captured by the Barbary pirates. It is true this collection never produces much ; but the subject is called to mind, and those who give nothing when living, often bequeath handsome sums for this purpose. The prince has been many years at the head of this institution, and has done infinite good.'

"Instead of squandering such large sums, exclaimed I, on the follies of his palace, he should have employed them to this end. No prince in the world would have performed more.

" ' Ah ! ' said the tradesman, ' that is the way with us all ; for our follies, we are willing enough to pay ourselves ; others must furnish the money to defray the expense of our virtues. ' "

The Prince of Palagonia, of the follies of whose palace Goethe here speaks, was one of the most extraordinary patrons of the absurd and ridiculous that perhaps ever existed. The following is the account given by Goethe of the origin and progress of the Palagonian madness, as he justly styles it :

" When a country-house in these parts lies more or less in the middle of the whole estate, and in order to reach the mansion, one has to drive through cultivated fields, kitchen gardens, &c., the people show themselves more economical than the inhabitants of the north, who often employ a large extent of good ground for a park, in order to please the eye with unfruitful shrubs. Here, in the south, they build two walls, between which you go to the mansion, without any prospect either to the right or the left. This road generally begins with a great portal, perhaps with an arched-way, and ends in the court-

yard of the mansion. But that they may not be wholly without entertainment between these walls, they are scolloped out at the top, and ornamented with scrolls and pedestals, upon which, perhaps, there stands a vase here and there. The plain parts are divided into compartments, and painted. The court-yard is surrounded with a circle of buildings, of one story, inhabited by the servants and workmen; the square-formed mansion rises above all.

"This is the nature of the arrangement, as it probably existed till the father of the prince built the mansion, not indeed in the most excellent, but in a tolerable, style. But the present owner, without departing from those general principles, gives full scope to his passion for deformed absurd images; and it is doing him far too much honour to allow him a spark of imagination.

"We enter the great hall, which begins at the boundary of the estate, and find an octagon, very high in proportion to its breath. Four enormous giants, with modern tight-buttoned gaiters, support the cornice, on which, directly opposite the entrance, there is the Holy Trinity.

"The way to the mansion is broader than usual; the wall is converted into a continued high casement, upon which, raised pedestals bear strange groups; in the intervals between which, several vases are placed.

* * *

"I just now said groups, and used a false expression, improper in this place; for those are not placed together in consequence of any reflection, or even

design, they are, as it were, thrown together at random.

* * * *

“That we may fully record the elements of the madness of the Prince of Palagonia, we give the following catalogue :

“*Of the human race*: beggars, both men and women, Spaniards of both sexes, Turks, Moors, hunchbacks, all kinds of cripples or deformed persons, dwarfs, musicians, punchinellos, soldiers in ancient costume, gods, goddesses, people in the old French costume, soldiers with cartouch-boxes and gaiters, mythological characters with ridiculous additions. Achilles and Chiron with Punchinello. *Animals*: only parts of them; horses with human hands; horses' heads and human bodies, disfigured apes, many dragons and serpents, all kinds of paws to figures of all kinds; changes of the heads. *Vases*: all kinds of monsters and caprices, which terminate below in the bodies and feet of vases.

“Conceive, now, hundreds of such figures, formed without sense or meaning, put together without taste or design; conceive this basé, these pedestals and monsters in endless perspective; you will feel the unpleasant sensation which every one must experience, who has to run this gauntlet of insanity.

“We approach the mansion, and come to a semi-circular fore-court; the main wall opposite, in which is the gate-way, is like the wall of a fortress. Here we find an Egyptian figure fixed in the wall, a fountain without water, a monument, vases lying scattered about, and statues purposely laid with the face

downwards. We enter the court-yard, and find the usual circle surrounded with building, built out into several half-circles, that there may be no want of variety.

“The ground is for the most part overgrown with grass. Here, as in a dilapidated church-yard, there are shapely ornamented marble vases, from the father’s time; dwarfs, and other deformities of the new epoch, all thrown together in confusion, no place having yet been found for them. There is even a building quite full of old vases, and other carved stone.

“The folly of such an absurd way of thinking is shown in the highest degree in this circumstance, that the cornices of the little buildings are all awry, declining obliquely to one side or the other: the line of the roofs is set with hydras and busts, with choruses of monkeys playing on musical instruments, and similar follies. Dragons standing alternately with gods, and an Atlas bearing a wine-barrel instead of a globe.

“If you think to escape all this by retreating to the palace, which was built by the father, and has comparatively a reasonable appearance on the outside, you find, not far from the door, the laurel-crowned head of a Roman emperor, on a dwarf’s body, which sits upon a dolphin.

“In the palace itself, whose exterior leads you to expect a tolerable interior, the fever of the prince again begins to rage. The feet of the chairs are sawn of unequal length, so that nobody can sit down upon them; and the porter warns you against the chairs on which you might sit, because pins are stuck

under their velvet seats. Candelabras, of Chinese porcelain, stand in the corners, which, on a nearer examination, are found to be composed of single dishes, cups, and saucers, cemented together. Even the incomparable view over the cape to the sea, is spoiled by coloured panes of glass, which, by a false tone, make the scene appear either cold or fiery. I must mention one cabinet, the walls of which are composed of old gilt frames, cut to pieces, and nailed close together. The carving of a hundred different patterns; all the various stages of ancient or more modern gilding, more or less dusty and damaged, cover here all the walls, and give the idea of a broker's lumber-room.

"It would take a volume to describe the chapel alone. Here we find the key to the whole madness, which could not branch out to this extent in any other than a bigotted mind.

* * *

"As for the rest of the palace, it is not finished: a large saloon, which the father had begun to ornament in a rich and diversified, but not unpleasing, style, has remained in *statu quo*, as the boundless insanity of the owner cannot come to a conclusion with his follies.

"Our friend Kniep, whose feelings as an artist were driven to despair in this mad-house, was for the first time impatient; he hurried me on while I was trying to analyze and methodize the elements of this mis-creation. At last he good-naturedly sketched one of the groups, which made a kind of a composition. It represents a female centaur sitting on a seat, playing cards opposite to a cavalier, dressed

in antique costume, with the head of a very old man, bearing a crown and a large wig ; and calls to mind the arms of the house of Palagonia, which, after all this madness, are remarkable ; a satyr holds a looking-glass to a woman, who has the head of a horse."

FELIX M'CARTHY.

Mr. M'Carthy, so long well known in every circle of the metropolis for his eccentricity and benevolence, was a native of Cork, and served in the French army before the revolution. He came afterwards to London, where he lived about twenty years, in situations very different, and often on the chances of the day. He was occasionally an usher in different schools; which he generally quitted on the first receipt of his salary ; he was sometimes a collector of intelligence for newspapers ; at others, an agent for money-lenders or borrowers ; and was once in the confidence of the Earl of Moira, at which time he had a house in St. James's Place, an elegant equipage, and though he had been released from prison by two different insolvent acts, was started a candidate for Leicester, in opposition to Mr. Babington, and polled nearly two hundred voters. After this, Felix M'Carthy's sun of splendour set to rise no more ; he lost the confidence of his noble patron, sunk into extreme distress, and at length died in the King's Bench prison.

Mr. M'Carthy was remarkable for his great stature and strength, which being united with a courage no less singular, rendered him extremely formidable

when provoked by insult ; though, like most men so gifted, he was, by his natural disposition, extremely placid, good-humoured, and forbearing. Many extraordinary feats are told by those who shared his intimacy in his prime of life, of the punishment, no less severe than singular, which he inflicted on the petulance of those who were so silly and so mistaken, as to fasten quarrels upon him.

The most celebrated of these affairs, was a *rencontre* with the celebrated Mendoza, at Vauxhall, during the period when that hero of the fist held the proud station of what is called, "The Champion of England." Mendoza was taken to Vauxhall for a freak, by a party of amateurs, who selected Mr. M'Carthy, from his size and apparent strength, as the object upon whom Mendoza might most conspicuously display his science, to the surprise and admiration of the surrounding assemblage. A quarrel was accordingly provoked between Mendoza and Mr. M'Carthy, in which Dan had the advantage, but without making any material impression on his robust and hardy opponent. The gentlemen, who ran from all parts of the garden, on hearing of the affray, at length recognized Mendoza, and thinking it unfair to suffer any one, of whatsoever apparent strength, unless a professed pugilist, to be involved in a contest with him, separated the combatants. When Mr. M'Carthy, enraged by the blows he had received, pressed for the renewal of the combat, they endeavoured to quiet him, by telling him, that his antagonist was the "invincible pugilist Mendoza, the Champion of England !" This information, however, had a very different effect upon Mr.

M'Carthy, from what it was intended and expected to produce. With a fury which it was impossible to restrain, he burst through the circle which surrounded him, and rushing upon Dan, in defiance of all efforts of art, he seized him in his arms, and carried him, struggling in vain to disengage himself, to the barrier at the entrance, over which he threw him with a force which astonished the beholders, to a considerable distance among the crowd, exclaiming all the time against his impudence, for presuming to obtrude himself into a respectable place of amusement, and to insult gentlemen, and enforce quarrels with them, when he did get in. Mendoza's friends, it may be supposed, did not complain of the chastisement he had received nor were those who introduced him, forward to resent or notice the animadversions made upon their conduct, not only by Mr. M'Carthy, but by the company in general. Vauxhall has, in consequence, remained free from the annoyance of professed bruizers, ever since, although the *science* has so far spread into general practice, as to become a nuisance in almost every other public place.

Mr. M'Carthy, although he had been absent from Ireland about thirty years, during the earlier part of which he resided on the continent, always retained a sincere and ardent affection for his country. He was accordingly sought after by multitudes of his distressed countrymen, with whom he never failed to share his purse, while he had any thing in it, and his heart, when it was the only treasure he possessed.

PLAGUING THE DOCTORS.

Mr. Cooke, the miser of Pentonville, as he was called, was a great annoyance to gentlemen of the faculty. He used to put on ragged clothes, and go as a pauper to Mr. Saunders and other gentlemen, to have gratuitous advice for his eyes; get a letter for the dispensary, and attend there as a decayed tradesman, for several weeks, until detected. Having a wound in his leg, he employed a Mr. Pigeon, who lived nearly opposite to him, in White Lion Street, Pentonville, to cure it. "How long do you think it will be before you can cure it?" "A month." "And how much must I give you?" Mr. Pigeon, who saw the wound was not of any great importance, answered, "A guinea." "Very well," replied Cooke; "but mark this; a guinea is an immense sum of money, and when I agree upon sums of such magnitude, I go upon the system of *no cure no pay*; so, if I am not cured by the expiration of the month, I pay you nothing." This was agreed to. After diligent attention, the wound was so near being healed, that Cooke expressed himself satisfied, and would not let Pigeon see it any more. However, within two or three days of the month being completed, the old fellow got some sort of plaister, with cuphorbium on it, from a farrier, and made a new wound on the place where the former had been; and sending for Pigeon the last day of the month, showed him that his leg was not well, and that of course the guinea he had agreed for was *forfeited*. This story the old fellow used to tell of

himself with great satisfaction, and call it "plucking a Pigeon." When on his death bed, he sent for several medical men; some of them would not attend; but among others who went to see him, was Mr. Aldridge, of Pentonville. At one of the interviews, he earnestly entreated Mr. Aldridge to tell him candidly how long he thought he might live. The answer was, he might probably live six days. Cooke, collecting all his strength, and starting up in bed, exclaimed, "And are you not a dishonest man, a rogue, and a robber, to serve me so?" "How so?" asked Mr. Aldridge, with surprise. "Why, sir, you are no better than a pickpocket, to go to rob me of my gold, by sending in two draughts a day, to a man that all your physic will not keep alive above six days! Get out of my house, and never come near me again."

BIRD FANCIER.

Lady Reade, of Shipton in Oxfordshire, when advanced in years, devoted all her time, and a considerable portion of her property, to her aviary, which was the most extensive and the most diversified of any in this country. When she travelled between London and Shipton, she attracted almost as much attention as monarchy itself. At the inns where she stopped, the gates were usually shut, to afford her an opportunity of disembarking, and landing her cargo of parrots, monkeys, and other living attendants, who were stowed in and about her carriages.

LOSING ONE'S HEAD, AND GETTING A NEW ONE.

A famous watchmaker of Paris, infatuated for a long time with the chimera of the perpetual motion, became violently insane, from the overwhelming terror which the storms of the revolution excited. The derangement of his reason was marked with a singular trait. He was persuaded that he had lost his head on the scaffold, and that it was put in a heap with those of many other victims ; but that the judges, by a rather too late retraction of their cruel decree, had ordered the heads to be resumed, and to be rejoined to their respective bodies. He, however, conceived, that by a curious kind of mistake, he had the head of one of his companions placed on his shoulders. He was admitted into the Bicetre, where he was continually complaining of his misfortune, and lamenting the fine teeth and wholesome breath he had exchanged for those of very different qualities. In a little time the hopes of discovering the perpetual motion returned, and he was rather encouraged than restrained in his endeavours to effect his object. When he conceived that he had accomplished it, and was in an ecstasy of joy, the sudden confusion of a failure removed his inclination even to resume the subject. He was still, however, possessed with the idea that his head was not his own ; but from this notion he was diverted by a repartee made to him when he happened to be defending the possibility of the miracle of St. Denis, who, it is said, was in the habit of walking with his head between his hands, and in that position con-

tinually kissing it. "What a fool you are to believe such a story," it was replied, with a burst of laughter. "How could St. Denis kiss his head?—Was it with his heels?" This unanswerable and unexpected retort, struck and confounded the madman so much, that it prevented him from saying any thing farther on the subject. He again took himself to business, and entirely regained his intellects.

BY AND BY.

Mr. John Robinson, who died at Kendal in 1818, at the age of eighty-five, had formerly been a merchant at Liverpool, but failing in business, retired to Kendal, where he led a very singular life.

He was very covetous, but his love of money, in many instances, gave way to his predilection for whim and eccentricity. He had a horse on keep many years, at the Angel Inn, Kendal, but never rode it; for if he went a journey, which was frequently the case, he led the animal the whole way. When asked why he did not mount it, his answer invariably was, that he meant to do so "by and by." If asked by any acquaintance for a loan of his *Rosinante*, his answer was, "I have no time to go with thee to lead it." The horse was killed by the humanity of his master, for he literally died from want of exercise. Mr. Robinson kept also several pointer dogs, bought up every gun that had the character of a good one, and annually took out a license; but his plan of future operations in this, as in all other cases, remained unrealized to the day of his death, for he never went out shooting, although he

was always going "by and by." The idea of commencing sportsman, had not left him at the age of eighty-five; for a few weeks before he died, he procured a number of new bags, proper for bringing home the game he should kill that season. The humanity with which Mr. Robinson treated his horse, and his persevering determination to maintain his dogs in idleness, exhibit him in the character of a Pythagorean philanthropist : but nevertheless, one of his principal pleasures was teasing his own species, for he was almost a constant attendant at sales by auction of household goods, and rarely hesitated to give any price for a book or article of furniture which he perceived another person had set his mind upon. In consequence of this invidious and unsociable disposition, he left many rooms in different parts of the town occupied by articles both of convenience and literature, which he never used.

OSTERVALD.

M. Ostervald, the son of the celebrated minister of that name, at Neufchatel, went in his youth to Hamburgh, where he was at first employed merely as a clerk in a banking-house. His habits, however, were parsimonious, and he soon began to save money. His first great acquisition, indeed, was not wholly the fruits of savings. He used to go every evening to an obscure ale house, to drink his beer, which was the only supper he allowed himself, and never failed to carry away the cork of the bottle, as well as every cork which he could lay hold of. These, when he came home, he threw into a large

cask. At the end of seven or eight years, these corks produced him a hundred crowns, which formed the foundation of his future wealth.

M. Ostervald afterwards went to Paris, where he accumulated a large fortune, but lived for five and twenty years in a furnished lodging, in order to avoid contributing to the public taxes. His meals, or rather his only meal, which he took constantly at an obscure tavern, never cost him more than a shilling.

In his last illness, it was the greatest torment to him, to be obliged to reimburse and give up the pawns and contracts upon which he had lent money ; and his anxiety on this subject, suggested a thousand precautions, which he continued to practise when he was unable to read, or even to support himself. When just expiring, he refused to pay a livre for soup for his support ; and yet, under his pillow were found eight hundred thousand livres of assignats ; and to relations whom he had, probably, never seen, he left, in all, about two millions and a half of livres.

WHERE AM I?

Henry Topham, the strong man of Islington, who could break ropes of two inches in circumference, and bend kitchen pokers on his arm, or his neck, was on his way home one night, when, finding a watchman fast asleep in his box, he took the whole on his shoulders, and carried the load with the greatest ease. When he reached Bunhill Fields burying ground, he dropped the poor fellow and his dormitory over the wall. The watchman awaking, was

for some time doubtful whether or not he was in the land of the living ; and on recovering from his fright, seemed to be only waiting for the opening of the graves around him.

RIDICULOUS SITUATIONS.

Marville, in his *Melange d'Histoire*, mentions a few instances of very ridiculous situations in which great men have been placed. One of them must have been peculiarly so. The celebrated Constable Anne de Montmorency, a man whose valour and military skill were only exceeded by his pride, his cruelty, and bigotry, was ordered by Francis I. of France, to carry on his shoulders, or in any other way he could contrive, his niece, the Princess of Navarre, to the altar, where, against her will, she was to be married to the Duke of Cleves. This was a hard task, as the little lady was so loaded with jewels and rich brocade of gold and silver, that she could scarcely walk. The whole court was amazed at the king's command ; the Queen of Navarre was pleased, as she wished her daughter to be humbled, on account of her having imbibed Lutheran principles ; but the constable was excessively hurt, as it exposed him to the ridicule of the world. " It is henceforth over with me ;" said he, " my favour at court is passed away." The constable judged rightly, for he was dismissed as soon as the wedding was over.

The following instance with which M. Marville was probably unacquainted, is not less singular.

The Duke of Newcastle, who was at the head of the Treasury, frequently differed with his colleague in

office, Mr. Pitt, the first Earl of Chatham, but the latter, by his firmness, always prevailed. A curious scene occurred at one of their interviews. It had been proposed to send Admiral Hawke to sea, in pursuit of M. Conflans. The season was unfavourable, and even dangerous for a fleet to sail, being in the month of November. Mr. Pitt was at that time confined to his bed by the gout, and was obliged to receive all visitors in his chamber, in which he could not bear to have a fire. The Duke of Newcastle waited upon him in this situation, to discuss the affair of this fleet, which he was of opinion ought not to sail in such a stormy season. Scarcely had he entered the chamber, when shivering with cold, he said, "What, have you no fire?" "No," replied Mr. Pitt, "I can never bear a fire when I have the gout." The duke sat down by the side of the invalid, wrapt up in his cloak, and began to enter upon the subject of his visit. There was a second bed in the room, and the duke, unable to endure the cold, at length said, "With your leave, I'll warm myself in this other bed;" and without taking off his cloak, he actually got into Lady Esther Pitt's bed, and resumed the debate. The duke was entirely against exposing the fleet to hazard in the month of November, and Mr. Pitt was as positively determined it should put to sea. "The fleet must absolutely sail," said Mr. Pitt, accompanying his words with the most animating gestures. "It is impossible," said the duke, making a thousand contortions, "it will certainly be lost." Sir Charles Frederick, of the ordnance department, arriving just at that time, found them both in this laughable posture; and had the

greatest difficulty in the world to preserve his gravity, at seeing two ministers of state deliberating upon a subject so important, in such a ludicrous situation.

AVOIDING THE COLD.

The following account of a Mr. Tallis, who lived at the Crown at Burcott, near Droitwich, and kept his bed eight and twenty years, in order to keep himself warm, was written in 1753, by a gentleman who visited him. The old gentleman was then seventy-two years of age, and so hearty in his appetite, that a double quantity of victuals was always sent up to him: he was cheerful in conversation, and in countenance lively and intelligent. As warmth was his object, in keeping his bed, he had no lack of clothing. "His night-cap," says his biographer, "consists of the following particulars; nearest his head, is a cap made of two yards of flannel, doubled and quilted, over which he has eight more of the same sort, amounting in the whole to eighteen yards. Over these he has two linen caps, of the like quality and size. Next comes what he calls his crown, which is forty yards of flannel; and to crown this, he has ten single linen caps, and as many flannel; so that the full contents of his night-cap are eighty-four yards: and it is, including his head, as large as a bee-hive. Upon his breast, there lays a piece of flannel strained upon a light square wooden frame, which he lays over his face when he is going to sleep. He has two stoppers of cork fitted to his nostrils, but these he uses only in the winter; and it is remarkable, that though he takes

so much pains to keep himself warm in bed, he will never, in the coldest season, suffer a fire in his room. His sheets are lined with flannel, and quilted ; when they make his bed, he turns from one side to the other, and is never moved out of it but once a year, when they draw another bed close to the side of that in which he lies, and he tumbles, or is tumbled, into it. He changes his bed-clothes and bedding, and his night-cap, once a year. The reason for so eccentric a mode of life, he readily narrated to his friend. He stated, that when he was young, and had the care of his father's farm, he discovered an old woman who was in the constant habit of stealing sticks from the hedges. She had got a bundle, which he ordered her immediately to lay down. She did so, then falling on her knees, with uplifted hands, she prayed that he might never more be warm, and never know the warmth of a fire. 'Immediately,' said he, in relating the circumstance, 'I began to feel myself chilly, and I have been growing colder and colder ever since.' He began first to wear two shirts, then three, and soon doubling coats, waistcoats, &c., until, at length, he was unable to drag them about, and was, therefore, obliged to take to his bed, which was not, however, until twenty years after his encounter with the old woman."

TAILOR LIGHT HORSE.

When Queen Elizabeth was urged to assist the Dutch, in the war of the Low Countries, she refused for some time, and declared she would neither send man nor horse to their assistance. The representations of her council, at length, so far prevailed,

that she consented to raise a regiment of light-horse. The commission was given to a general, with secret orders from the queen to enlist none but tailors, and to mount them all on mares. The regiment was soon completed, and sent to the Low Countries. In an action with the Spaniards, this corps was cut off from the main army, and the whole taken prisoners. When the news of this disaster reached the queen, her majesty, who never appeared dejected at any reverse of her arms, turned to the Earl of Leicester, and said, "The Spaniards have no cause of triumph on this occasion, for though they may vainly boast that they have cut off an English regiment, I can say with truth, that I have not on this occasion lost either man or horse."

Notwithstanding the queen's joke on this occasion, tailors have proved themselves men; and history records many distinguished warriors who were of that trade. It may be sufficient to mention, that General Elliot, the intrepid defender of Gibraltar, though descended from a family much distinguished by their military exploits, was, when a boy, apprenticed to the trade of a tailor.

SELF TORMENTOR.

In the reign of Elizabeth, there was born in London, a man of the name of John Martin. In the tenth year of his age he was kidnapped by a Portuguese merchant, apparently for the purpose of preserving him in the Catholic faith; and this merchant, seven years afterwards, took him to Brazil, where being placed under the care of the Jesuits, he soon

after became a member of that fraternity, by the name of Joam de Almeida. Anchieta was his superior, then an old man, broken down with exertion and austerities, and subject to frequent faintings. Almeida used to rub his feet at such times ; in reference to which, he was accustomed to say, that whatever virtue there might be in his hands, he had taken it from the feet of his master. No voluptuary ever invented so many devices for pampering the senses, as Joam de Almeida did for mortifying them. He looked upon his body as a rebellious slave, who, dwelling within his doors, eating at his table, and sleeping in his bed, was continually laying snares for his destruction ; he, therefore, regarded it with the deepest hatred, and, as a matter of justice and self-defence, persecuted, flogged, and punished it in every imaginable way. For this purpose, he had a choice assortment of scourges ; some of whipcord, some of cat-gut, some of leathern thongs, and some of wire. He had cilices of wire for his arms, thighs, and legs, one of which fastened round the body with seven chains ; and another, which he called his good sack, was an under-waistcoat of the roughest hair, having, on the inside, seven crosses made of iron, the surface of which was covered with sharp points, like a coarse rasp, or a nutmeg-grater. It is recorded among his other virtues, that whatever exercise he might take in that hot climate, he never changed his shirt more than once a week ; and that on his journies, he put pebbles or grains of maize in his shoes.

His daily course of life was regulated in conformity to a paper drawn up by himself, and consisted

of abstinence, sometimes relieved by bread and water, and flyflapping *the poor beast*, as he called his body, with scourges. The great object of his most thankful meditations, was to think, that having been born in England, and in London, in the very seat and heart of heresy, he had been led to this happy way of life.

In this extraordinary course of self-torment, F. Joam de Almeida attained the great age of eighty-two: and when the cilices and scourges were taken from him, lest they should accelerate his death, he was observed to lose his strength, as if his constitution was thereby injured. During his last illness, the convent was crowded with persons who were desirous to behold the death of a saint. Scraps of his writing, rags of his garments, were sought for with the utmost eagerness; and when he was bled during his last illness, every drop of his blood was carefully received upon cloths, which were divided as relics among those who had the most interest in the college. Such were the extravagant lengths to which the Catholic superstition was once carried in Brazil.

SAILOR ON SHORE.

Soon after the conclusion of the war in 1815, a sailor, who had lately been paid off, and who had been riding in a coach about the streets, with a fiddler playing, strolled into Covent Garden Market, when he was asked by one of the basket-women if he wanted any thing carried for him? He replied,

that he wished to be carried himself to a place where he could get some breakfast. The woman, who wanted to go home to her lodging in St. Giles's, agreed to take him in her basket to a coffee-shop at the corner of High Street; the sailor, after getting his pipe lighted, took his seat in the woman's basket, which was set upon her head by others of her own fraternity, and off she went, followed by a great concourse of spectators of every description. Without once resting, the poor creature took her load to its destination, when the sailor rewarded her with a pint of rum and a £1 note.

EARL OF MARCHMONT.

Frederick Mickelson, a celebrated surgeon dentist, who lived for upwards of forty years in Coventry Street, used to relate the following anecdote of the late Lord Marchmont, who was very parsimonious.

A strange person had called on him many years, whom he always supposed to be a tailor, and was, on that account, extremely moderate in his charges; nor did the person ever attempt to undeceive him, but always found fault with his demand. This person he, by accident, discovered to be Lord Marchmont. The next time he called, a sudden alteration took place in his charges, and what had been two guineas to the poor tailor, was now twenty to the Earl of Marchmont.

HONOURABLE HUMILITY.

General Bauer, who commanded the Russian cavalry in Holstein, was a soldier of fortune, whose family and country were unknown to every one. When encamped near Husum, he took a mode of discovering himself, as novel as it was amiable. He invited all his field officers, and some others, to dine with him, and sent his adjutant to bring a miller and his wife, who lived in the neighbourhood, to the entertainment. The poor couple came, very much afraid of the summons, and quite confused when they appeared before the Muscovite general. Bauer seeing this, bade them be quite easy, for he only intended to show them kindness, and had sent for them to dine with him that day : at the same time, he conversed familiarly with them about the country. At dinner, the general placed the miller and his wife one on each hand, and nearest to him, and paid particular attention to them. In the course of the entertainment, he asked the miller many questions about his family and relations. The miller stated, that he was the eldest son of his father, who left the mill he then possessed, and that he had two brothers and one sister. "Have you no other brother?" said the general. "No," replied the miller; "I had once another brother, but he went away with the soldiers when he was very young, and must have long ago been killed in the wars."

The general observing the company much surprised at his conversation with the miller, said to them, "Brother soldiers, you have always been

curious to know who I was, and whence I came. I now inform you, that this is the place of my nativity, and you have heard from this miller, who is my elder brother, what my family is." Then turning to the astonished miller and his wife, the general embraced them, saying that he was the brother they had supposed dead. The general then invited the whole of the company to meet him next day at the mill, where a plentiful entertainment was provided ; the general pointing out to his brothers in arms, the room in which he was born, with as much evident joy, as if he had been showing them the place where he had gained a victory.

PETERSBURGH MISER.

A Russian merchant, who was so immensely rich, that on one occasion he lent the Empress Catherine the Second, a million of rubles, used to live in a small obscure room at St. Petersburg, with scarcely any fire, furniture, or attendance, though his house was larger than many palaces. He buried his money in casks in the cellar, and was so great a miser, that he barely allowed himself the common necessities of life. He placed his principal security in a large dog of singular fierceness, which used to protect the premises by barking nearly the whole of the night. At length the dog died ; when the master, either prevented by his avarice from buying another dog, or fearing that he might not meet with one which he could so well depend on, adopted the singular method of performing the canine service himself, by going his rounds every

evening, and barking, as well and as loud as he could, in imitation of his faithful sentinel.

MARLBOROUGH.

The Great Duke of Marlborough, some years before his death, retired occasionally to Bath, and often amused himself with cards, though he seldom ventured to play high. One night he was engaged at piquet with Dean Jones, from whom he won sixpence, and exacted the payment. The dean declared he had no silver; but the duke saying he wanted it to pay for his chair, he borrowed the money, and gave it to him. The dean knowing the avarice of his grace, watched him, and saw him walking home, in order to save the sixpence. Dean Swift, alluding to this weakness in the duke, says, "That in all his campaigns he never lost his baggage;" and Pope speaks of him as one who would

"Now save a kingdom, and now save a groat."

One day as the duke was looking over some papers in his scrutoire with Lord Cadogan, he opened one of the drawers, took out a green purse, and turned some broad pieces out of it, and after viewing them for some time with a satisfaction that appeared very visible in his face, "Cadogan," says he, "observe these pieces well; they deserve to be observed. There are just forty of them; it is the very first sum I ever got in my life, and I have kept it always unbroken from that very time to this day." "This shows," observed Pope to Mr. Spence, "how early and how strong this passion must have been upon him."

LA FONTAINE.

La Fontaine is recorded to have been one of the most absent of men; and Furetiere relates a circumstance, which, if true, is one of the most singular distractions possible. La Fontaine attended the burial of one of his friends, and some time afterwards he called to visit him. At first he was shocked at the information of his death; but recovering from his surprise, he observed---“It is true enough, for now I recollect I went to his burial.”

A QUEER SHAVER.

A few years ago a man of the name of Walton, from Luzerne county, entered the Court House of Sunbury, in the state of New York, took a seat at the council table, produced a shaving apparatus, and was about commencing the operation of shaving his beard, which had not been taken off for upwards of three years, and was nearly a foot in length. His strange appearance attracted the attention of the court, and every person present. The court, to prevent interruption, ordered the man to be taken away. He resisted, and at length was indulged by the court. He said he had been commanded by his Maker to do it, on that very day, in presence of the court, and with the same razor which he produced. Warm water was provided, and he soon disencumbered himself of his beard, put up his shaving utensils, thanked the court for their indulgence, and walked away seemingly much pleased.

HORNE TOOKE.

Among the singularities of Horne Tooke, was that of superintending the erection of a tomb for himself in his garden at Wimbledon, and writing his own epitaph. This tomb consisted of a brick vault, placed on the top of a tumulus in his kitchen garden. The slab that covered the top of the cenotaph, was a piece of black Irish marble, on which he had caused to be cut the following inscription :

JOHN HORNE TOOKE,
Late proprietor,
And now occupier, of this spot,
was
Born in June, 1736,
and
Died
In the year of his age,
Contented and grateful.

It is remarkable, that in superintending the erection of his tomb, he actually became so ill in consequence of exposure to the cold air, that it was feared he would accelerate the event for which he had been preparing. He, however, recovered from his illness ; but his wish to be buried in the tomb which he had constructed for himself, was not complied with by his executors.

SILENT BEGGAR.

In 1805, a man, well known by the name of Old Harry, died at Lytham, in Lancashire. Upwards of twenty years had elapsed since his first appearance at that place, and during an uninterrupted residence till his death, no account of his parentage, place of nativity, or occupation, could ever be obtained from him. He was never known to crave charity, otherwise than by the silent mode of exposing himself to the view of such of the inhabitants as were accustomed to relieve his wants. His reason seemed to have received a shock, from some cause or other, for at intervals he evinced a sound state of mind, both by his conversation, and his accurate display of writing and arithmetic; while at other times, he showed evident marks of a disordered imagination. He said he was born in the year 1730, and would often gratify himself with talking about going to Beverly market. His dialect evidently seemed to have been collected from that part of Yorkshire. He called himself Henry Stephenson, and said he was a married man; but here he would end his discourse; his reflection seemed to recoil at every question relating to the connexions of his youthful days, the endearing ties of conjugal affection, or the pleasing and domestic scenes which must have attended him in early life.

AN AQUATIC.

John Monro, who for upwards of sixty years has been Town Crier of Glenarie, a small village about six miles from Inverary, and who, in 1822, was still living, had a peculiar fondness for water, so much

so, that he may almost be deemed amphibious. Though at the advanced age of ninety-five, he makes it a regular rule to walk, daily, for the sake of recreation, the six miles betwixt his residence and Inverary, or to the top of Tullich-hill, which is very steep, and distant about two miles. Should the rain pour in torrents, so much the better, and with the greater pleasure does he perambulate the summit of the hill for hours in the midst of the storm. Whether it is natural to this man, or whether it is the effect of habit, cannot be said ; but it is well known he cannot endure to remain any length of time with his body in a dry state. During summer, and when the weather is dry, he regularly pays a daily visit to the river Arca, and plunges himself headlong in with his clothes on ; and should they get perfectly dry early in the day, so irksome and disagreeable does his situation become, that, like a fish out of water, he finds it necessary to repeat the luxury. He delights in rainy weather, and when the sky lowers, and the clouds threaten, and other men seek shelter ; then is the time that this man chooses for enjoying his natural element in the highest perfection. He never bends his way homewards till he is completely drenched ; and on these occasions, that a drop may not be lost, his bonnet is carried in his hand, and his head left bare to the pattering of the wind and rain. He enjoys excellent health ; and, notwithstanding his habits, has been wonderfully fortunate in escaping colds, a complaint very common in this moist climate ; but when he is attacked, whether in dry weather or wet weather, whether in summer or winter, his mode of cure is not more singular than it is specific. Instead of confining himself, and indulging in the

ardent sweating potions so highly extolled among the gossips of his country, he repairs to his favourite element, the pure streams of the Arca, and takes one of his usual headlong dips, with his clothes on. He then walks about for a few miles, till they become dry, when the plan pursued never fails to check the progress of his disorder.

On one occasion, when he was supposed to be dangerously ill, and his aged partner recommended him, for the first time, to have medical advice, he refused, and said he must have his old remedy, though he was sorry he could not take it in his old way. He then begged his wife to throw a pail of water on him in bed. The good woman, though she had no objections to give John a ducking, would not consent to it in this way; but with some assistance, placed the old man on the floor, and there drenched him to his heart's content. He was then put to bed again, where he slept soundly, and awakened quite refreshed next morning, ready to commence his usual perambulations.

Honest John has another propensity, but in which he does not stand single among his hardy countrymen. He has no objections, whilst his back is enjoying the mountain streams, that his stomach should be regaled with a drop of "mountain dew." It often happens that the latter proves an overdose, and poor John in the morning finds that he is not exempted from paying the usual debt to intemperance, in the form of headaches and lassitude. He does not, however, apply for relief in the ordinary way, by "taking a hair o' the dog that bit him." His wife is called on to administer the never-failing restorative—

John starts from his couch, and gets a few gallons of the Arca thrown over his person, and always with the desired effect.

KNILL'S FOLLY.

Near Mount's Bay, in Cornwall, there is an artificial excavation in the rock, which has been long known by the name of "Knill's Folly." It derived its name from the late John Knill, Esq., of eccentric memory, by whose orders it was made, for the purpose of holding his remains, when his mortal career should be at an end. Mr. Knill was a native of Cornwall, but resided in Gray's Inn, London, where he died in 1811, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. Although singular in his manners, he was a gentleman of great worth, and excellent understanding. He had a large circle of friends, by whom he was held in the highest esteem, and who would have been glad to contribute in any way to his gratification; but Mr. Knill had so profound an esteem for the superior comforts of that bachelors' best home, a tavern, that he invariably refused every invitation to dine, or sup, in private. For many years before his death, it was his daily custom to leave his chambers at noon, to walk for two or three hours about the town, make passing calls at the houses of his particular friends, and end the day's perambulation at Dolly's Chop House, where he dined, and delighted to make merry. The connubial state must be allowed to stand supreme in its joys; but where is the bachelor, who may not take comfort from the contemplation of such single blessedness as that of John Knill's?

TAX ON OLD BACHELORS.

A bill having been brought into the House of Legislature of New York, to lay a tax upon all bachelors above the age of twenty-eight, for the encouragement of literature among females, a meeting of upwards of two hundred old bachelors, and others approximating to that state, was held, to take the measure into consideration. After a good deal of fine speaking, and many witty observations, the oldest bachelor in the room was called to the chair, when the following recital and resolutions were offered, and passed unanimously.

“Whereas it appears by the public papers, that a bill has been introduced into the legislature of this state, to lay a tax upon bachelors, &c. In what manner the funds are to be applied, whether for the endowment of a seminary, in which old maids are to be employed as instructors, or whether to educate old maids in some of the useful and polite branches of literature, that they may be enabled to get a living without an helpmate, is unknown to us, not having seen the said bill, or its provisions ; but whatever may be the provisions of the said bill, we conceive it unconstitutional to lay a specific tax upon old bachelors, and calculated to produce much mischief in the community ; because it will drive from the state many good citizens who prefer a life of celibacy : it will tend to increase bachelors, inasmuch as when women find they can be maintained in a single state, many will prefer that mode of life, and refuse all offers of matrimony : it will cause many bachelors to

conceal their ages, and thereby lead them to tell untruths, which otherwise they never would have thought of: it will cause old maids to be ten times more intolerable than they usually are, by making them independent of husbands for a livelihood: it will have the effect to destroy that exquisite sensibility in men, who having lost their sweethearts by 'hook or crook,' have made pledge to do penance all their lives by living in a single state: it will lead many a man to enter into the holy bands of wedlock, without being guided by that bewitching and delectable passion, love (so essentially necessary to connubial felicity), and hurry them to marry, merely to save the tax, and consequently produce many unhappy matches; for no marriage can be productive of happiness, without love.

Love is a curious thing you know,
It makes one feel all over so.

"It will excite to a retaliation on the part of bachelors, and cause them to use their influence to get a tax upon old maids; thereby bringing on a civil war between old maids and bachelors, to the entire destruction of the peace of society, and there will be nothing to attend to but

Hear the pretty ladies talk,
Tittle tattle, tittle tattle.

"Therefore resolved, That we will use our most earnest exertions to prevent the passing of the above named bill, which we consider unconstitutional, and fraught with the most alarming consequences to the peace and happiness of society.

"Resolved, That a committee be appointed to draft a memorial to the legislature, praying that the bill

may never be passed, and to obtain the signatures of all persons who are opposed to its passage.

“Resolved, That should the said bill be thrown under the table, we pledge ourselves to unite in the holy bands of marriage, as soon as we can find pretty creatures that will have us.

“Resolved, That we deeply commiserate the unfortunate situation in which many old maids are placed, though we are sensible that some of them are like

Jeremiah's figs---The good are very good;
The bad, too sour to give the pigs.

“Resolved, That it be recommended to establish a House of Industry for old maids, and that old bachelors contribute toward their support, by giving them their linen to make, and their stockings to darn.

“Resolved, That the thanks of the meeting be given to the landlord for the use of the room.

“It was moved and carried, That a committee of five gentlemen be appointed to draft a memorial to the legislature.

“It was also moved and carried, That the proceedings of the meeting be published in all the papers that will consent to do it without charge.

A. WOLKERE, Chairman.

D. K. T. SMYTHE, Sec.”

The bill was withdrawn.

FUNERAL DIRECTIONS.

Diogenes said one day to his disciples, “That he desired when he died, not to be buried, as the sun and rain would the sooner consume him.” His dis-

ciples remarked, that "If he remained above ground, he would be devoured by dogs." "Then," replied Diogenes, "you must put a stick in my hands, that I may drive them away." "But," resumed his followers, "when dead, you will neither see nor feel any thing." "You see," said Diogenes, "what fools you are; for if that be the case, what signifies by what I am devoured, or what becomes of me, as I shall be insensible to every thing."

Among the moderns, few have exhibited more of the same feeling with Diogenes, in this respect, than George Buchanan. When dying, he called for his servant, and asked him "how much money he had remaining?" Finding that it would not be sufficient to defray the expenses of his interment, he desired that it should be distributed among the poor. "But who then," said the servant, "will be at the expense of the funeral?" Buchanan replied, "That he was very indifferent about that; for if he were once dead, if they would not bury him, they might let him lie where he was, or throw his corpse where they pleased."

Lieutenant-General Henry Hawley, who died March 24, 1759, appears to have rivalled these cynics in their indifference to funeral honours. It is thus that he gives directions on the subject in his will: "First, I direct and order, that (as there is now peace, and I may die the common way) my carcase may be put any where; it is equal to me, but I will have no more expense or ridiculous shew, than if a poor soldier (who is as good a man) was to be buried from the hospital. The priest, I conclude, will have his fee—let the puppy have it.—Pay the carpenter for the carcass-box."

THE BEST OF FROLICS.

The profligate Duke of Wharton being one day in company with Swift, recounted several extravagances he had run through. Swift kindly observed to him, "You have had your frolics, my lord, let me recommend one more to you ; take a frolic to be virtuous ; take my word for it, that *one* will do you more honour, than all the other frolics of you whole life."

LENGLET DU FRESNOY.

The talents and services of the French writer, Nicholas Lenglet du Fresnoy, acquired him many powerful patrons, who were well disposed to serve him in every possible way ; yet from a waywardness in his conduct, his life was one continued series of adventures and misfortunes. His ruling passion was to live, think, act, and write, with a kind of cynical freedom ; and though badly lodged, clothed, and fed, he was still satisfied, while at liberty to say and to write what he pleased. This liberty, however, he carried to so great an extreme, and, in fact, so much abused, that he was sent to the Bastille no less than ten or twelve times. Lenglet bore all this, however, without murmuring, and no sooner found himself out of prison, than he set to work to get in again. At last, the Bastille became so familiar to him, that whenever Tapin, one of the life guards, who was usually commissioned to conduct him thither, entered his chamber, he would

instantly hail him with an "Ah ! M. Tapin, good morning ;" and then turning to the woman who waited upon him, he would tell her "to bring his little bundle of linen and snuff directly." When these were brought him ; "Now, M. Tapin," he would say, with the gayest air imaginable, "let us march." This spirit of freedom and indifference, never left him ; and to the last, he chose rather to live in a mean garret, than with a rich sister ; at whose house he might have commanded every accommodation and luxury. Poor Lenglet ; his end was melancholy ! Returning home one evening, after dining with his sister, he sat down to read a new book, fell asleep over it, and dropping into the fire, was so much scorched, that he died before morning.

NAUGHTY BOOKS.

The enthusiast, Nicolas Ferrar, three days before his death, ordered a place to be marked out for his grave ; and when this had been done, he requested his brother, before all the family, to take out of his study three large hampers full of books, which had been packed up there for many years. "They are," continued he, "comedies, tragedies, heroic poems, and romances ; let them be immediately burnt upon the place marked out for my grave ; and when you have so done, come and inform me." When information was brought to him that they were all consumed, he desired that this act might be considered as a testimony of his disapprobation of all such productions, conceiving that they tend only to cor-

rupt the mind of man, and are improper or any good Christian to read. On La Motte being told of this vagary, "Aye," said he, calmly, "as the testimony of *Nicolas Ferrar's* disapprobation, let it be considered."

BLAISE PASCAL.

When the celebrated Blaise Pascal was about thirty years of age, imbibing certain peculiar sentiments of religion, he determined to abandon all farther thoughts of literary composition, and to forego every gratification in life. He resolved to spend the remainder of his days in retirement and pious meditation, and with this view he broke off all his former connexions, changed his habitation, and in his new abode became so perfect a recluse, that he would scarcely speak to any body, not even to his own servants, whom he rarely admitted into his room. Although bred up with delicacy, and in opulence, he refused the assistance of a servant in the performance of every thing which he could possibly do for himself. He made his own bed, brought his dinner from the kitchen, and carried back the plates and dishes in the evening; so that he left nothing for the servants to do, but to go to market and cook for him. Although his continual infirmities made it of the utmost consequence that he should be choice in his food, and though his servants observed great care in providing only what was excellent, he seemed never to relish what he ate, and absolutely indifferent whether it was good or bad. He eat only to satisfy the importu-

nate cravings of hunger. In his chamber, nothing was to be seen but two or three chairs, a table, a bed, and a few books.] It had no kind of ornament whatever; neither carpeting nor curtains. He received in it, nevertheless, the visits of some particular friends, and when they would express surprise at seeing him thus meanly lodged, he would reply, that he had all that was necessary, and that to have more than was necessary, would be unworthy of a wise man. He employed his time in reading the scriptures, in prayer, and in committing to paper such pious thoughts as occurred to him. His reason became at length in some degree affected by his austere mode of life. At one time, he imagined that he always saw on one side of him a deep abyss, and would never sit down till a chair was placed there to secure him from the apprehended danger. At another time, he was full of an extraordinary vision, with which he said he had been favoured, the particulars of which he committed to writing, and preserved during the remainder of his life, sewed up between the cloth and lining of his coat. Every day he grew more and more chimerical and superstitious; till at length, in the thirty-ninth year of his age, death put an end to his miseries.

FRANKLIN

“Friend Franklin,” said Myers Fisher, a celebrated quaker lawyer of Philadelphia, one day “thee knows almost every thing; can thee tell me how I am to preserve my small beer in the back-

yard? my neighbours are often tapping it of nights?"

"Put a barrel of old Madeira by the side of it," replied the doctor; "let them but get a taste of the Madeira, and I'll engage they will never trouble thy mall beer any more."

DREAD OF BEING FORGOTTEN.

An eccentric inhabitant of Hallaton, in Leicestershire, ambitious that his memory should be preserved by some means or other, bequeathed a piece of land to the rector of the town for the time being, in trust, for providing "Two hare pies, a quantity of ale, and two dozen penny loaves, to be scrambled for on Easter Monday, annually." The land, before the enclosure system came into operation, was called, "Hare-crop Leys;" and at the time of dividing the fields, in 1770, a piece was allotted to the rector in lieu of the said leys. The custom is still continued; but instead of hare, the rector provides two large pies made of veal and bacon; these are divided into parts, and put into a sack; and about two gallons of ale in two wooden bottles without handles or strings, are also put into a sack; the penny loaves are cut into quarters, and put in a basket. Thus prepared, the men leave the rectory, and are soon joined by the women and children, who march to a place called "Hare-pie bank," about a quarter of a mile south of the town. In the course of this journey, the pieces of bread are occasionally thrown for scrambling; but the pies and ale are carried to the grand rustic theatre of confusion. This, in olden

time (though not upon so great a scale, or destined for such bloody feats, as the Roman amphitheatres), consisted of a bank with a small trench round it, and a circular hole in the centre. Into this the pies and ale are promiscuously thrown, and every frolicsome athletic youth, who is fond of the sport, rushes forward to seize a bit, or bear away a bottle. Confusion ensues, and what began in puerile sport, has occasionally terminated in a boxing match. Of late years, however, peace and hilarity have prevailed.

INDOLENCE, AND ITS REWARDS.

Thomas Rennell, the Devonshire artist, was a man of most extensive acquirements; he was not only an excellent painter, but a good chemist, and prepared most of his own colours; a tasteful performer and a fine composer of music; an ingenious mechanic, and no mean poet; but withal, excessively indolent. When settled at Plymouth, the Duke and Duchess of Kingston were so much struck with some of his paintings, that they endeavoured to draw him from his obscurity by a promise of a residence in their house in London, and the exertion of their interest in his favour; but he refused their offer. From Plymouth he went to Portsmouth, where he lived, or rather existed, for nearly twenty years, in great poverty. He has sometimes lain in bed for a whole week, in very cold weather, without any other subsistence than a cake and water, being in want of almost every necessary of life.

Although at times Rennell would paint, yet he

was generally negligent and improvident; his art had only its turn with his other amusements, and if a picture was completed in twelve months, it was thought very expeditious. Rennell, like many other great geniuses, was an entire stranger to frugality; no sooner was he in possession of a few pounds, but every strange object that presented itself, and was within the compass of his pocket, was bought immediately.

The blunt sincerity of Rennell, rendered his manners displeasing to the rich and powerful, whom he would never flatter, but whose vices and follies were often the object of his satire.

SWIFT'S LAST LINES.

In one of those lucid intervals which varied the course of Swift's unhappy lunacy, his guardians, or physicians, took him out to give him an airing. When they came to the Phoenix park, Swift remarked a new building which he had never seen, and asked what it was designed for? Dr. Kingsbury answered, "That, Mr. Dean, is the magazine for arms and powder, for the security of the city." "Oh! oh!" says the dean, pulling out his pocket-book, "let me take an item of that. This is worth remarking; my tablets, as Hamlet says, my tablets—memory, put down that." He then produced the following lines, being the last he ever wrote:

Behold! a proof of Irish sense!

Here Irish wit is seen,

When nothing's left for our defence,

We build a magazine.

The Dean then put up his pocket-book, laughing heartily at the conceit, and clenching it with, "After the steed's stolen, shut the stable door."

A GENEALOGY HUNTER.

Frederic of Saxony, surnamed the Sage, rendered his claim to this title doubtful, by his attention to the descent of his family. A celebrated genealogist had told him, that a copy of his pedigree was preserved in Noah's ark. To substantiate this account, the prince neglected all affairs of state, to the great regret of his ministers, who remonstrated with him on the absurdity, but all to no purpose. At length his cook, who was his favourite buffoon, desired an audience of him, when he told the emperor, that this curiosity to know his origin was neither useful nor honourable. "At present," said the jester, "I look upon you as subordinate only to the Deity; but if you search into Noah's ark, perhaps I shall discover that you and I are cousins, as we have all had our relations there." What the serious advice of his ministers could not effect, was performed by the emperor's cook.

JEDEDIAH BUXTON.

This extraordinary man, whose skill with respect to calculations excited so much curiosity about the middle of the last century, was so neglected in his education, that he was never taught to write; and with respect to any other knowledge but that of numbers,

was always as ignorant as a child. How he came first to know the relative proportions of numbers, and their progressive denominations, he did not remember; but to this he employed the whole force of his mind; and his attention was so constantly fixed on the subject, that he frequently took no notice of external objects. Though ignorant of the common rules of arithmetic, as taught in the schools, yet if any space of time was mentioned, he would, without the use of pen, pencil, or chalk, and by mere mental calculation, tell you how many minutes it contained. Mention but a distance, and he would assign the number of hairs' breadths, without any question being asked, or any calculation expected, by the company.

Jedediah would pace a piece of land, or a field, and ascertain the contents almost as exactly as if measured by a chain. In this manner he measured the whole lordship of Elmton, of some thousand acres, belonging to Sir John Rhodes, to whom he presented the aggregate contents, not only in acres, roods, and perches, but even in square inches. After this, for his own amusement, he reduced the whole into hair breadths. His memory was so great, that while solving a question, he could leave off, and resume the operation next morning, a week, a month, or even several months, afterwards, until completed.

When he went to church, he never could recollect one word of the sermon, or of the text, but occupied himself with some calculation. This extraordinary person lived in laborious poverty; time with him, changed nothing but his age; he was a farmer's la-

bourer from his youth, and such he died. In 1754, he visited London, and exhibited his extraordinary powers before the Royal Society, who dismissed him with a handsome gratuity. During his residence in London, he was taken to Drury Lane Theatre, to see Richard III. performed; and it was expected that the novelty and splendour of the show would have fixed him in astonishment, and kept his imagination in a continual hurry; or that his passions would in some degree have been touched by the power of Garrick's acting. But Jedediah's mind was employed in the theatre, as it was in every other place. During the dance, he fixed his attention on the number of steps; and as to the music, he only regretted that it perplexed him so much, that he could not calculate the innumerable sounds produced by the instruments. Even Garrick was only listened to in order that he might count the number of words he uttered, and in which he perfectly succeeded. Jedediah returned to his labours in the country, uncontaminated by town manners, and still continued to prefer a slice of rusty bacon, to the luxuries of the epicure.

MAGLIABECHI.

Magliabechi, the celebrated librarian of Florence, lived, ate, drank, and slept among his books; he lived in the most sequestered and philosophical manner, scarcely ever leaving the city. His house was but one continued pile of books; his lower rooms were crowded with them, not only along the wainscot, but in piles to a considerable height, and

s spread on the floor, that there was not the least place for sitting down, much less for walking, except a long narrow passage, leading from one room to the other. The porch of his house was, in the same manner, every where stuffed with books, as far as the projecting awning would secure them from rain. The staircase was lined all the way up with this library furniture, as were all the upper rooms.

Magliabechi generally shut himself up all the day, and opened his doors in the evening to the men of letters who came to converse with him. His attention was so absorbed with his studies, that he often forgot the calls of nature. He was negligent in his person; and was usually dressed in black, with a waistcoat reaching to his knees. His cloak, which was also black, served him for a morning gown in the day, and for bed clothes at night; it was generally much patched, in consequence of the holes he burnt in it. He wore a large hat, and a Florentine band round his neck. On one arm, he carried a pan, in which was a constant fire for warming his hands, and his clothes bore evidence of their being often too nearly connected with it. His linen he usually wore until it fell to pieces. He always slept on his books; bound volumes served him for a mattress, those in boards for a pillow, and he covered himself with such as were merely stitched, throwing his cloak over all. His sole diet was eggs, bread, and water.

The Grand Duke of Florence, Cosmo II., to whom Magliabechi was librarian, once prevailed on him to take up his residence in the Ducal Palace; but he quitted it four months afterwards, and returned to

his own house ; indeed, though he rarely stirred out, yet he had such an aversion to every thing that looked like restraint, that the grand duke dispensed with his personal attendance, and always sent him his orders in writing.

PILGRIMAGE TO JERUSALEM.

Mr. Whaley, whose volatile disposition made him sacrifice a fine estate in a few years, resided some time in Dublin, where he lived in the most expensive manner. Soon getting tired of the insipid tameness of this mode of life, he determined to revisit the continent. While he was hesitating as to the exact place of destination, some friends with whom he was dining, and who had heard that he intended to go abroad, enquired whither he was going ? He hastily answered, "to Jerusalem." Being convinced that he had no such intention, they offered to lay him a considerable wager that he would not walk thither. Although when he gave the answer to their enquiries, he had not the most distant idea of such a pilgrimage, yet, stimulated by the offers made to him, he accepted bets to the amount of £15,000. A few days served to complete his arrangements ; he set out, accomplished his journey, and returned to Dublin within the time to which he was limited, when he received from his antagonists, the reward of his unexpected exploit.

"WILL WITH THE GOLDEN WHISKERS."

The Rev. William Hollings, of St. Omer Street, Hereford, who died in 1820, officiated many years as curate of Ulingswick, but left the situation in disgust, vowing that he would never resume his clerical functions. This resolution, which he strictly adhered to during the remainder of his life, originated in the refusal of his patron to appoint him to the vacant benefice in 1789, although recommended by the parishioners.

From that time he became avaricious and eccentric. His dress was shabby, and his appearance extremely grotesque. The capacity of the pockets seemed to be the principal object in the construction of his coat ; it was formed of cloth of the coarsest texture, originally of a black colour, but the effect of time had strongly tinged it with the *Verde antique* so valuable in the eye of the antiquary ; his waistcoat was of similar materials, and being prudently fitted with long pockets, in compliment to his coat, was met above his knees by a pair of worsted boot-stockings ; his hat was round and shallow : his hair was sandy ; and despising the vain controul of a black and bushy wig, it acquired for him the title of "*Will with the golden whiskers.*" The mother of Mr. H. lived with him to the time of her death, which occurred about thirty years before that of her son ; she left a set of *chemises* nearly new, and the circumstance of her son's wearing and washing them afterwards, might be concealed from history, had he not often been observed to place

them on the drying line in his garden. Other parts of the wardrobe of his father and mother, which even Mr. Hollings's ingenuity could not adapt to his own personal uses, were found in the house at his death, and afford no bad specimens of the costume which prevailed in the reign of George II.

His house and furniture strictly corresponded with his own appearance ; no domestics of any description were admitted within his walls, lest they should rob him ; and every office, whether culinary or otherwise, was performed by himself. His diet was cheap and homely ; three-penny-worth of tripe, and a quart of water, in which it had been boiled, occasionally constituted, with the aid of a six-penny loaf, two meals of more than usual indulgence. The cooking on these occasions was simple : it consisted in soaking the crumb, hollowed out from the loaf, in the liquor of the tripe, for one day's repast ; and in placing the tripe itself in the cavity of the loaf, for the next day's junket. A steak was a luxury.

Mr. Hollings's gun, and his fishing rod, afforded a casual supply of provision ; but his principal reliance was on the bounty of his relatives, or the donations of the numerous friends, who, from their own assiduities, or his professions, considered themselves reasonable expectants of his property. He used to leave his bed at the earliest hour, in pursuit of some kind of game or other : if he was observed in a wood, his gun was his excuse ; if near a river, his rod, while the fishing basket on his back answered the double purpose of containing plunder, and concealing the hole in his coat. On one of these marauding expeditions (when hares were often mistaken for rabbits, and tame ducks

for wild ones), he had the good fortune to discover, in his favourite walk on the bank of the river Lugg, the mutilated remains of a large-sized pike, which, after glutting the appetite of the otter, was destined to be the prey of our hero, and supplied him with at least half a score dinners of unusual splendour. On another occasion of a similar nature, he was apprehended whilst sitting near the confines of a wood, and watching for game within the circuit of the adjoining field, which he had marked out by sticks placed in the ground to show the distances at which he might depend on the effects of his gun, with the least possible risk of discharging it to no purpose. The game-keepers conducted him in custody to the lord of the preserve; mutual congratulations ensued, on the apprehension of the grand poacher, who had so long eluded their vigilance; and his capacious and distended pockets were unloaded before the party. Great, however, were their surprise and disappointment, when, instead of the game expected, these ample pockets were found to contain merely a miscellaneous collection of potatoes, sticks, turnips, glass phials, and hogshead bungs, all of which he had purloined from a neighbouring cottage, in which he obtained shelter from a storm. Thus, if feather, and fur, and fishes failed, his resources were still unexhausted; the turnip fields, or the hedges, could always assist him. On his removal from one house to another, he filled three hogsheads with broken sticks, which he had thus acquired, and he nearly preserved that quantity in his garret, to his death, by almost daily, or rather nightly, supplies.

In his usual walks, he formed many intimacies with

the cottagers of the district, and under pretence of remembering them in his will, he often put them to the expense of maintaining him for a week. From his more able friends, he frequently solicited the gift of a hare, which he turned to good account, by fixing a long residence with some other friend, to whom he presented it. An unpleasant rebuff once accompanied an application of this kind. A gentleman of Hinton made it an indispensable condition of a compliance with his request, that the applicant should prove, that on some one occasion of his life, he had given away any thing which cost him the value of the hare. It is superfluous to add, that the condition was impracticable.

Mr. Hollings's garden contained a pear tree of unusual merit; and to prevent any loss from complying with the wishes of his friends for a supply of its gifts, he regularly procured at the proper season, a large bough from some other and inferior stock, and substituted its branches for those of the favourite tree. He once possessed more extensive property in land, which being situated in the centre of a worthy baronet's demesne, was purchased at a price nearly double its worth; but Mr. H. long repented the sale, from an idea that under all the circumstances of the case, a still greater price might possibly have been extorted.

Mr. Hollings was never married; but notwithstanding all his eccentricities, he had the merit of great devotion to the female sex; and the faithless promise of his mother's black silk cloak, has induced many a fair damsel to indulge him with her society.

About six weeks before his death, he abruptly, and hastily, pressed immediate payment of interest and principal, from a tradesman who had joined with another person in giving security for £100 for the use of the latter. The interest was paid, and an acknowledgment given on unstamped paper. The party feeling himself aggrieved, laid an information against him, and the penalty of £5 was exacted. This was his death-blow : in his own words, from that moment, he " could neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep." Under this mental depression he lingered about five weeks, gradually declining in health and spirits, until the morning of the 26th of March ; when, after forcing the street door, he was found dead in a miserable house, in a miserable room, and on a miserable bed ; without an attendant, without fire, without sheets, without curtains, and without any other visible comfort. The scene which succeeded, bids defiance to description ; none but those who have witnessed the effects of a London hoax, filling all the streets with applicants of all descriptions, can form an idea of what occurred. Wives, widows, and maids, urged the promises they had received ; parsons and proctors, lawyers and doctors, assembled on the spot ; one person required remuneration for drugs, another for drams, a third for dinners, and a fourth for cider : in short, the demands, the expectations, and the confusion, seemed universal ; and on unfolding his will, it appeared that, with the exception of a few trifling legacies, his relatives were wholly excluded, his expectants disappointed, and a property of about £3000 was divided, to their great surprise, between a respectable yeoman in the county, and a gentleman

who managed his pecuniary concerns in the city. Of the hospitalities of the former, he had occasionally partaken; and the latter had excited his particular favour, by returning a £5 note, which Mr. Hollings had placed in his hands, beyond the deposit he intended to have made. On this occasion, Mr. H. emphatically exclaimed---"*then there is one honest man in the world!*"

Thus lived, and thus died, the Rev. William Hollings. He was buried at Withington, under the salute of a merry peal of bells, as directed by his will, and ordered to be repeated on a suitable endowment, during twelve hours, on every anniversary of his funeral.

HEDGE-HOG TAMER.

An old man, who called himself William Pinslow, Esquire, died at Ludlow in the year 1809. He was well known to many persons besides his neighbours, for having, some years ago, so tamed two hedge-hogs, as to make them perambulate the streets with him, in a degree of discipline and subjection which astonished all beholders. In the early part of his life he was a soldier, and served under "the old Cock of the Rock," during its siege by the Spaniards. In his latter years, he was chiefly supported by the bounty of his opulent and benevolent neighbours. Though in the utmost degree of penury and wretchedness, he would never submit to receive parochial relief; and having saved £7, he deposited it in the hands of a friend, for the express purpose of defraying his funeral expenses, that even his interment might not be charge-

able to the parish funds. Of this sum, three-fourths remained untouched at the day of his death. During several years, rheumatic lameness, occasioned and confirmed by his hard manner of living, compelled him to go upon crutches. In principle, he was strictly honest; in manners, civil and inoffensive, except when inebriated, as he often was, by the donations of travellers and military officers; on which occasions he was frequently conveyed home in a single-wheeled chariot, to the no small amusement of boys and children of a larger growth.

LOTTERY SPECULATION.

Mr. Christopher Bartholomew, who was proprietor of White Conduit House Tea Gardens, and the Angel Inn, at the top of the City Road, exhibited a singular instance of attachment to speculating in the lottery, amidst all the fluctuations of fortune. He rented land to the amount of £200 a year, in the neighbourhood of Islington and Holloway; and was remarkable for having the greatest quantity of hay-stacks of any grower in the neighbourhood of London. At that time, he is believed to have been worth £50,000; kept his carriage and servants in livery; and upon one occasion, having been unusually successful at insuring in the lottery, gave a public breakfast at his tea gardens, "*to commemorate the smiles of fortune,*" as it was expressed upon the tickets of admission to this fête champêtre. He had at times some fortunate hits in the lottery; which, perhaps, tended to encrease the mania which hurried him to his ruin. He has been known to spend upwards of two

thousand guineas in a day for insurance, to raise which, stack after stack of his immense crops of hay have been cut down, and hurried to market, as the readiest way to obtain the supplies necessary for these extraordinary outgoings. Having at last been obliged to part with his house, from accumulated difficulties and embarrassments, he passed the last thirteen years of his life in great poverty, subsisting by the charity of those who knew his better days, and the emolument he received as a juryman of the Sheriffs' Court for the County. Still his propensity to be engaged in this ruinous pursuit, never forsook him : and meeting one day, in the year 1807, with an old acquaintance, he related to him a strong presentiment he entertained, that if he could purchase a particular number in the ensuing lottery (which he was not then in a situation to accomplish), it would prove successful. His friend, after remonstrating with him on the impropriety of persevering in a practice that had been already attended with such evil consequences, was at last persuaded to go halves with him in a sixteenth part of the favourite number, which being procured, was most fortunately drawn a prize of £20,000. With the money arising from this extraordinary turn of fortune, he was prevailed upon, by his friends, to purchase an annuity of £60 *per annum* ; yet fatally addicted to the pernicious habit of insurance, he disposed of it, and lost it all. He has been known frequently to apply to those persons who had been served by him in his prosperity, for an old coat, or some other article of cast-off apparel ; and not many days before he died, he solicited a few shillings to save him from starving.

A PLATONIST.

Foote is said, in the characters of Dr. Last and Johnny Macpherson, to have caricatured a physician of his acquaintance, of the name of Leeds, and a teacher of languages, named John Fransham, with whom the doctor privately endeavoured to make up the deficiencies of a neglected education. Fransham was, indeed, an extraordinary original. His physiognomy reminded one of the portrait of Erasmus, and it had this in common with the busts of Plato, that there were two tips to the nose. His countenance was sedate, and expressive of great intellect; his complexion dusky; his grey hair hung loose about his shoulders, and gave a high air of the antique to his bust. For clothes, he wore a short green jacket, drab-coloured breeches, worsted stockings, and large shoes; and seldom, if ever, did he vary his attire. The history of this oddity was curious. He was the son of the clerk of St. George's parish, Norwich. At the age of fifteen, he was bound an apprentice to a cooper at Wymondham; but in less than two years after, a legacy of twenty-five pounds having fallen to him, he deserted the employment, and resolved to devote himself to literary pursuits. He had already acquired the elements of reading, writing, and cyphering; as also the rudiments of Latin. He now applied to the study of mathematics; and under the tuition of Mr. Hemmingway, a land-surveyor, attained to great proficiency in this science. His twenty-five pounds, however, were soon exhausted; and his parents not being in circumstances

to maintain him in learned idleness, he was obliged to give up his plan of constant study, and to devote a great portion of his time to the copying of law papers, as a means of subsistence. He did not, however, submit to this drudgery long; for in 1748, being then in his eighteenth year, he again broke loose. He strolled to Yarmouth, and embarked for North Shields, intending to make a tour of the Scottish Highlands, and to know by personal inspection, a people of whom he had heard much to excite his curiosity and wonder. When he reached Newcastle, he formed an acquaintance there with some soldiers belonging to the regiment of Old Buffs; and tempted, probably, by the prospect of leisure which a military life presented, he enlisted in that corps. On examining, however, this philosophical recruit, it was discovered that he was too bandy-legged for a soldier, and he was, therefore, not accepted. The gaiety of his new associates had, in the mean time, made such inroads on his pecuniary resources, that he found himself obliged to abandon his intention of visiting Scotland, and turned his face again towards the south. With great difficulty, he managed to reach Norwich, with a residue of only three half-pence; and, having no other resource, was obliged to return to the spiritless occupation of copying for attorneys. What time he could spare from this employment, he devoted to study; perfecting himself in the Latin and mathematics, and soaring often into the loftiest regions of metaphysical science. Plato, Cicero, Shaftesbury, Middleton, and Hume, became his favourite authors; and for the last, especially, he conceived so profound an admiration, that he styled him

the "Prince of Philosophers," and became a convert to all his principles. So thoroughly sceptical was he now, that scarcely a sentence could be uttered in his hearing, or any information communicated in his presence, without his rejoining, "Are you sure that is true? On what do you ground your belief?" Fransham found, at length, a patron in the head of the Chute family, with whom his sister lived as housekeeper. He was allowed to reside in their house at Norwich, and the free use of the library. He had not, however, long enjoyed this philosophical repose, when one night in bed, he imagined that his patron, who was ill at Pickenham, would not live to return to Norwich, and related his ideal terror to the servants. Mr. Chute actually died that night; and Fransham always described this as an act of divination, as if he were no less favoured than the seers of antiquity. After the loss of this patron, Fransham hired a garret in Norwich, kept a school there, and was attended by fifteen or twenty scholars. His confinement was now close, and his income barely sufficient for wants narrowed to monastic privation. His health suffered; he took rapid solitary walks during the morning and twilight, wrapped in a tartan plaid, which he had bought for his Scotch excursion, with a broad hat slouched over his eyes, and his hands behind him. His usual stroll was to Mossfold Heath, and it was supposed that he often stopped there the whole night. When wet weather prevented him from stirring abroad, he would exercise himself by beating a drum, blowing a hautboy, or playing at marbles. Being in want of fuel, on one occasion, to boil his kettle, he was under the necessity of burning his hautboy, and was never

able to buy a new one. He supplied the place of it, however, by a cane chair, on which he used to rattle his drum sticks with as much ardour, as if he had been beating a charge in battle. Fransham became, at last, himself an author. In 1769, he gave to the press, his "*Cestrum of Orpheus*," a book in which he showed himself to have imbibed a large share of the Platonic opinions. Having rejected the religion of his fathers, and confining his studies almost exclusively to the ancient writers, Fransham's mind insensibly filled up the blank occasioned by the effacement of hereditary notions, with ideas derived from Greek mythology. Like the Platonists of Alexandria, he endeavoured to give an allegorical turn to the fables of Paganism, which might enable him, without inveracity, to speak of them as truths. Such euphemisms abounded in his conversation. Having been advised to take chicken broth for the head-ache, he called it sacrificing a cock to Esculapius. He lost for a time, through inflammation, the sight of one eye, which recovered on a change of the weather from warm to cold. This incident he described as a miracle; said that he had prayed for relief to Juno (the power presiding over the atmosphere); and that she had given it. In the year 1770, a stranger undertook to publish, every Tuesday, in Norwich, a satirical paper, called "*Robin Snap*," which was modelled after the *Tatler*, and sold at one penny. The editor engaged Fransham's assistance, and obtained from him several contributions; but the work soon expired of neglect. Fransham, however, was so pleased with the task, that he continued to provide his paper weekly, long after the publication had ceased. In 1771, the gadfly,

to use an expression of his own, stung him again. With the little accumulations of his pedagogic industry, Fransham suddenly set off for London, and established himself near Hyde Park Corner. One of his chief objects, was the publication of several manuscripts which he had prepared with that view; among which, was a Life of Lycurgus, the Scheme of a Perfect Government, and a Synopsis of Classical Philosophy. But being unable to meet with any bookseller who would risk the expense of publishing them, he was obliged again to have recourse to private tuition. It was now that he became acquainted with Dr. Leeds, and through him, with Foote, who made him pay the penalty of public ridicule, for the honour of his notice.

In 1772, Fransham returned to Norwich, where he passed the rest of his days, occupied alternately in teaching and writing. He used to calculate that the average pay of his pupils, was threepence an hour; and the average income of his life, eight shillings a week; yet with these narrow means, so severe was his frugality, that he progressively bettered his condition. He practised, and exacted, a punctilious pecuniary probity, and could not bear that the loan of a penny should go unpaid.

A friend of Fransham's, who died in 1796, Mr. Thomas Goff, left orders by his will, that his head should be separated from his body before his interment; some persons whom he knew having recovered in their coffins. The uncertainty of the signs of death, probably through Mr. Goff's conversation, had also left a strong impression on the mind of Fransham. Afraid of being buried alive, he repeatedly desired that his

body should be laid before a fire, that wine should be offered to his lips, and the arms of a woman clasped about his neck, before he was given up as irrecoverable. When he became conscious of the approach of death, he encountered it with fortitude. On the 1st of February, 1810, he expired, calmly and gently; leaving, besides his books, and several articles of furniture, a hoard of ninety-six guineas to his sister.

Fransham, says the writer of a memoir of this eccentric individual, was one who thought as he pleased, spoke as he thought, did as he liked, and countenanced in others a similar idiosyncrasy. His conversation was interesting by its singularity, by its studiously Socratic character, by its carrying back the imagination to the porticoes of the Serapeum, by its disdain of transient topics, and by its courageous antipathy to prejudice and superstition; yet it depended latterly, at least, rather on remembered, than on immediate, resources, and drew from the cistern more than the well.

CHAPELLE AND BOILEAU.

The well known French writer, Chapelle, was a man of rare character. He was learned, but hated pedantry in his conversation; he abounded in drollery, was fond of society, and his company was universally coveted. It was his misfortune, however, to be too fond of liquor, and his friends were anxious to cure him of so pernicious a habit. Boileau, who entertained a sincere affection for him, undertook to preach him out of it. One day he met him in the

streets of Paris, and immediately began his lecture ; he talked so powerfully, that Chapelle listened to him with great attention. As they walked on, Chapelle observed that they were just opposite to a tavern. "Come," says he, "let us just step into this house, that I may hear what you have to say, at leisure, and without disturbance ; for upon my word, my dear friend, you have moved me greatly." A bottle of wine was called for ; then another, and after that, another, for Boileau thought it best to press the argument while his penitent was warm, and under conviction. In short, the converter, and converted, took so hearty a dose, that the tavern-keeper thought proper to have them both carried home to their beds.

POLITE APOLOGY.

In October, 1747, his majesty's ship Dartmouth, of fifty guns, commanded by Captain James Hamilton, being closely engaged off Cape St. Vincent with the Glorioso Spanish man of war, blew up, and all the crew, amounting to three hundred men, perished, except seventeen, who were taken up by the boats of the Prince Frederick and Duke privateers, then in company. Of these, none was of any rank, except Mr. O'Brien, a young gentleman of Ireland, one of the lieutenants. He was taken up, floating on the carriage of a gun, on which he had been blown out of the ship into the water, and speedily recovered his senses. He was a gentleman of easy behaviour, and great readiness of wit. On seeing the captain of the Prince Frederick, his first words to him were these : "Sir, you must excuse the unfitness of my dress to

come aboard a stranger ship ; but really I left my own in such a hurry, that I had not time to stay for a change of apparel."

THE EMPEROR JOSEPH.

The Emperor Joseph II., when at Paris, amused himself daily, by mixing with the people, and often going into the coffee-houses *incognito*. On one of these occasions, he met with a person, with whom he played at chess. The emperor lost the game, and wished to play another ; but the gentleman desired to be excused, saying, he must go to the Opera to see the emperor. "What do you expect to see in the emperor?" said Joseph, "there is nothing worth seeing in him ; I can assure you, he is just like any other man." "No matter," said the gentleman, "I have long had an irresistible curiosity to see him ; he is a very great man, and I will not be disappointed." "And is that really your only motive," said the emperor, "for going to the Opera?" "It really is," replied the gentleman. "Well, then," said the emperor, "if that is the case, we may as well play another game now, for you see him before you."

MR. OLDYS.

The historian Oldys having been for several years in the Fleet Prison, had contracted such habits and connexions, that when he was at length enlarged, he made it a frequent practice to spend his evenings there, and lodge with some friends all night. Knocking at the gate of the Fleet Prison, one night rather late, the

keeper reprimanded him for giving him such constant trouble, adding, that though he had a great regard for him, yet if he kept such hours in future, he must be under the necessity of locking him out.

STOPPING THE MOUTH.

The phrase of *stopping a person's mouth*, who from being a professed enemy, is brought over to our interest, first came into vogue in the reign of James the First. It is said to have originated in the following laughable incident:

Gondemar, the Spanish minister, had dealt out his bribes to the ladies as well as the gentlemen of the court, in order to make them speak favourably of the match between Prince Charles and the Infanta of Spain. The nation, in general, were against the marriage. Gondemar applied his master's treasure, to remove the prejudices of the courtiers of each sex. He became, through this means, so great a favourite with the ladies, that as he passed in his litter to the court, they would approach the balconies, or windows, to pay him their compliments.

Lady Jacobs had a house in Drury Lane, which was at that time a fashionable part of the town. Gondemar passing one day by the house of Lady Jacobs, her ladyship approached the window: Gondemar bowed most profoundly: the lady returned the compliment only with a gape. Gondemar ascribed this to a sudden fit of yawning; but yet he thought she might have expressed some token of respectful salutation. He was resolved to try her the next day, and accordingly ordered his coachman to drive by her

house. Lady Jacobs appeared at the window; Gondemar stopped, and bowed with all the graciousness imaginable. His civilities were returned only with an extended mouth; she even opened her mouth wider than she had done on the preceding day. Gondemar was now satisfied that this must be something more than a fit of yawning: he sent one of his gentlemen to Lady Jacobs, to know the reason of her conduct, as he had not been accustomed to experience such affronts from the ladies of England. Lady Jacobs said, "It was very true that Gondemar had purchased some of their favours at a dear rate, but he should consider, that she had a *mouth to be stopped*, as well as the rest of her countrywomen."

Gondemar taking the hint, sent her a handsome present, which cured her of her gaping disorder; and whenever he afterwards passed by her house, she was sure to drop him a most becoming curtsy.

SIR RICHARD HILL.

One of the amiable eccentricities of Sir Richard Hill, was his great consideration for his servants and his horses; and it is a fact, that after being set down at the House of Commons, which he very regularly attended, if the weather threatened to be bad, he would direct the coachman to return immediately, and rather than keep his domestics, and horses, exposed to its vicissitudes, he would himself brave its inclemency, at all hours, in a walk from Westminster to his house in Harley Street.

Acting on this principle, he supported Mr. Dent's bill, in 1802, for preventing bull-baiting, and begged

leave "to speak in behalf of a race of poor friendless beings, who certainly could not speak for themselves." After quoting several apposite passages from the Proverbs of Solomon, and the writings of Sir Matthew Hale, in opposition to cruelty to brute beasts, he jocularly observed, "that as the gentlemen of Ireland had been so favourable to their own *bulls*, he was sure they would be no less indulgent to ours."

LORD ROKEBY.

Lord Rokeby, among many other singularities, suffered his beard to grow for many years, during which time, it attained a most patriarchal length. He was very fond of sea bathing, and built a hut on the beach near Hythe, about three miles from his own house, whither he repaired almost every day. He was generally accompanied in these excursions by a carriage, and a favourite servant; but his lordship always went on foot, with his hat under his arm. If it happened to rain, he would make the attendants get into the carriage, observing, that as they were gaudily dressed, and not inured to wet, the rain would spoil their clothes, and give them cold. So fond was his lordship of bathing, that he lived a considerable portion of his time in water, tempered by the rays of the sun. For this purpose, he had a bathing house of considerable extent, glazed in front, to a south-eastern aspect, and thatched at the top. It was so large, that he could run round it and dry himself, and the floor was boarded and matted.

Lord Rokeby had a great abhorrence of fires in

his rooms ; and even in winter, generally sat with his windows open. In his diet, he was singular and abstemious ; his principal food was beef tea, which was always ready for him on the sideboard ; he drank no wine, and had a great aversion to every thing that was exotic, it being his maxim, that this island produced sufficient food for the nourishment of man.

In his park, he kept no deer, but had it plentifully stocked with black cattle, which had full liberty to range over the domain uninterruptedly. Though no infidel, he never went to church, the path to which, from his house, was grown over, and his pew left to the same decay as his family coach, which he never entered. This circumstance once occasioned him some embarrassment.

The Archbishop of Armagh, who was cousin to Lord Rokeby, paid him a visit a short time before his death, at his seat in Kent. The archbishop gave him notice on the Saturday, that he would dine with him on the following Saturday. "I gave orders," says his lordship, in relating this anecdote, "for dinner and so forth, for my cousin, the archbishop, but I never thought, till he came, that the next day was Sunday. What was I to do? here was my cousin, the archbishop, and he must go to church, and there was no way to it ; the chancel door, too, had been locked up these thirty years, and my pew was certainly not fit for his grace. I sent off immediately to Hythe, for the carpenters, and the joiners, and the drapers ; and into the village for the labourers, the mowers, and the gravel carters. All went to work : the path was mowed ; the gravel was

thrown on and rolled ; a gate made for the church-yard ; a new pew set up, well lined and cushioned ; and the next day, I walked by the side of my cousin, the archbishop, to church, who found every thing right and proper."

With all his eccentricities, Lord Rokeby was a good landlord, a kind friend, and an amiable and hospitable man.

BISHOP THOMAS.

Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Salisbury, made a party once with three friends to go and dine at Windsor. The doctor was celebrated for his absence of mind, and his companions all of nearly as dreaming a turn as himself. When they were in the coach, they began to dispute about some points of philosophy, with which they became so much engrossed, that they were justable to observe, that after about two hours driving, the horses began to travel at a much slower pace than before. M. Desmaiseaux, who was one of the party, put his head out of the door, and cried to the coachman, *Allons donc ! allons donc !* The man thought he said, *A London, a London*, and replied, turning his horses about, "*As you please, gentlemen.*" The debate continuing, these four learned absentees never perceived that they were going back, till they came to the turnpike gate that leads into London ; when they found that instead of being at Windsor, where their dinner waited for them, they were very near the place whence they set off.

Many other whimsical instances are recorded of this absence of mind in the worthy bishop. It is

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said, that one day, while he was talking, a gnat bit his leg severely ; the doctor stooped, and scratched a gentleman's leg that stood next to him, who smiling at the mistake, never interrupted the doctor, while the gnat all the time kept biting on. At another time, he forgot the day on which he was to be married, and might have lost his bride, had not his servant put him in mind of the appointment, by bringing him a new coat, and a finely powdered wig, bespoke for the occasion. The disposition to forget appointments of this sort, appears, by the bye, to be a very common failing with gentlemen of this cast of mind.

MR. JENNINGS.

Henry Constantine Jennings, whose character, dress, manners, and pursuits, were as singular as his fate, underwent the ever varying ebbs or flows of fortune, with philosophical indifference. At an early period of his life, he repaired to Italy, to pay his devotions at the shrine of taste ; and after keeping company with foreign princes and princeſses, he returned to associate with the nobility of his native country. A fatal reverse plunged him into difficulties, and he passed some years in gaol for debt. Recovering from his embarrassments, he threw another fortune away at Newmarket. These reverses occurred frequently, until at length he died in prison for debt.

His life, and a considerable portion of his fortune, were devoted to forming a collection of articles of vertu, which he commenced at Rome, by purchasing a fine marble statue of the dog of Alcibiades, whence he was afterwards called "Dog Jennings," and by some of his friends, "Alcibiades."

When Mr. Jennings had finished his career at the turf, by the loss of his fortune, he settled at Chelsea. His mansion, which had formerly been the residence of the Earl of Buckinghamshire, was singularly furnished. In the front parlour, was an immense arctic bear, of a white colour, and a winged animal, much injured by time, but which appeared to have been an eagle. His garden bore no marks of the spade, or the pruning knife; the shrubs were allowed to grow wildly luxuriant, while the whole exhibited every mark of neglect or desolation.

Mr. Jennings was a great advocate for exercise, and practised it to a degree scarcely credible, for upwards of half a century. He possessed a long and ponderous wooden instrument, capped with lead at both ends, in the management of which, he was such an adept, that he boasted of having disarmed the best small swordsman in Italy. Every night, before bed time, he exercised himself with this ponderous weapon, until he acquired a comfortable warmth, which enabled him to retire to rest with a general glow. "In the morning," says he, "I flourish my broadsword exactly three hundred times; I then mount my chaise horse, composed of leather, and inflated with wind like a pair of bellows, on which I take exactly a thousand gallops." His breakfast was served at a late hour, and on a dirty table cloth; his tea service, which was of beautiful porcelain, he always washed and wiped himself. His bread and butter were regularly brought up on wooden platters; and instead of a silver trowel, he used a clasp knife, a large and vulgar instrument he used to carry in his pocket, and which consisted of a piece of pointed

iron, that folded into a horn handle, and seemed to have descended to him, as an heir loom, from the time of William Rufus.

His dinner was generally very economical ; and in the afternoon, he used to drink a few cups of hyson, out of a very small China cup.

Mr. Jennings was very suspicious, and would not trust his servants to clean out his rooms. It was this that made his drawing-room a den, which abounded in dirt, which rendered it impossible to sit down without spoiling your clothes. His chairs, pictures, and even the very cabinets that contained his precious gems, jewels, and shells, were all covered and besmeared with smoke and dust. The ashes were never emptied from his grate, until it became so full, that the operation was one of absolute necessity.

He was very particular in regard to his candles ; the very idea of tallow, disgusted him, and he burnt nothing but wax candles. The clothes of Mr. Jennings were very antiquated, and his coat was set with silver buttons, nearly as large as a dollar. His stockings were of yarn ; while his shoes, or rather half boots, exhibited the original colour which they had at first assumed in the tan-pit. Through the long period of thirty-eight years, they had been kept sacred from the pollution of the blacking brush.

Among all the articles of value and curiosity that he possessed, Mr. Jennings prized a statue of Venus above all others ; and for the first six months after obtaining possession of her, she was constantly seated during dinner at the head of his table, with two footmen in laced liveries behind, while the most costly viands were placed in succession before her, by way of oblation.

Death, which puts an end to all singularities, is not always unaccompanied by them. Mr. Jennings abhorred the idea of his corpse being consigned to the cold earth, and resolved to have recourse to the ancient rite of cremation. This intention was so well known, that his neighbours supposed he had an oven within his house for the express purpose of reducing his body to ashes. Having fixed on a gentleman in the vicinity, on whom he thought he could depend, for seeing this last act of friendship faithfully executed, he unfolded to him his intention, and demanded if he had courage enough, despising all vulgar prejudices, to stand by and see his body consumed by fire? "Yes," replied his neighbour, "I will burn your corpse on the centre arch of Battersea Bridge, if you so desire; and that too in spite and in sight of all the proprietors." "How is that possible?" enquired Mr. Jennings. "Nothing more easy," rejoined the other; "it is only placing your corpse in a car, dressed in a pitched shirt, and surrounded by combustibles. I myself shall apply the match soon after the body leaves the place of your present abode; and when you arrive midway between the two toll houses, I intend to pull out the linch pins. You can then consume at leisure, and without danger, notwithstanding it is a wooden bridge."

This whimsical proposition was instantly agreed to, in the presence of a third gentleman, and Mr. Jennings's favourite Venus was to be the reward. A coolness between the parties afterwards ensued, and Mr. Jennings then broke off the agreement. Indeed it would have been difficult for him to have fulfilled his

part of it, as the Venus was taken in execution, and sold, and its owner died in the King's Bench Prison.

COUNT DE BRANCAS.

The Count de Brancas was walking in the street, and the Duke de la Rochefoucault crossed the way to speak to him. "God bless thee, poor man!" exclaimed the count. Rochefoucault smiled, and was beginning to address him. "Is it not enough," cried the count, interrupting him, and somewhat in a passion; "is it not enough that I have said, at first, I have nothing for you? Such lazy beggars as you hinder a gentleman from walking in the streets." Rochefoucault burst into a loud laugh, and awakening the absent man from his lethargy, he was not a little surprised, himself, that he should have taken his friend for an importunate mendicant.

CARDAN.

Few men have been more remarkable for a strange inequality of behaviour, than the mathematician, Cardan. His life was a series of odd adventures, which he has committed to writing with a simplicity, or rather a freedom, that is seldom to be met with among the learned; for, in truth, it seems as if he had written the history of his life for no other purpose, but to give the public an amazing instance, that a person may be endued with a great genius, yet be a fool at the same time. He makes an ingenious confession of his good and bad qualities. He seems to have sacrificed every other consideration to a de-

sire of being sincere, and this sincerity being often misplaced, has greatly tarnished his reputation. He paid himself congratulatory compliments for not having a friend in this world; but boasted, that in requital, he was attended by an aerial spirit, partly emanated from Saturn, and partly from Mercury, that was the constant guide of his actions, and teacher of every duty to which he was bound. He declared, too, that he was so irregular in his manner of walking the streets, as to induce all beholders to point at him as a fool. Sometimes he walked very slowly, like a man absorbed in a profound meditation; then all on a sudden quickened his steps, accompanying them with very absurd attitudes. In Bologna, his delight was to be drawn about in a very mean vehicle, with three wheels. The liveliest picture that can be given of this very singular philosopher, is couched in the following verses of Horace, which, indeed, Cardan confessed agreed perfectly well with his character.

“ Nil æquale homini fuit illi,” &c.

“ Where find a semblance for inconstancy?
Now quick of speed, as if from foes he fled;
Now slow he moves, and with a solemn air,
As if great Juno’s altar he’d approach;
Now with attendants crowded, now alone.”

When nature did not visit him with any bodily pain, he would procure to himself that disagreeable sensation, by biting his lips so wantonly, or pulling his fingers to such a vehement degree, as sometimes to force the tears from his eyes; and the reason he assigned for so doing, was, that he wished to mode-

rate certain impetuous sallies of the mind, whose violence was by far more insupportable to him than pain itself; and that the sure consequence of such a severe practice, was his better enjoying the pleasure of health.

Cardan makes no scruple of owning that he was revengeful, envious, treacherous, a dealer in the black art, a backbiter, a calumniator, and unreservedly addicted to all the foul and detestable excesses that can be imagined; yet notwithstanding (as one should think) so humbling a declaration, there was never, perhaps, a vainer mortal, or a man that with less ceremony expressed the high opinion he had of himself. "I have been admired," says he, "by many nations; an almost infinite number of panegyrics, in prose and verse, have been composed to celebrate my fame. I was born to release the world from the manifold errors under which it groaned," &c.

The same capriciousness which distinguished Cardan's moral conduct, is observable in the composition of his works. The reader is stopped every moment by digressions from the subject in point. In a work on arithmetic, he has discourses on the motion of the planets, on the creation, and on the tower of Babel. In a book on the dialectic art, of which he used to boast that it contained "neither a superfluous letter, nor one deficient," he has sundry ingenious disquisitions on the writing of history and epistles. The apology he makes for the frequency of his digressions, is, that they were purposely introduced, in order that he might the sooner fill up the sheet, his bargain with the bookseller being at

so much per sheet. He worked, as he would say, as much for his daily support, as for the acquisition of glory.

It was Cardan who revived, in later times, all the secret philosophy of the Cabela and Cabalists, which filled the world with spirits, a likeness to whom, as he asserted, we might attain by purifying ourselves with philosophy. Notwithstanding all his extravagances, however, he chose for himself a noble motto, *Tempus mea possessio, tempus meus ager*. "Time is my only possession, the only fund I have to improve."

CLOUGH AND SHUTER.

Mr. Clough, the actor, had a very peculiar idea of amusement. The most diverting thing in the world, to him, was a public execution ; and he would sooner fail in being at the playhouse on the night he was to act, than omit attending the unfortunate culprits to Tyburn, and be a spectator of the horrors of death, in their last moments. He was one night at a coffee-house, when hearing the clock strike eleven, he abruptly rose and paid his reckoning: an acquaintance of his, sitting by him, asked, "What is the matter, Clough, your hour is not come yet, you never stir till one?" "Aye," replied Clough, "but do not you know there is business to be done to-morrow, and Ned Shuter and I am to attend?" Ned, who had been up all night in a joyous party, was only in his first sleep when Clough called upon him, and could not be prevailed upon to rise ; Clough set off for the *scene of pleasure* by himself, vociferating loudly, "Was there ever

such a fellow? He has no more taste than a Hottentot!"

"SOLYMAN THE MAGNIFICENT."

Charles Jennens, Esq., of Gopsal, in Leicestershire, was ambitious of literary fame, but had too much vanity to acquire it. Associating with men every way inferior to himself, he lost all opportunities of improvement, but gained what he preferred to the highest gratification of wisdom—extreme flattery. In his youth he was so remarkable for the number of his servants, the splendour of his equipages, and the profusion of his table, that from his excess of pomp, he acquired the title of "Solyman the Magnificent." Indeed, so enamoured was he of the ostentatious display of his state, that if he only had occasion to go from his house in Great Ormond Street, Bloomsbury, to Mr. Bowyer's, the printer, in Red Lion Passage, Fleet Street, he always travelled with four horses to his carriage, and sometimes as many servants behind it. In his passage, up the paved court, a footman usually preceded him, to kick oyster-shells and other impediments out of the way.

But though proud, and in some degree overbearing, Mr. Jennens was as benevolent as he was rich, and indigent merit always found in him a patron and a friend.

COMPLAINING TO THE KING.

In the time of Frederick the Great, a student of divinity went from Thuringia, his native country, to Berlin, to gain a subsistence by teaching young people. He had quitted his country, rather than accept a curacy, on the condition of marrying a woman whom he did not like. His whole fortune amounted to about four hundred crowns, which he carried with him in pieces of money of his own country, called *batzes*. When his baggage was examined at the Custom House at Berlin, they took from him his *batzes* as contraband, because they had been some years before prohibited by the king. He excused himself by saying that he was ignorant of the law: but they paid no attention to what he said, and kept the money.

After many fruitless attempts, he was advised to address himself to the king; and the following is the student's own relation of this matter:

"I drew up a memorial, made a fair copy of it, and set out for Potsdam, recommending myself to God, and without having a farthing in my pocket. It was there I had, for the first time, the happiness of seeing this great monarch. He was on the parade before the palace, employed in exercising his soldiers. When the exercise was over, he went into the garden, and the soldiers retired to their quarters. Four officers remained on the parade, where they ~~walked~~ up and down.

"I was so troubled, that I knew not how to act. At last, I took my papers out of my pocket, which

were my memorials, two attestations, and a passport from Thuringia. The officers perceiving these papers, and my uneasiness, came to me, and asked me what letters I had there. I communicated the contents of them with a great deal of pleasure, to these gentlemen ; and, after they had read them, they told me they would give me the best advice. "The king is to-day (said they) in a very good humour ; follow him into the garden, and you will not repent of taking our advice."

"I could not consent to it ; but one took me by the arm, and the other by the shoulder, and forced me along, saying, "Come ! come into the garden !" As soon as we had entered, they sought for the king. He was talking to the gardeners, and stooping, with his back towards us, to look at some plants. The officers then ordered me to stop, and made me perform the following exercise :

" ' Put your hat under your left arm.

Advance your right foot.

Thrust out your chest.

Hold up your head.

Take your papers out of your pocket.

Raise them with the right hand.

Continue in that attitude.'

"They then left me, turning about frequently to see if I kept my position. I clearly perceived, that they meant to make themselves merry at my expense ; but I was so much frightened, that I remained immoveable as a statue. The officers had proceeded but a little way in the garden, when the king turned round, and perceived my immoveable

figure. He cast a look at me, which seemed like the rays of the sun. He sent a gardener to take my papers, and when he received them, he struck into another walk, and I lost sight of him.

"A few moments after, he again appeared with the papers open in his left hand, and he made a sign for me to approach him. I took courage, and advanced towards him. Oh! with what kindness did he speak to me!

"My dear Thuringian (said he to me), you are come to Berlin to seek a livelihood by teaching young people, and the Custom House officers have taken from you all your Thuringian money. It is true, that the *batzes* are forbidden in my dominions; but the Custom House officers should have said to you, 'You are a stranger, and ignorant of the prohibition. We are going to seal up your little bag; take it back, and get other money for it in Thuringia;' but it was ill done in them to take it. Make yourself easy, you shall have your money returned, with interest. Yet, my friend, it is bad to be out of bread in Berlin, for the Berliners give nothing. Before you have made proper acquaintances, your money will be all gone.'

"I was so troubled, that it was some moments before my words could find utterance. The king walked on a few steps, and then made a sign for me to follow him. I approached, and having recovered myself a little, I was able to answer him such questions as he put to me. He then asked me where I was educated, what had been the nature of my studies, and who were my masters. I gave him such answers as seemed perfectly to satisfy him.

"We continued to converse in the most familiar manner till the clock struck one, when the king said, 'I must go; they wait for me at dinner.' In going out of the garden, I saw nothing more of the four officers, nor were they on the parade; but had joined the king. I remained on the parade. It was twenty-seven hours since I had eaten any thing, and I had not even a half-penny to buy me a piece of bread, after having walked eight leagues on foot, over sands, in very hot weather.

"I was in this sorrowful situation, when a hussar came upon the parade, and asked me if I were not the person who had that morning spoken to the king in the garden? I informed him I was; when he conducted me into a large room, in which were pages, footmen, and hussars. My conductor then led me to a table well served, and a cover for me. He presented me with a chair, and said, 'The king has ordered you this dinner, and has bidden me to tell you to eat heartily, without taking notice of any one. I have also orders to attend you.'

"I knew not what to think of all this; I was unwilling that the king's hussar should wait on me, and I entreated him to sit down by me; but finding that I could not persuade him, I took my resolution, and began my meal with a good appetite. After the dessert, the hussar took what remained on the plates, wrapped them up in paper, and made me put them into my pocket.

"When my little cover was removed, I saw a secretary enter, who returned me my papers, with a letter addressed to the Custom House, and who counted me down on the table, five ducats and a

louis d'or, which the king gave me to take me back to Berlin. The secretary then conducted me to the door of the castle, where I saw a chariot and six horses. He made me get into it, and then said to the drivers, 'The king orders you to conduct this young man to Berlin, and to take nothing of him, if he should offer you money to drink.' I thanked the secretary, and off I went.

"When we were arrived at Berlin, my first and most pressing business was to carry my letter to the Custom House officers, who had treated me so uncivilly. The principal opened it, reddened, then grew pale, and said not a word, but gave it to another, who put on his spectacles, read the letter, and gave it to a third, without pronouncing a single word. At length, the third person told me to approach, and write a receipt, purporting that I had received the money without any deduction, amounting to four hundred crowns of Bradenburgh specie, for my *batzes* of Thuringia. The sum was counted out to me, and a servant was then called, who was ordered to follow me to the sign of the Swan, the inn at which I had lodged, and there pay whatever I owed. They gave him twenty-four crowns for that purpose, ordering him to return for more, should he not find that sufficient. Thus it was that the king returned me, as he had graciously promised, my money, with interest."

THE AMATEUR MOURNER.

Mr. L. was a gentleman of an independent fortune, which he exhausted in the course of a few

years, in gratifying one of the oddest whims that could enter the mind of a rational being. His sole enjoyment was the attending of funerals. When he heard of the death of any great man, through the channel of the papers, he immediately made the circuit of the whole town, to know who had the job, and then prepared to accompany it. He has often been to York, and the confines of Scotland, to be present at the interment of a nobleman or gentleman; and in this respect he was no way biassed by party, or religion; it was the same to him if he was Whig or Tory, out or in; whether a Roman Catholic, or a Protestant; a Jew, or a Presbyterian: they equally commanded his respect and attention, provided the funeral was magnificent. His highest ambition was to obtain one of the little escutcheons, which he considered as so many trophies of his glory; and being known to most of the undertakers, and their constant companion in their peregrinations, they seldom or ever refused him this request. Being entirely inattentive to his own affairs, he found himself in a state of distress, when he did not expect it; yet, though reduced to almost the want of the common necessities of life, his passion for death-hunting still prevailed; and when he could not ride, he walked on foot. But whenever the journey was of any length, he bribed the hearse-driver to let him be an inside passenger with the corpse. In this doleful state he traversed England more than once: but unfortunately fell a martyr, at length, to his strange whim. Being an inside passenger, on one of these solemn occasions, in very hot weather, and there being no air hole, as there usually is, in the hearse,

when they took out the corpse, they found poor Mr. L. dead from suffocation.

DR. O'LEARY.

Dr. O'Leary, though with great talents for a controversialist, always sedulously avoided the angry theme of religious disputation. Once, however, notwithstanding his declared aversion to polemics, he was led into a controversy. While he was at Cork, he received a letter through the Post Office, the writer of which, in terms expressive of the utmost anxiety, stated that he was a clergyman of the established church, on whose mind impressions favourable to the Catholic creed had been made by some of O'Leary's sermons. The writer then professing his enmity to angry controversy, wished to seek further information on some articles of the Catholic creed. His name he forbore to reveal. O'Leary, anxious to propagate the doctrine of his church, replied in a manner perfectly satisfactory to his anonymous correspondent. Other doubts were expressed, and dissipated, until the correspondence had extended to eight or ten long letters.

O'Leary, in joy at his supposed triumph, whispered the important secret to a few ecclesiastical confidants; among whom was his bosom friend, the Rev. Lawrence Callanan, a Franciscan friar, of Cork. Their congratulations, and approbation, were not wanting, to urge forward the champion of orthodoxy. His arguments bore all before them; even the obstacles arising from family and legal notions, were disregarded by the enthusiastic convert, and he besought

O'Leary to name a time, and place, at which he might lift the mysterious vizard by which he had hitherto been concealed ; and above all, have an opportunity of expressing his gratitude to his friend and teacher.

The appointed hour arrived. O'Leary arranged his orthodox wig, put on his Sunday suit of sable, and sallied forth with all the collected gravity of a man fully conscious of the novelty and responsibility of the affair in which he was engaged. He arrived at the appointed place of meeting some minutes after the fixed time, and was told that a respectable clergyman awaited his arrival in an adjoining parlour. O'Leary enters the room, where he finds, sitting at the table, with the whole correspondence before him, his brother friar, Lawrence Callanan, who, either from an eccentric freak, or from a wish to call O'Leary's controversial powers into action, had thus drawn him into a lengthened correspondence. The joke, in O'Leary's opinion, however, was carried too far, and it required the sacrifice of the correspondence, and the interference of mutual friends, to effect a reconciliation.

Dr. O'Leary once conceived a great desire to see the notorious miser, Daniel Dancer, who lived, and died, in the utmost wretchedness, at Harrow Weald Common, in 1794, though leaving property to the amount of £3000 a year. The retired habits, and low cautious avarice, of Dancer, rendered an introduction to him difficult ; and an intimacy of any continuance, a matter almost out of the range of possibility. The obstacles to both, were overcome by O'Leary, who, during a visit to the neighbourhood of Dancer's house, found means to gain admittance into

the ruined dwelling where the miser passed his life. Some strange communication, which he contrived to have conveyed to the object of his search, procured him admittance into a filthy apartment, where the haggard lord of useless thousands, anxiously awaited his arrival. O'Leary introduced himself as a relation of the Dancer family, and in a most amusing manner, detailed the origin of the name and the exploits of the early founders of the family. From David, who *danced* before the Israelites, he traced the progress of their descent, to the collateral branches, the Welsh *jumpers*, then contemporaries of dancing notoriety. His wit triumphed ; for a moment the sallow brow of avarice became illumined by the indications of a delighted mind, and Dancer had courage enough to invite his visitor to partake of a glass of wine, which he said he would procure for his refreshment. A cordial shake of the hand, was the return made for O'Leary's polite refusal of so expensive a compliment, and he quitted the house, followed by its strange tenant ; who, to the amusement of O'Leary, and the astonishment of the only other person who witnessed the scene, solicited the favour of another visit.

A PRODIGY.

When the Duke of Sully, in 1603, set out on an embassy for the court of England, he was attended by a numerous retinue of the principal men in France ; among the rest, M. Servin presented his young son to him, at the same time earnestly begging the duke, that he would use his best endea-

vours to make him an honest man. This request gave Sully a great curiosity to search into his character ; and, he gives the following striking account of him.

“ His genius,” says he, “ was so lively, that nothing could escape his penetration ; his apprehension was so quick, that he understood every thing in an instant ; and his memory so prodigious, that he never forgot any thing. He was master of all the branches of philosophy, the mathematics, particularly fortification and designing : nay, he was so thoroughly acquainted with divinity, that he was an excellent preacher when he pleased, and could manage the controversy for or against the Protestant religion with the greatest ability. He not only understood the Greek, Hebrew, and other learned languages, but all the jargons of the moderns. He entered so exactly into their pronunciation and accent, to which he joined such a perfect imitation of their air and manner, that not only the people of the different nations in Europe, but the several provinces of France, would have taken him for a native of the country. He applied his talent to imitate all sorts of persons, which he performed with wonderful dexterity ; and was accounted the best comedian in the world. He was a good poet, an excellent musician, and sung with equal art and sweetness. He said mass, for he would do every thing, as well as know every thing. His body was perfectly proportioned to his mind. He was well made, vigorous, and agile ; formed for all sorts of exercises. He rode a horse well, and was admired for dancing, leaping, and wrestling. He was ac-

quainted with all kinds of sports and diversions, and could practice in most of the mathematical arts. Reverse the medal," says Sully; "he was a liar, false, treacherous, cruel, and cowardly; a sharper, drunkard, and glutton. He was a gamester, an abandoned debauchee, a blasphemer, and atheist; in a word, he was possessed of every vice, contrary to nature, to honour, to religion, and society: he persisted in his vices to the last, and fell a sacrifice to his debaucheries, in the flower of his age."

GETTING A PLACE.

When Sir Robert Walpole was premier, a Mr Moor, who represented Bishop's Castle in Parliament, was, like most candidates, very liberal of his promises to voters on the approach of an election, and very unmindful of them afterwards. Among the rest, he engaged to provide for a low mechanic who had a vote. The man was not long in reminding him of his promise, that he would speak to Sir Robert Walpole for a place for him. The member said, he had applied to Sir Robert, but that he could not procure him one. The man insisted that Mr. Moor promised him a place. Mr. Moor, somewhat irritated, said, "What would you have me do? I have asked Sir Robert, and have been unsuccessful; would you go to Sir Robert yourself?" "If you please, sir," said the countryman, and away he trudged to London.

When he reached town, and stated his errand, some person advised him to go to some public house near the premier's residence, and to treat his ser-

vants, who would soon put him in a way of getting what he wanted. Following this advice, he went to the Axe and Gate public-house, at the corner of Downing Street. The servants of Sir Robert, willing to humour what they considered a good joke, told the countryman, that he would be sure of having a place if he would speak to Sir Robert himself, which he might easily do by stationing himself close to the chariot door as the minister was slipping into it.

The next day the countryman took his post as he had been advised, and waited until Sir Robert should go out. He then placed himself between the chariot and the premier, whom he thus addressed: "Sir, did not you promise Mr. Moor to give me a place?" "Aye," says Sir Robert, "are you Mr. Moor's friend?" "Yes, an't please your honour." "Well, call on me another day." "Yes, an't please your honour, I'll call on ye every day till I have it." The man was as good as his word; and every morning as the chariot drove up, he fixed himself at the door, bowing, or rather knocking, his head against Sir Robert's breast, until, at the end of a fortnight, the minister, wearied with his singular and blunt importunity, gave him a tide-waiter's place at the Custom House.

ARCHBISHOP AT A BALL.

M. de la Motte d'Orleans, was a prelate of the most distinguished merit, and the most exemplary life. Vice itself did homage to his virtues. To a piety truly angelic, and austere manners, this good prelate joined a gaiety of mind and amenity of

character, which won him all hearts. One day his purse, which was truly that of the poor, being exhausted, he learned that the Intendant of Amiens was to give a superb ball to the ladies of the city ; his industrious charity availed itself of that circumstance to replenish it. Instead of retiring to rest at ten o'clock in the evening, he orders the horses to his carriage, gets into it, and bids his servants drive him to the hotel of the Intendant. The ball was commenced when the bishop arrived ; at his sight the women, all superbly dressed, fled on all sides, to different parts of the hotel. To stop this disarrangement, the Intendant intreated the bishop to step into another apartment, to settle the matters which brought him there. " I have no business to treat on," said the good man. " I am eighty years of age, and have never seen a ball ; I am come, therefore, to yours ; so I beg you will reassemble the ladies." The dispersed and astonished troop are collected with trouble. At last they surround the bishop ; his gaiety encourages them ; he is invited to dance. " You dance, ladies," says he, " and I rejoice at it ; but in the mean while, my poor are without bread, and drowned in tears. It is for those who divert themselves, to dry up their griefs ; behold their purse," says the worthy bishop, " you see it is empty." " We will fill it, my lord," reply the ladies, " but on condition that you dance." " Willingly," cries the prelate. The collection goes round, and the subscriptions were considerable : the bishop is summoned to the dance. " It is true," says he, " that I have promised, but I forgot to tell you, that there are two days in the week that I cannot dance ; let me see what day this is." " Tuesday,

my lord." "Indeed, I am very sorry, but that is precisely one of my excepted days ; I must, therefore, put off my engagement ; but pursue yours, and I wish you good night."

A REASON FOR SINGULARITY.

Alcibiades being blamed by all his friends for cutting the tail of his dog, which was admired by every one for its beauty, told them, he did so, that the Athenians might amuse themselves by blaming him for that, and that by this means he might escape a worse censure.

BARON NOLKIN.

Of all the absent men (says Count Tessein, in his memoirs) that I ever knew in Sweden, the most remarkable was the late chancellor, Baron Nolkín. Two instances deserve to be related. Once, when he had to read to His Royal Highness Prince Adolphus Frederick (afterwards king), a report of the privy council, he very gravely took out of his pocket the lease of his house, which he had nearly read to the end, till the remarks of the prince, at last, made him sensible of his mistake. Another time, he came into his Royal Highness's anti-chamber, where I was with several officers, and asked for Count Tessein. I answered him myself ; but he went out in a very great hurry, and came back and said, the officer in waiting affirms that he is in the room. I answered, "Your lordship will believe me, I hope, for I have myself seen the count go out of the room." Nolkín

out a second time, and came back again with a new assurance of the officer in waiting; on which, a general laugh ensued, which waked him out of his dream.

SERGEANT HILL.

Sergeant Hill, who was much celebrated as a lawyer, and eminently qualified to find out a case in point on any disputed question, was somewhat remarkable for absence of mind, the result of that earnestness with which he devoted himself to his professional duties.

On the very day when he was married, he had an intricate case in his mind, and forgot his engagement, until reminded of his waiting bride, and that the legal time of performing the ceremony had nearly elapsed. He then quitted law for love; but at the usual hour in the evening, the sergeant returned to his books and his papers, having forgotten the *cause* he had been engaged in during the morning, until reminded by his clerk that a fair client awaited a consultation.

Being once on circuit, and having occasion to refer to a law authority, he had recourse, as usual, to his bag; but, to the astonishment of the court, instead of a volume of Viner's abridgment, he took out a specimen candlestick, the property of a Birmingham traveller, whose bag the learned sergeant had brought into court by mistake.

During the long vacation, the sergeant usually retired to his country seat at Rowell in Northamptonshire. It happened, during one autumn, that some of the neighbouring sportsmen, among whom was the

present Earl Spencer, being in pursuit of a fox, Reynard, who was hard pressed, took refuge in the courtyard of this venerable sage. At this moment the sergeant was reading a *case in point*, which decided that in a trespass of this kind, the owners of the ground had a right to inflict the punishment of death. Mr. Hill accordingly gave orders for punishing the fox, as an original trespasser; which was done instantly.

The hunters now arrived with the hounds in full cry, and the foremost horseman, who anticipated the glory of possessing the brush, was the first to behold his victim stretched lifeless on the ground, pinioned to the earth by plebeian pitchforks. The hunters were very anxious to discover the daring culprit who had presumed to deprive the field and the pack of their prey; when the venerable sergeant made his appearance, with his book in his hand, and offered to convince them that execution had taken place according to legal authority. The sportsmen got outrageous, but the learned sergeant was not intimidated; he knew the force of his authorities, and gravely invited the attention of his auditory to a case from one of the old reporters, that would have puzzled a whole bar of modern practitioners to controvert. The effect was ludicrous; the extraordinary appearance of the worthy sergeant, not in his bargown, but in what these adventurous mortals called a mere bedgown; the quaintness of his manner, the singularity of the occurrence, and the novelty of the incident, threw them completely out.

Calf Stealing.

A few years ago, a butcher who had purchased a calf not far from Lewes, in Sussex, sat with it on a horse at a public-house door; a shoemaker, remarkable for his drollery, knowing that the butcher had to pass through a wood, offered to the landlord to carry off the calf, provided he would treat him with sixpenny-worth of grog. The landlord agreed; and the shoemaker setting off, dropped one new shoe in the path near the middle of the wood, and another near a quarter of a mile from it. The butcher saw the first shoe, but did not think it worth getting down for; however, when he discovered the second, he thought the pair would be an acquisition, and accordingly dismounted, tied his horse to the hedge, and walked back to where he had seen the first shoe. The shoemaker, in the mean time, unstrapped the calf, and carried it across the fields to the landlord, who put it in his barn. The butcher missing his calf, went back to the inn, and told his misfortune; at the same time observing, that he must have another calf, cost what it would, as the veal was bespoke. The landlord told him he had a calf in the barn, which he would sell him; the butcher looked at it, and asked the price. The landlord replied, "Give me the same as you did for the calf you lost; as this, I think, is full as large." The butcher would by no means allow the calf to be *so good*, but agreed to give him within six shillings of what the other cost, and accordingly put the calf a second time on his horse. Crispin, elated with his success, undertook to steal the calf

again for another sixpennyworth ; which being agreed on, he posted to the wood, and there hid himself. When the butcher came along, he bellowed so like a calf, that the butcher, conceiving it to be the one he had lost, cried out in joy, "*Ah ! are you there ? Have I found you at last ?*" and immediately dismounting, ran into the wood. Crispin taking advantage of the butcher's absence, unstrapped the calf, and actually got back with it to the publican, before the butcher arrived to tell the mournful tale, who attributed the whole to witchcraft. The publican unravelled the mystery ; and the butcher, after paying for, and partaking of, a crown's-worth of punch, laughed heartily at the joke.

DUKE OF MONTAGUE.

The last Duke of Montague, whose eccentricities were generally amiable, once invited to a dinner the famous *bon vivant* Dartneuf, whose fame for loving pie, Pope has rendered immortal. The dinner hour was fixed at four o'clock ; the epicure was punctual, but his grace wishing to tantalize him, said " he had mistaken the time, for the cloth was removed." Dartneuf could obtain nothing but a beef steak for his dinner, which unfortunately was none of the best. There seemed no alternative, and the mortified Dartneuf had reconciled himself to his fate, when the duke reminding him how necessary it was for a person to accommodate himself to circumstances, and particularly with regard to the appetite, ushered him and the rest of the company into another room, where a splendid dinner was provided.

A FRANK CANDIDATE.

A few years ago, a candidate for the shrievalty in one of the provinces in the United States of America, solicited the suffrages of the electors, by the following honest but singular address.

“Gentlemen, I offer myself a candidate for sheriff; I have been a revolutionary officer; fought many bloody battles; suffered hunger, toil, heat; got honourable scars, but little pay. I will tell you plainly how I shall discharge my duty, should I be so happy as to obtain a majority of your suffrages. If writs are put into my hands against any of you, I will take you if I can, and, unless you can get bail, I will deliver you over to the keeper of the gaol. Secondly, if judgments are found against you, and executions directed to me, I will sell your property as the law directs, without favour or affection; and if there be any surplus money, I will punctually remit it. Thirdly, if any of you should commit a crime (which God forbid), that requires capital punishment, according to law, I will hang you up by the neck till you are dead.”

COURTOIS.

John Courtois, who died in 1819, worth a quarter of a million of money, was a hair-dresser, and a native of France. He came to England in the capacity of a gentleman's valet; and after living with several persons of respectability, set up shop as a hair-dresser. Here he carried on the business of a peruke-maker and

hair-dresser, on a respectable footing, many years : but he added to his profession another, which proved more lucrative : having a very extensive acquaintance with the servants in genteel families, his shop became the resort of persons of that description, particularly those who were out of place. These he instructed in the art of hair-dressing, gave them temporary employment, and never failed in procuring them situations ; for all which, he expected a handsome acknowledgment ; and if they refused to comply with his terms, he was sure to make them feel the effects of his resentment. By these means, and the most penurious habits, he soon made money, which he very carefully placed out upon public security ; where interest reduplicating upon itself with continued additions to the principal, multiplied to a large capital in the course of a few years.

The late Lord Gage one day met Courtois at the East India House, where a sharp contest for the direction was pending ; and being rather surprised, he accosted him thus :---“ Ah, Courtois, what brings you here ? ” “ To give my votes, my lord,” was the answer. “ What, are you a proprietor ? ” “ Most certainly.” “ And more votes than one ? ” “ Yea, my lord, I have *four*.” “ Aye, indeed ! why, then, before you take the book, be kind enough to pin up my curls.” With this demand, the proprietor of four votes, amounting in the whole to ten thousand pounds, immediately complied. Let it be observed, however, in justice to this eccentric nobleman, that Courtois was actually the regular attendant upon his lordship, as his friseur, at this very time.

It should be observed of Courtois, that he was

scrupulously honest in his dealings, and faithful to his engagements. The tax-gatherers had never to call upon him twice; for if he was not at home, and they left their bill, he made it a point, the same or the next day, to wait upon them with the amount of their demand. His appearance was quite of the last age; his chapeau being such as was worn forty or fifty years ago, and his coat invariably of a fawn or morone colour, though sufficiently threadbare to denote the carefulness of the wearer.

SPLENDID MISER.

Dichæus Dichæanus, was a splendid miser, who united the opposite characters of great parsimony and magnificent appearance, which he thought himself bound to maintain, as he claimed a descent from the Byzantine emperors. His table was spread twice a day, as if for grand entertainments; and the servants sent out with silver dishes and covers, which, after passing a few streets, they brought back empty as they went out, while their master was dining on cheap vegetables, or perhaps a morsel of pork or mutton. His supper, though splendidly arrayed, was an egg, or a few olives with a gill of sour wine.

When he went out, his servants attended him in rich liveries; but on their return, they were ordered to resume their own clothes. In the winter, no fire was permitted in any part of his house, except the kitchen. His servants were ordered to wash in the sun; or if the sky was cloudy, to run races, or draw water from a deep well, that they might be warmed

without the expense of fire. He himself was shut up in his bed-room over a miserable spark, sustained by all the dirty and waste paper which he had carefully collected during the other seasons of the year.

During his last sickness, when he was puzzled to whom he should bequeath his property, a letter came from a relation written on an inch of paper. Instead of being enraged at such disrespect, his avarice got the better of his pride, and he declared the writer his heir, esteeming him, by this instance, well worthy of being his successor in parsimony.

SHUT THE DOOR.

Dean Swift, though a good master, was very rigid with his servants. The task of hiring them was always entrusted to his housekeeper; but the only two positive commands he had for them, he generally delivered himself; these were, to shut the door whenever they came into, or went out of, a room. One of his maid servants one day asked permission to go to her sister's wedding, at a place about ten miles distant. Swift not only consented, but lent her one of his own horses, and ordered his servant to ride before her. The girl, in the ardour of her joy for this favour, forgot to shut the door after her, when she left the room. In about a quarter of an hour afterwards, the Dean sent a servant after her, to order her immediate return; the poor girl complied, and entering his presence, begged to know in what she offended, or what her master wished. "Only shut the door," said the Dean, "and then resume your journey."

SINGULAR DOWRIES.

About 1770, there was living in London, a tradesman, who had disposed of eleven daughters in marriage, with each of whom he gave their weight in halfpence, as a fortune. The young ladies must have been bulky, for the lightest of them weighed fifty pounds, two shillings, and eight pence.

ROYALIST CLERGYMAN.

On the death of Charles the First, the first Earl of Orrery retired to a seat at Marston, which his father had purchased from Sir John Hippesley. The parish church of Marston was very near to the mansion house, and his lordship was a regular attendant every Sunday. On one occasion, the minister, from some cause or other, did not make his appearance; and the earl, after sitting in his pew for some time, was preparing to return home, when his servants told him, that there was a person in the church who offered to preach. His lordship, though he looked upon the proposal as that of some vain enthusiast, gave permission; and was most agreeably surprised to hear a sermon replete with learning, sense, and piety. The earl would not suffer the preacher to escape unknown, but invited him to dine at the mansion; and on requesting to know his name and circumstances in life, received this answer: "My lord, my name is Ashberry; I am a clergyman of the Church of England, and a loyal subject to the king; I have lived three years in a poor cottage under your

warren wall, within a few paces of your lordship's house. My son lives with me, and we read and dig by turns. I have a little money, and some few books, and I submit cheerfully to the will of Providence."

This worthy and learned man, for such Lord Orrery always called him, died at Marston some years after, but not till his lordship had obtained an allowance of £30 per annum for him, without any obligation of taking the covenant.

The cottage in which the reverend nonconformist lived, and the field which he used to dig, have been since taken into the gardens of Marston House; but the cottage, consisting of only two rooms, has, in memory of its ancient occupant, been preserved in its original form, and furnished in a style of equal antiquity, with all sorts of useful furniture, books, prints, &c.

DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY.

The Duke of Queensberry, of sporting memory, used to say, that he read but two publications, the newspaper, and an almanack. During the latter years of his life, after eating his breakfast, he was placed on a sofa facing one of his parlour windows in Piccadilly. Behind him stood a *nomenclator*, during the whole forenoon, to announce the names of such of his friends as might pass by, to whom he frequently sent out messages, invitations, &c. This was so common, that many of them, when in haste, avoided walking that way. One of his grooms was constantly on horseback to convey letters. He had a report of all the police cases, daily, from Bow

Street; and Aaron Graham, Esq., called on him every Sunday with a summary. So uniform was his grace in attendance, during certain fixed hours, in his drawing room or his balcony, that a gentleman, who set out for India in quest of a fortune, and ten years afterwards returned, actually found the duke in the same spot, and engaged in a similar pursuit, as when he left him.

The Duke of Queensberry was a keen and an eccentric sportsman [see *Anecdotes of Pastime*]. Among the singular bets that he made, was one, that he would cause a pig to run a mile without stopping, and without being driven or led. To do this, he got a young pig, which he placed in a sty, with a trough just outside, to which it was regularly let out; next day the trough was removed a few yards further from the sty, and the distance encreased gradually, until it was at length placed a mile from it. Six weeks were taken thus to train up the pig; and he always, as soon as let out of the sty, ran forward to the trough, and thus, on the day of trial, won the Duke of Queensberry two thousand guineas.

THE RULING PASSION.

M. de la Mothe le Vayer, a Parisian counsellor of state, was extremely fond of the relation of voyagers, and of every information from foreign countries. This propensity he retained to the latest moments of his life. The last words he uttered to a friend, who attended him on his death bed, were, "Have you, my dear sir, heard any news from the Great Mogul?"

ROYAL NIMROD.

Charles the Third of Spain was much more attached to the sports of the field, than the splendours of the monarchy. His dress was usually a large hat, a plain grey Segovia frock, a buff waistcoat, a small dagger, black breeches, and worsted stockings. On court days, a fine suit was hung upon his shoulders; but as he always had an eye to his afternoon's sport, and was a great economist of his time, he always retained the lower part of his robe, even on gala days.

There were but three days in the whole year that he spent without going out shooting, and these were noted with the blackest mark in the Calendar. No storm, heat, or cold, could keep him at home; and if he heard of a wolf having been seen, he accounted all distance as nothing, and would drive over half the kingdom, rather than miss an opportunity of firing at his favourite game. Besides a most numerous retinue of persons belonging to his hunting establishment, several times a year, all the idle fellows in and about Madrid were hired to scour the neighbouring country, and drive the wild boars, deer, and hares into a ring, where they passed before the royal family.

LAUGH AND GROW FAT.

When Foote was in Scotland, he travelled from Dumfries to Edinburgh, in a stage coach, in company with a country gentleman of enormous size.

Becoming by the way pretty familiar with his companion, Foote asked him in what employment he was, or if he was in any? The gentleman replied, that he was a land owner. Foote enquired how much that might yield him a year? "From fifty to seventy pounds." "What!" exclaimed Foote, affecting the utmost amazement; "and is it possible so small an income can ever maintain so immense a man as you are? Ah, my good friend, how I pity you. Here," pulling out of his pocket some half a dozen guineas, "there, take them, my honest fellow; they are all I have at present; I wish, for your sake, they were more; but few as they are, they will be a help to a gentleman in your melancholy circumstances." The stranger, who was luckily a man of sense as well as bulk, laughed heartily at this sally of his fellow traveller, but assured him, that in his country, it was not the custom for men to grow fat on the charity of others. "But how then," said Foote, "do you contrive it?" "Oh!" replied the gentleman, "I'll tell you; there's an old saying, *laugh and grow fat*---And do you know," continued he, "that though I have laughed a great deal to be as fat as I am, I am on my way now to Edinburgh to have some more laughing. There's one Foote-----" "Now sitting opposite to you," whispered the English Aristophanes, "who is delighted to find, that though you won't accept his guineas, he may yet help you in another way, by making you laugh to your heart's content."

TASTE.

A gentleman calling one morning upon Mr. Ryan, the comedian, at his lodgings in a lane near Westminster market, expressed his astonishment at his choosing to bury himself in so unpleasant a situation. "Why!" added he, "you have no prospect whatever." "No prospect!" rejoined Ryan, jumping up to the window; "come here, my boy, and I'll show you a most delightful prospect." Ryan then pointed to two butchers' shops, with a whole range of fresh killed carcasses. "There," continued he, "there's a prospect for you, to which no language can do justice."

MR. CLARK, OF EXETER CHANGE.

Mr. Thomas Clark, the well known proprietor of Exeter Change, where he amassed as large a fortune as was perhaps ever gained by a single individual, in the way of retail trade, was one of the most singular individuals of his day. Selling nothing but what was of the best quality, being content to sell at a small profit, and always asking at once the lowest price he would take, he acquired an extent of retail custom unrivalled in the metropolis; and his coffers filled rapidly with the fruits of fair industry. But what perhaps served not less to promote his fortune, was the frugal, or rather penurious, mode of life, which, to his latest hour, he observed. The cost of his dinner, on six days of the week, seldom exceeded ninepence; he took it on the bare board, in a small

closet adjoining his range of shops ; and after he had finished, would step across to the public house opposite to the west of the Change, take a glass of gin and water, which cost him an additional twopence, and then immediately return to resume the business of the day. Such was the even, undeviating tenor of his way, till he approached his eightieth year, when he expired, after a short illness. So large were the profits of Mr. Clark's trade, that when the income tax was imposed, he returned them at £6,000. The tax collector conceiving that he had, by mistake, returned, and overrated too, his whole stock, instead of his income, sent back to Mr. Clark his schedule for correction. Mr. Clark added another thousand, and begged to assure the collector, that he had now stated the utmost amount. "Aye, but," said the other, "I want your income, not your property." "Will you be content to take it as my income?" "Oh, yes." "So will I," replied the old merchant, and wished the astonished collector a good morning. The fortune which Mr. Clark left to his family, is supposed to have amounted to nearly half a million.

ALEXANDER CRUDEN.

Alexander Cruden, the eccentric author of "the Concordance," was very intimate with the famous Dr. Bradbury, a zealous dissenting clergyman. The doctor had one evening prepared an excellent supper for several friends ; at the moment it was served on the table, Mr. Cruden made his appearance in the room, heated with walking. The doctor's favourite

dish, a turkey, was smoking at one end of the table, and before the company could be seated, Cruden advanced, put back his wig, and with both hands plunged in the gravy, he calmly washed his hands and his face over the bird, to the no small mortification of the doctor and his company.

SAILORS.

The eccentricity of British sailors is proverbial, and displays itself in the heat of action, and the calm of peace. How many interesting anecdotes are already related of these bulwarks of Britain; and how many more a close observer in one of our sea ports might record! After the battle of Camperdown, in which the plan of breaking the line was adopted so successfully, it became a favourite amusement with the sailors, who came on shore, to hire coaches, or post chaises, and mounting the roofs, form a line, and cross each other in the streets. The top of a coach, is the post of honour with a British tar. A sailor in his way to town some years ago, rode on the top of a post chaise, until a heavy rain induced him to go inside. He overtook a marine, who asked him to give him a lift. "That I will," said the sailor, getting out, and again mounting the roof of the coach, "go down below, but shiver my splinters if any marine shall ever board a vessel I am in."

Careless of danger, an English sailor sees nothing but victory and prize money in an engagement. "There," said a British tar, when his captain did not deem it advisable to attack a Spanish vessel under

large convoy, "there goes fifty pounds of my money for ever."

Ever jealous, and ever proud, of his country, a British sailor will not see it second in any thing. After a severe engagement with the Dutch fleet, under De Ruyter, which was a drawn battle, the vessels of each fleet lay along side each other, incapable of further hostility. A Dutchman, anxious to show his agility, run up to the top of the main-mast, and stood on his head on the summit. A British sailor, jealous for the honour of his country, mounted his mast with equal agility, but in attempting to invert his position, he fell, the ropes broke his fall, and he reached the decks without receiving any injury. Turning to the Dutchmen who had been witnessing his exploit, he said, "there, mynheers, do that if you can."

During the campaign in Egypt, some sailors in the harbour of Alexandria, took it into their heads that they would go and drink a bowl of punch on the top of Pompey's pillar. How to get there, was, however, a matter of some difficulty, but not too great for a sailor to surmount. A paper kite was made to fly directly over the pillar. A two inch rope was then tied to one end of the string, and drawn over the pillar by the end to which the kite was affixed. By this rope, one of the seamen ascended to the top, and in less than an hour, a kind of shroud was constructed, by which the whole company went up and drank their punch, amidst the shouts of the astonished multitude who had collected round the spot. The sailors, eight in number, left the initials of their names inscribed on the pillar. They discovered

what was not before known, that there had formerly been a statue on the pillar, the foot and ancle of which are still remaining.

A LINGUIST.

Among the singular characters which nature sometimes produces, and which display a diversity from mankind in general, few have been more remarkable than Richard Robert Jones, of Aberdaron, in Carnarvonshire, who, although an excellent linguist, is, in almost every other respect, an idiot. From what cause he imbibed a taste for the acquisition of languages, is not known. Born of humble parents, he had few advantages of education; and it was not until he was nine years of age, that he was enabled to read the Bible in his native language. He then attempted to acquire the English, but found it very difficult.

At the age of fifteen, Richard began to study the Latin, by the assistance of a boy in the parish school, and by getting into the school room while the boys were absent, and using their books. When nineteen years of age, he purchased a Greek Grammar, and soon was enabled to read that language.

In some excursions from his native place, which the severity of his father, on account of his indolence, induced him to make, he procured some classical elementary works, and attracted the notice of the Bishop of Bangor, who took him into his house, where he remained but a short time. During a temporary residence at Anglesea, he became acquainted with some French refugees, who supplied

him with a grammar of that language, of which he soon acquired so good a knowledge, as to speak it correctly. He next mastered Italian, which he spoke with great ease and fluency. The next excursion Richard made, was to Liverpool, where he had once before accompanied his father. His person and dress at this time were extremely singular. To an immense shock of black hair, he united a bushy beard of the same colour. His clothing consisted of several coarse and ragged vestments, the spaces between which, were filled with books, surrounding him in successive layers, so that he was literally a walking library. These books all occupied their proper stations, being placed higher or lower, according as their sizes suited the conformation of his body ; so that he was acquainted with the situation of each, and could bring it out, when wanted, without difficulty. When introduced into a room, he had not the least idea of any thing that surrounded him ; and when he took his departure, he appeared to have forgotten the entrance. Absorbed in his studies, he had continually a book in his hand, to which he frequently referred, as if to communicate or receive information, and apparently under a conviction that every person he met with, was as much interested in such studies as himself. His sight was imperfect, his voice sharp and dissonant ; and, upon the whole, his appearance and manners grotesque in the highest degree ; yet, under all these disadvantages, there was a gleam in his countenance, which marked intelligence, and an unaffected simplicity in his behaviour, which conciliated regard.

Soon after his arrival at Liverpool, an attempt

was made by some of his friends to obtain for him a suitable employment ; but before that could be expected, it was necessary that he should be rendered more decent in his person, and provided with better clothes. Being then asked to what employment he had been brought up, he answered, to that of a *sawyer*. A recommendation was, therefore, given him to a person who employed many hands in sawing, and Richard was put down in the saw-pit. He accordingly commenced his labours, and proceeded for some time with a fair prospect of success. It was not long, however, before his efforts relaxed, and grew fainter and fainter: till at length he fell on his face, and lay extended at the bottom of the pit, calling out loudly for help. On raising him up, and enquiring into the cause of his disaster, it appeared that he had laboured to the full extent of his arms' length, when, not being aware that it was necessary he should also move his feet forwards, and being quite breathless and exhausted, he was found in the situation described. As soon as he had recovered himself, he returned to the person who sent him, and complained loudly of the treatment he had received, and of his being put down under ground. On being asked why he had represented himself as a *sawyer*, he replied, that he had never been employed in any other kind of sawing, than *cross cutting* the branches of timber trees when fallen in the woods in Wales."

As there was little prospect of instructing Richard in any useful occupation, he was placed in a situation at Liverpool, where he might pursue his studies with greater advantages ; but after remaining there about six months, he returned home, until a new quarrel

with his father again made him travel. He went back to Liverpool, where he was obliged to part with a Hebrew Bible, with points, and Masoretic various Readings; a sacrifice which he regretted so deeply, that he resolved to undertake a journey to London, for the purpose of buying another, and at the same time of obtaining some instruction in the Chaldean and Syriac languages.

In the summer of 1807, Richard accordingly set out from Liverpool, furnished with a small packet on his back, a long pole in his hand, round which was rolled a map of the roads, and his few remaining books deposited in the various foldings of his dress. This journey did not, however, answer the purposes intended; and, what was still worse, he could neither find any employment, nor obtain assistance "by any means whatever."

From London, Richard made his way to Dover, probably not without some intention of obtaining a passage to the continent. But here his ill-fortune seems to have changed, and he was engaged in sifting ashes in the king's dock-yard, under the direction of the superintendent, who benevolently allowed him his breakfast in a morning, and furnished him with a chest to keep his books, and also paid him two shillings and fourpence per day as wages. From this income, Richard was not only enabled to provide for his personal wants, but also to pay the Rabbi Nathan, a celebrated proficient in Hebrew, for instruction in that language, and for the books requisite for the purpose. In this situation he continued for nearly three years, which seem to have been passed more happily than any other period of his life; nor can it be denied, that the circumstance

of a person in his forlorn and destitute situation, labouring for his daily subsistence, and applying a part of his humble earnings to acquire a knowledge of the ancient languages, forms as singular an object as the annals of literature can produce.

In 1810, Richard returned to London, where he was reduced to the utmost distress, and compelled to sell all his books to prevent his being starved to death; the Welsh Bardic Society, however, on learning his destitute condition, furnished him with the means of returning to his native country.

In the perusal of the numerous works that have engaged the attention of this singular individual, his chief pleasure is not derived from the facts or the information they contain, but from the mere investigation of the words, and the grammatical constitution of the languages.

Richard's studies are diversified by some eccentricities, which show that he is not wholly incapable of other acquirements. At one time in particular, he was highly delighted with blowing a ram's horn, which he did in such a manner, as rendered him no inconsiderable nuisance to the neighbourhood. Having had a present made to him of a handsome French horn, he threw aside his former instrument, and, by constant assiduity, qualified himself to play a few tunes in a manner more remarkable for its noise than its accuracy. Thus accomplished, he paid a visit to Chester during the election of 1818; and arriving there at the precise time when the band of General Grosvenor were celebrating his return, he placed himself in the midst of them—

——“and blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne’er prophetic sounds so full of woe.”

The derangement thus occasioned, induced the general to call him up to him ; when, after a few words, he made him a handsome present, and gave him his permission to blow his horn as long as he pleased.

Another of his peculiarities is a partiality for the whole race of cats, which he seems to regard with great affection, and to resent any injury done to them with the utmost indignation. This singular predilection has led him to adorn the numerous books on grammar, which he has himself written, with prints of cats, cut from old ballads, or wherever else he can discover them ; and to copy every thing that has been written and strikes his fancy respecting them ; amongst which is “The Auction of Cats in Cateaton Street,” the well-known production of one of the most celebrated wits of the present day.

The principal residence of Richard for some years has been at Liverpool, where he may be seen at times walking with a book under his arm, without noticing or speaking to any one, unless he be first spoken to ; when he answers in any language in which he is addressed, with great readiness and civility. If any gratuity be offered to him (for he never solicits it), he receives it with a degree of hesitation, generally using the words — “I am not worthy.” To any ridicule to which his dress and appearance may give rise, he is totally insensible. At one time he chose to tie up his hair with a large piece of green ferret, which gave him the

most ludicrous appearance possible. Some time since, one of his friends gave him a light-horseman's jacket, of blue and silver, which he immediately put on, and continued to wear ; and which, contrasted with his hair and beard, gave him the appearance of a Jewish warrior, as represented in old prints, and consequently attracted after him a crowd of children. In his present appearance, he strongly resembles some of the beggars of Rembrandt ; and if he had lived in the time of that great artist, might have afforded a good subject for his immortal pencil.

M. VANDILLE.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century, the chief magistrate at Boulogne, was M. Vandille, who, by mere saving, had amassed a large fortune. His usual diet was bread and milk ; and it was generally thought, that it was to save the price of this milk, that he sought and obtained his judicial office. He now took upon himself to be milk-taster general, at the public market : " It was a cruel thing," he said, " that the inhabitants should be imposed on in an article of such necessity ; and he was resolved, for their sakes, to try, himself, the quality of all the milk brought into the town." Every morning and evening, after eating his loaf at home, he would take his walk among the milk-women, and by taking a sip from each pail, was enabled, without a farthing of expense to himself, to indulge to any extent in his favourite beverage. His wealth, which accumulated rapidly, was all invested in the public funds ; and becoming by this means favourably known in the capital, M. Vandille was at

length invited to take a part in the magistracy of Paris. He hesitated, at first, about accepting the promotion, for he did not know how he should be off for milk at Paris, and the expenses of the journey thither must be enormous. Reflecting, however, that the metropolis was a vast field for a man of his ingenuity; and consoling himself with the probability of being able, in some way or other, to make up for the great sacrifices he must make; he decided on submitting to the honour which, as he declared, had been thrust upon him. After converting every thing he possessed in the world, into money, he remitted the whole to Paris; reserving only wherewith to defray the expenses of his journey; but that, in these expenses, he might not be seduced into any irrecoverable extravagance, the sum reserved was only threepence, though the journey is one of a hundred and thirty miles. With so light a purse, riding was of course out of the question. M. Vandille resolved to walk; but even that he could not have accomplished, had he not, at the same time, very prudently assumed the disguise of a mendicant priest: in which character he received benefactions from the pious persons whom he met by the way, that more than trebled his scanty store. How M. Vandille succeeded in Paris, all the ways he took to acquire and save money, it would be tedious to relate; suffice it to state, that by the year 1735, when he had reached his seventy-eighth year, he had amassed a fortune of not less than eight hundred thousand pounds. He was still a hale old man, and had the prospect of living many years longer; but was suddenly cut off, in the great attempt of saving

a sixpence ; the expenditure of which, might have saved his life. Being seized with some inflammatory systems, in consequence of over-heating himself, he sent for a surgeon to bleed him. The surgeon asking half a livre for the operation, was at once turned about his business. An apothecary was then sent for ; but though of humbler rank, he disdained to accept of less than his neighbour. Vandille then sent for a poor barber, who undertook to open a vein for threepence a time. "Aye, but," said this worthy economist, "how often, friend, will it be necessary to bleed?" "Three times." "And what quantity of blood do you intend to take each time?" "Eight ounces." "Well, but why can't you take the whole twenty-four ounces at once? You want to make a job of me, you scoundrel. Here, sir ; there is your threepence, and take the twenty-four ounces immediately." The barber was generous enough to obey ; M. Vandille lost the twenty-four ounces of blood, and died in a few days, leaving all his vast treasures to the king, whom he made his sole heir.

WALKING STEWART.

John Stewart, better known by the name of Walking Stewart, from his having performed a pedestrian tour through the principal countries of the known world, in order, as he said, "to discover the polarity of moral truth," returned to London, and paraded the streets in an Armenian dress, in order, as he said, to attract attention. Recovering a sum of money, on the liquidation of the debts of the Nabob of Arcot, for his services in India, he commenced a series of

entertainments. Every evening, a *conversazione* was held at his house, which was further enlivened by music. On Sundays, he gave dinners to a select party, when he usually treated his friends with a philosophical discourse, and sacred music from Handel's compositions, to which he was very partial, particularly the dead march in Saul, which was the signal for his visitors' marching off, as it generally concluded the evening. When advanced in years, he was still every day to be found, either sitting on a bench in St. James's Park, or in one of the recesses of Westminster Bridge, where he was still in search of the "polarity of moral truth;" and he seldom suffered any person, whether a friend or a stranger, to sit near him, without introducing his favourite subject: though it is believed he never met with one who could understand him. [See *Anecdotes of Travelling*.]

IMPRESSMENT.

During the time of the American war, when the impressment was very severe in London, the gang stopped a gentleman's carriage, with two footmen behind it, and securing one of them, began to carry him off. The man remonstrated to the lieutenant on the hardship of taking him in preference to his fellow servant. "Avast there," said the officer to his men, "the fellow's right, they shall both pitch for their beef alike." He then took a shilling, and bade the other servant, who remained behind the carriage, call head or tail, as he tossed it up. "Head," says the servant. "No, it's a tail," exclaimed the lieutenant, "so unship yourself, and let your messmate come aboard in your

room ;" which the poor fellow was compelled to do, and was instantly marched off.

HUME.

Hume was once crossing a temporary bridge, which connected the new with the old town of Edinburgh, when it unfortunately gave way, and he fell into the swamp. He called loudly for assistance, when an old woman hastened to the spot ; but perceiving who it was that thus invoked aid, she refused to give him any assistance, on the ground that he was an Atheist. " Oh no, no," said the philosopher, " I am no Atheist, I assure you, good woman, you are quite mistaken." " If you are not an Atheist," returned she, " you can say your belief; and if you cannot do that, I will be no aid to save an infidel." Mr. Hume finding no other person approaching to his assistance, distinctly repeated the apostles' creed, and having convinced the good woman of his Christian education at least, was charitably afforded that relief, which otherwise she would have thought it a duty of religion to deny him.

ROUSSEAU.

Rousseau lived long on his fifth floor in Paris, entirely forgotten by the world, which he affected to despise, and from affectation, really shunned ; when an accident that happened to him, in one of his solitary walks, brought him once more, for a single moment, on the stage of the public. He was met in

a narrow part of the street, by Monsieur de Fargeau, driving very fast in his carriage, and in his attempt to get out of the way, was pushed by a large Danish dog running before the horses, and thrown down in the road. Monsieur de St. Fargeau immediately stopped his coach, and hastened to assist the person whom his dog had thus knocked down; but as soon as he recognized the author of *Emilius*, he redoubled his apologies and his attentions, and pressed him, in the most polite manner possible, to allow him the happiness of conveying him back to his lodgings. The philosopher was inexorable, and returned alone, and on foot. Next morning, Monsieur de St. Fargeau sent to enquire for him. "Tell your master to chain up his dog," was his only answer.

WINDSOR FARMER.

His late majesty was very fond of tench, and gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Windsor used frequently to send presents of that fish to the castle. Among others, a plain, but honest farmer, brought a brace of tench in a basket. A servant offered to take them, but the farmer would not deliver them to any person but the king; who, being apprized of it, came out, and seeing the tench remarkably fine, sent for the queen to see them. His majesty then offered the farmer five guineas, but he refused it, telling the king, that if he would only call on him at his farm, he would drag the pond, and get some more; his majesty took the address, and in about a fortnight called on the farmer, whose servants being absent, harvesting, the king helped to drag the pond, and

got some fine fish, and gave ten guineas to the farmer's children.

JOSEPH SANFORD.

When Joseph Sanford, of Baliol College, Oxford, so well known for his learning and singularity in dress, applied to the bishop for ordination, he was introduced to the chaplain, to whom he was a stranger, and who, as usual, said he must examine him. The first question proposed, was "*Quid fides?*" to which Sanford replied, in a loud voice, "*Quod non vides.*" The second question was "*Quid spes?*" to which Sanford answered, in a still louder tone, "*Futura res.*" The third was, "*Quid caritas?*" to which he roared out, "*In mundo raritas.*" On this the chaplain, finding that he had an extraordinary character to deal with, left him, and went to inform the bishop what had passed below, with a person he knew not what to make of, who had given in his name, Joseph Sanford, of Baliol; this made the bishop laugh, and exclaim, "You examine him! Why he is able to examine you and our whole bench. Pray desire him to walk up." The bishop made an apology for the chaplain, and said he was sorry Mr. Sanford had not applied to him in the first instance.

In an evening, it was the constant practice of Mr. Sanford to walk a mile up and down the shop of Mr. Fletcher, the bookseller; and every Friday, let the weather be fair or foul, he never omitted walking to some house four or five miles from Oxford, on the banks of the Cherwell, where he used to dine on fish.

MR. FARQUHAR.

The world, which is ever judging of men by appearances, is for ever forming most erroneous notions of their characters. A gentleman who is possessed of untold thousands, must make a great show of his wealth in every thing about him ; he must dress splendidly, and live sumptuously ; never sit down to a meal without a dozen servants to wait on him ; nor go abroad to take the air without a mob in livery at his heels ; he must have his horses, and carriages, and hounds ; his town house, and his country house ; his marine villa, and his sporting box : and to all these superfluities, he must add a few very superfluous vices, which go by the tender name of follies ; otherwise he is set down as a man on whom fortune has showered unmerited blessings, a sordid miser, whose sole delight consists in counting and turning over the treasures he has amassed. It is the way, indeed, of the rich to launch into such extravagances ; but it is taking a very false view of things, to imagine that there is in all this any thing of a just sense of the true value of riches. With by far the greater number, the ruling motive is nothing but sheer vanity, or a silly compli-ance with what they are told the world expects from them. Some willingly make themselves a spectacle for the world to gaze at ; others reluctantly consent, for fashion's sake, to enslave themselves to a thousand things they would much rather be without. " I have ten servants," said an honourable baronet, once in the House of Commons, " at least, ten persons who call themselves

my servants, though, in reality, it is I who am the servant to them." Your rational man of wealth, is one who in all points differs from the generality of his class. He is the comet of his sphere, and his eccentricity consists in doing only what good sense and good feeling dictate. He dresses plainly, because it is to his taste ; he lives frugally, for he wishes to live long ; he has no more servants than are absolutely necessary to his wants ; keeps not a single house, nor horse, nor hound, nor carriage, that he has no use for ; he has his pleasures, but such as are to be traced neither in the destruction of innocence, nor in the spoliations of the gaming table ; it is in pursuits of science, literature, and virtue, in study while at home, and in acts of beneficence while abroad, that his great and sole delight consists. Such a man of wealth, we believe the respectable individual to be, to whom these ANECDOTES OF ECCENTRICITY are inscribed. The world resounds with the fame of Mr. Farquhar's vast wealth, and many are the exclamations of surprise at his obscure habits ; but there are acts of Mr. F. unknown as yet to fame (for it is one of his peculiarities, to love to do good in secret), which show that he makes a noble use of the fortune, which, by his talents and industry, and not by his mere savings, he has acquired.

A highly respectable individual was in want of a temporary accommodation ; he applied to Mr. Farquhar for his assistance, and tendered the most ample securities for any advance he might make. Mr. F. having ascertained the amount requisite to remedy the inconvenience, immediately, in the most handsome manner, presented the gentleman with ten

thousand pounds, a sum which formed a considerable surplus of his necessities, and would not accept or hear of even an acknowledgment for it.

On another occasion, as he was taking his daily airing on foot, and in that garb very probably which has caused him, at times, to be regarded as a reduced gentleman, meriting patrician compassion, he observed a gentleman eyeing very wistfully a house belonging to him, at the west end of the town, which was then to let. Mr. Farquhar, accosting him, begged to know if he wished for such a house? The stranger, indicating by his looks some surprise at a question like this, from one who seemed to have so very little to do with property of any kind; Mr. F. added, that "because if he did, he was the owner of the house, and would be glad to show it to him." The gentleman observed, that "it seemed indeed a fine house, but it was needless for him to look at it, as he was afraid it was far above his means." "Well, but there will be no harm in your just taking a view of it; you can see how you would like it, and we will talk afterwards about terms." Into the house they went, and all over it; the stranger was loud in its praises; he "would be happy," he thought, if he had such an one to live in; but, indeed, it was impossible he could pay the rent that must be expected for it. Mr. Farquhar, who had taken one of those likings at first sight, which some people have the good luck to inspire, enquired with delicacy, into the state of the gentleman's circumstances, and prolonged the conversation by various pleasant digressions, with the view, as it seemed, of

drawing out a display of his new acquaintance's character. We will not say what grounds Mr. Farquhar had to be pleased with the stranger, but they were such, that at parting it was in these words: "You say you like the house, sir, and think you would be happy in it; now, sir, as I think you are a worthy man, who deserves to be happy, I make you a present of the house, that you may be so. Have the goodness to call at Mr. —'s, my solicitor, to-morrow, when you will find a conveyance of it made out in your favour."

Such is Mr. Farquhar, a man whose "avarice," we are told, "may be considered as a disease which he cannot control!"



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